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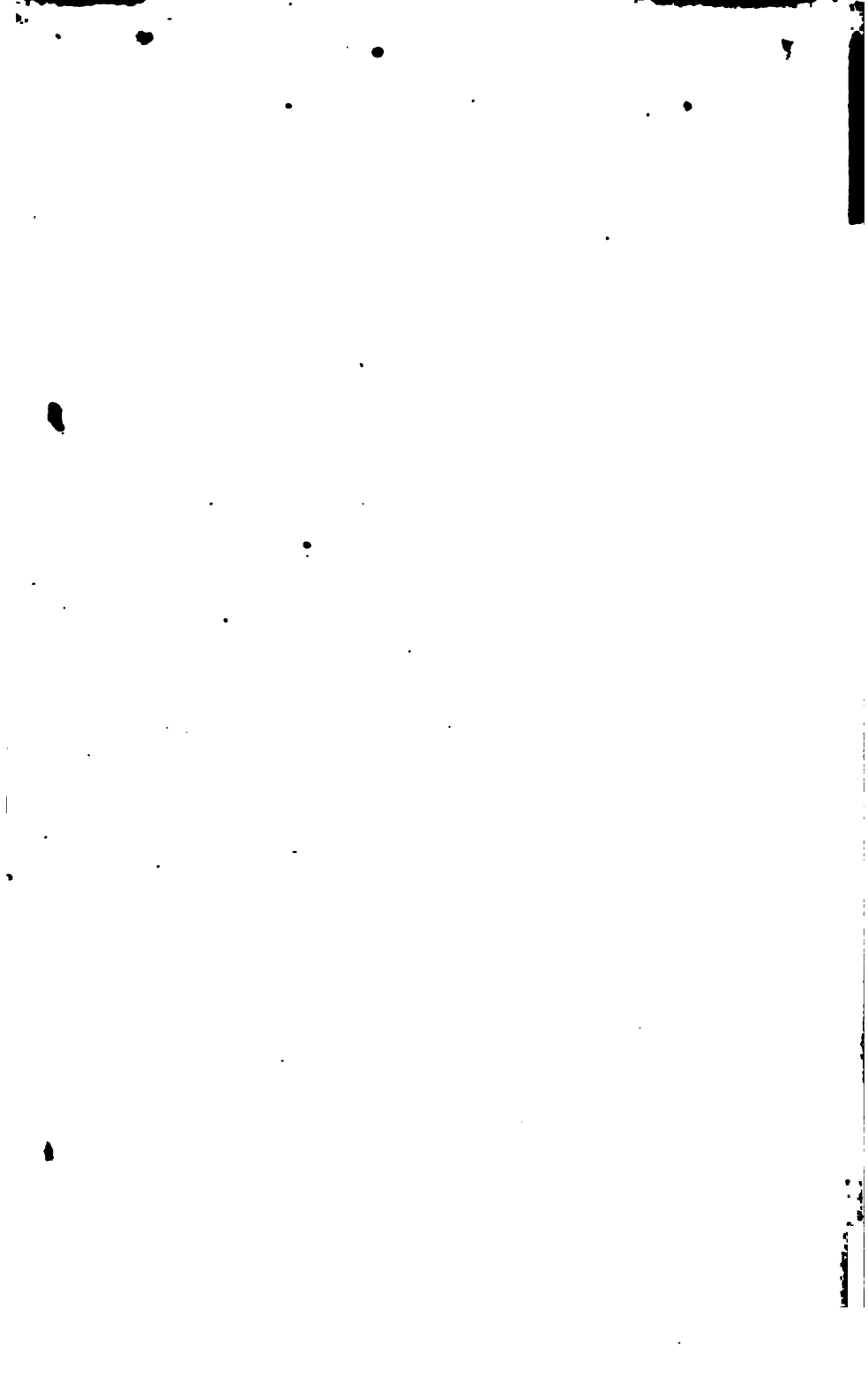
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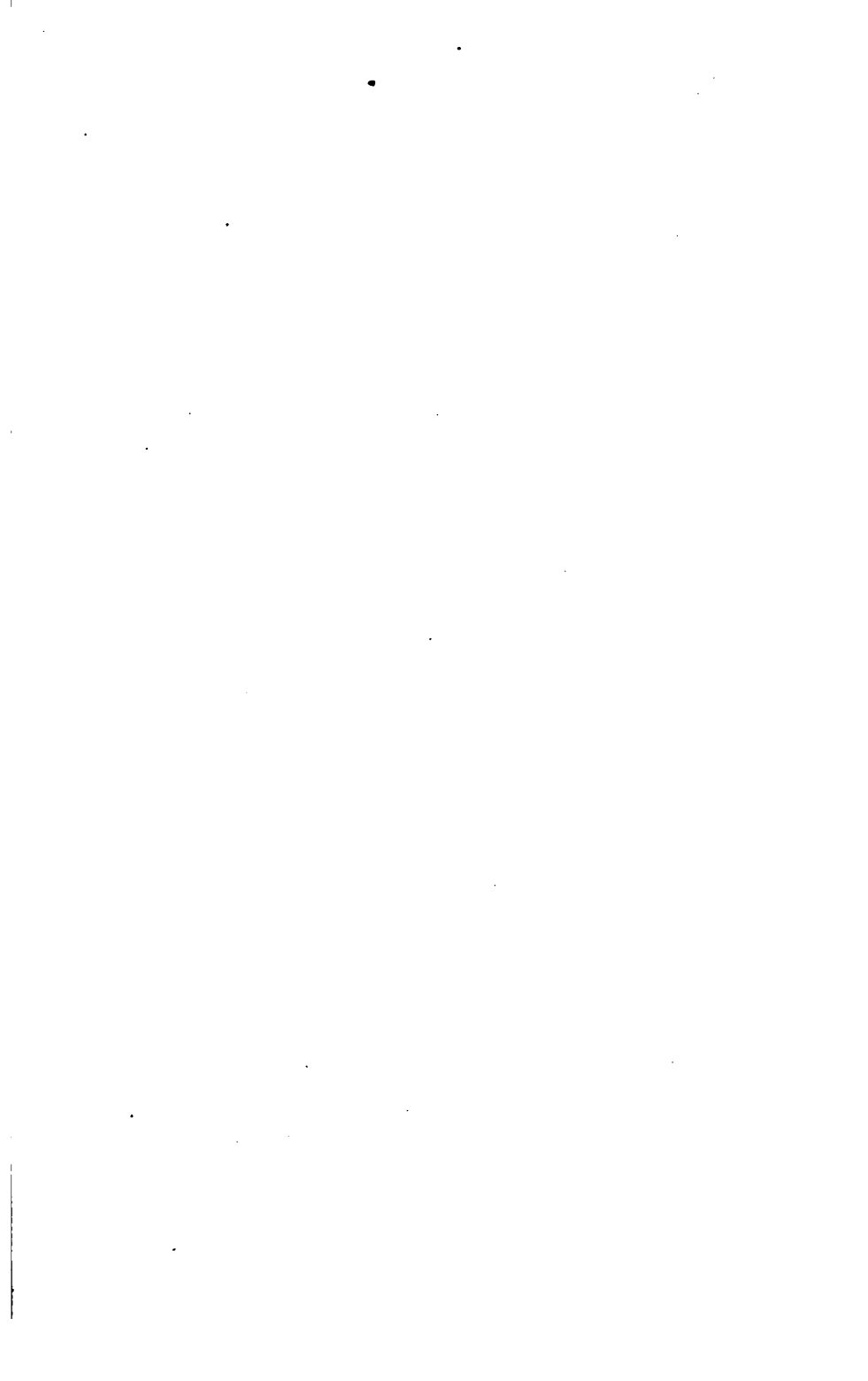
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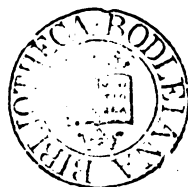


BAILY'S MAGAZINE

Sports and Pastimes

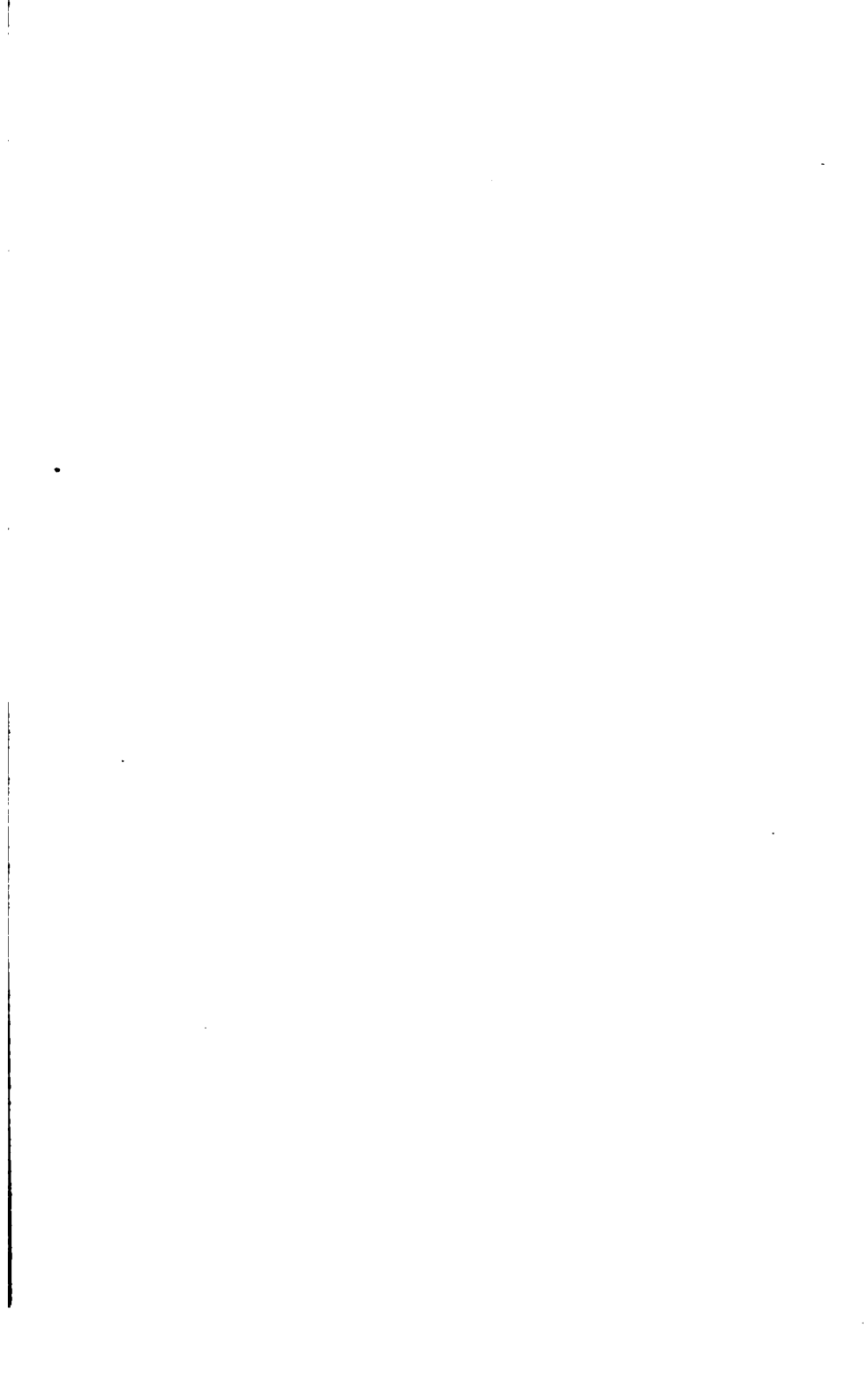


H. Bullock



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LONDON, A. & C. BAILY & CO



BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXIII.

- Mr. J. Barnard Hankey : a Biography, 1.
The 'Little Pedlingtons' of the Turf, 2.
Lines suggested by the Will of the late George Payne, Esq. (by R. E. Egerton-Warburton), 7.
Private Billiards, 7.
The Blue Coat and Brass Buttons Era, 10.
Concerning the Capercaillie, 16.
Tom Stretcher looks over a Manor, 21.
'Our Van,' 28, 107, 170, 233, 291, 356, 413.
Hunting—List of Hounds, their Masters, Huntsmen, Whips, Kennels, &c., 45.
Mr. F. G. Savile-Foljambe, M.P. : a Biography, 63.
The 'Cock of the Woods,' 64.
Corkey and Blower Brown on the Brain, 65.
V. W. H., 73.
A Riverside Sketch, 74.
The Grouse Harvest, 80.
About some future Wellingtons, 89.
Rook Hawking, 90.
Cricket : the School Averages, 95.
Sir Bache Cunard, Bart. : a Biography, 125.
G. J. Whyte-Melville, 126.
Down or Woodland, 128.
On the Death of Major Whyte-Melville, 133.
Hunting Songs, 134.
When we Middle-aged Fogeys were Boys, 143.
Scotland's most Famous Fish, 153.
Deal and Back for Two Hundred Pounds, 159.
Deer and Deer Parks, 164.
Colonel Frank Chaplin : a Biography, 187.
The Future of Epping Forest, 188.
The Manager's Ball, 192.

Stud Farms, their Aspects and Prospects, 194.
Wild Sports of the Scottish Highlands, 201.
Gleanings from the Grass, 214, 377.
Pike-fishing in Winter, 221.
'Improving the Occasion,' 226.
Song, 232.
Mr. W. Stirling Crawford : a Biography, 249.
General Peel, 251.
Studies from the Stud Book, 251.
About a Thoroughbred, 259.
Tom Stretcher amongst the Dog Dealers, 264.
Wild Life in a Southern County, 272.
The Staghounds of Thomas Lyon Thurlow, Esq., 273.
A Night on the South Platte, 279.
Coursing—The Waterloo Cup, 283.
Mr. R. J. Streatfield : a Biography, 311.
Early Entries and Lapsed Liabilities, 312.
The Salmon as an Object of Sport and Natural History, 316.
A Sermon from the Stage, 326.
The Thames Trout and its Capture, 332.
The Empress in Ireland, 339.
Sport for Bad Seasons, 348.
Yachting and Rowing, 354.
'Baily's' Advice to the Bookmakers, 374.
The Abbotsford Hunt : Scottish Border Sports, 385.
William Puttock : a Biographical Sketch, 396.
The University Boat-Race, 400.
Bankruptcy in Arcadia, 402.
Championship and University Athletics, 410.

LIST OF PLATES.

Title-page—William Puttock.

Mr. J. Barnard Hankey	Page 1	Col. Frank Chaplin	Page 187
Mr. F. G. Savile Foljambe, M.P.	63	Mr. W. Stirling Crawford	249
Sir Bache Cunard, Bart.	125	Mr. R. J. Streatfield	311
		Mr. Henry Vigne	373



11/10/1880

11/10/1880

J. Barnard Haukey

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. J. BARNARD HANKEY.

THE name of the subject of our present sketch, the Master of the Surrey Union, is too well known in the county of his birth and in the records of the hunt to need much introduction here. The Hankeys of the past, as well as the present generation, have been fox-hunters to the manner born. The grandfather of the present Master held the reins in 1814-15, and again from 1831-42. That gentleman was succeeded by an uncle of Mr. Barnard Hankey's, Colonel Sumner, who continued at the head of affairs until 1857, when another uncle, Captain Hankey, R.N., took the hounds and had them for eight years. From 1865 to 1876 the Hon. F. Scott was the Master, the kennels were then moved from Fetcham, where they had been for upwards of fifty years, but on Mr. Scott's retirement in the year last mentioned the hounds were moved back to their old place, and the Mastership returned to the old family.

Born in 1845, Mr. Hankey was educated at Eton and graduated at Merton College, Oxford. He is entirely devoted to a country life and the pursuits it engenders. Sport of all sorts finds in him an ardent follower, and in the First October Meeting of this year his colours made their first appearance on the very appropriately named Blondel by Queen's Messenger—Melodious. The colt was not successful, but if he is half as good as he is well named, he is bound to win something in the future.

The Union is, we need scarcely tell our readers, a very old established pack in the county of Surrey, and the long connection of the Hankeys with it is deserving of record. The *prestige* of the pack and the country will not suffer, we feel sure, at the hands of the present Master.

THE 'LITTLE PEDLINGTONS' OF THE TURF.

'Ring out a slowly dying cause.'

EXCEPT for the purpose of placing upon record in the pages of 'Baily' the progress of the *vexata questio* of suburban racing, we should have made no further allusion to Mr. Anderson's bantling, which perished along with many other innocents in the general massacre of abortive bills at the close of the last session of Parliament. For some years past it has been evident that the subject (affected to be controlled by the measure to which allusion has just been made) was one which, sooner or later, must occupy the attention of a legislative body, whether that expression be taken to mean the council of the nation in Parliament assembled or the senate of the Turf, as represented by the Jockey Club. Each of these bodies seemed to be waiting for the other to take action; and hence, perhaps, a somewhat longer period of existence has been permitted to the parasitical growth which has so long disfigured that tree of goodly promise and noble growth, rooted deep in the Turf, and rearing high its head in the atmosphere of Sport. Apart from considerations as to whether the cause of racing was likely to be benefited, or its *prestige* to be exalted, by travesties upon its higher phases, men have been forced to the conviction that the thing has lately been overdone, meetings having increased and multiplied to an abnormal extent, and occupation having been found for a class of men and horses the existence of which was far from desirable, and likely to bring into contempt and disrepute a pastime with which they thus became connected. In this unsatisfactory state of non-interference by those interested in the welfare of the subject, as well as by those concerned in upholding the fair fame of the Turf, Mr. Anderson stepped in with his little bill for the 'Licensing of Race-courses' (the second measure of the kind, we believe), which not only did not meet with summary rejection, as heretofore, but at length assumed an aspect threatening in the extreme to those who had so confidently anticipated the defeat of its projector.

Accordingly there was great clacking of tongues and commotion in certain sporting circles, and a sort of nervous flutter pervaded the ranks of metropolitan racing caterers, who might awake any fine morning and find their occupation gone. Those placed in this awkward dilemma hardly knew whether to laugh or cry during the continuance thereof, and while they pretended to chuckle and crow in anticipation of the discomfiture of the member for Glasgow and his little Bill, were in reality sick and sore at heart and apprehensive of what might be the ending of it all after Mr. Anderson's bantling had got through its second reading. That event had been most confidently discounted, and evidently placed upon thorns opponents of the scheme, who were fain to confess that, like certain of its predecessors, the Ballot, the Deceased Wife's Sister, and the Burials Bill, it had at any rate 'advanced a stage,' and that if the immediate future failed to

threaten seriously, the distance looked ominously black and stormy. The organs of the sporting world seemed undecided as to the means of attack and defence it behoved them to adopt, and they spoke in no certain tone, but hesitated between a calm and dignified opposition and a blatant outpouring of the vials of their wrath against the representative of 'Glasgow the godly.' Apologists of suburban racing wavered between cool argument and heated abuse, the result of which was a vague feeling of uncertainty and doubt as to the position they should take up for opposing an infringement of their interests. On the whole we fear the tendency was towards a policy of weakening their cause by useless personalities; and they accordingly proceeded to blacken the character of the introducer of the obnoxious measure by references to mining speculations, Glasgow morality, religious opinions and other unconsidered trifles, which, however much they might tend to bring unpopularity upon the mover of the scheme, could not even remotely affect the merits of the scheme itself. Thus they materially weakened the cause they sought to bolster, and left outside public opinion practically unchanged, or rather may be said to have arrayed it against them by their line of argument. Had they been content to abide by and to take their stand upon a view of the question which we shall presently proceed to discuss, public sympathy might have been with them, and much rancour and bad feeling avoided; but, though they did not fail to perceive and to take up the point alluded to, they omitted to place it in its proper position in the forefront of their lines of defence. It is a hard thing, no doubt, that an attack should have been made upon what its opponents were pleased to term 'vested interests'; but after all it was but the outcome of sundry growlings and grumblings which had arisen on many occasions since suburban meetings had become the order of the day; and there can be no doubt that, but for the palpable and ridiculous overstatements or their case by indignant residents and their domestics, the Andersonian oppositionists would have advanced many steps towards carrying their measure on a previous occasion. Their cause, however, was seriously damaged by the indiscreetness of their allies; and it came to be felt, not unnaturally, that private spite should be indulged with no further scope, even though the object of its dislike was to some degree legitimate, and certainly more widespread than the upholders of sport in the vicinity of London cared to admit. And so it was that the 'Racecourses Licensing Bill' came before the House with the odour of cliquism and (so to speak) of 'busybodyism' clinging to it, which augured ill for the permission likely to be accorded to it even of a second reading; and it was only when that stage had been attained by the narrowest of majorities that any sense of importance came to be attached to it—that any real efforts were made to prevent the bill going into committee.

In arguing the now 'burning' question of the expediency or non-expediency of permitting race meetings to be held in the immediate vicinity of the modern Babylon, we must bear steadily in mind that

two distinct issues are involved in the discussion, and we may regard the matter either from a sporting or a social point of view. To these again we may either give separate consideration, or regard them as inseparable in their bearings upon the general question of whether this phase of racing is worthy of encouragement or not. And this may be the proper place to remark that much confusion has arisen both in public debate and private disputation from the fact of holders of diverse opinions arguing, like Sydney Smith's washerwomen, from opposite premises. Apologists for Kingsbury and such like racing resorts take their stand upon the broad principle that anything which tends to popularise sport and to extend its operations must of necessity be worthy of public encouragement, and insist that congregations of thieves, welshers, and roughs are inseparable features of such gatherings, and must be tolerated for the sake of the patronage conferred on the national pastime. The opposing faction, on the other hand, arguing from the standpoint of social morality, assert that the peace and quiet of the community is not to be disturbed with impunity on the plea before urged of encouraging sport; that enough can be done towards securing that end without appealing to the tastes of the lowest classes of the metropolis; and finally they carry the war into the enemy's country by the unreserved declaration that such horses as perform at suburban fixtures are utterly unworthy of any encouragement whatever, either as types of the thoroughbred, or as likely to contribute anything towards the improvement in the breed of horses. Thus issue is distinctly joined, though by a roundabout sort of process, and the quarrel might assume a tangible shape, were it not for the disputants constantly shifting their ground, and persisting in mixing up the sporting and social aspects of the question, as we have shown above. It was perhaps only natural that jealousies should arise on both sides, leading to blind common-sense views, and to kindle into a furious party question that which by mutual concessions could have been permanently and amicably settled. Mr. Anderson and his supporters might seem by their action to be flying in the face of the Jockey Club, in the hands of which body practically resided the veto upon suburban meetings, should they be willing to enforce it. On the other hand, the Turf legislature by resenting any external interference with its prerogatives might be reckoned as ranging themselves in opposition to law and order, and upholding the interests of sport to the detriment of public safety and comfort. But the member for Glasgow and his party might very fairly retort that as yet, and indeed during the long period of their continuance, the ruling body of the Turf had taken no steps from which could be inferred an intention of interfering with the existence of those obnoxious meetings, and that only in default of such interference was the idea of their abolition taken up by outsiders having no sympathy with sport, but contrariwise a traditional distaste for its influences. Nothing can be urged against the fairness of arguments such as these; but unfortunately—we had almost written inevitably—personalities and private feeling were imported into the

discussion, tending to weaken the really plausible case which the Scottish member and his colleagues had propounded, and to place matters in a false light before the public, which invariably takes the side of seemingly oppressed nationalities, and suffers its judgment to be warped from the true merits of the case. Whether rightly or wrongly it came to be thought that a dead set had been made against Mr. Warner and his meeting at Kingsbury, and some colour was undoubtedly given to this supposition by the appearance of certain ill-considered letters signed 'A Kingsbury Resident,' which 'The Times,' with questionable taste, had seen fit to publish, and, with still more questionable judgment, to comment upon in a tone the reverse of fair to individuals implicated in the one-sided and sweeping denunciations of its over-wrought correspondent. More than once have the strongly spiced letters of this aggrieved gentleman afforded food for highly moral and sensational leaders in the 'Thunderer'; and, rightly or wrongly, it has been concluded that an alliance offensive and defensive existed between the 'Resident' and the introducer of the Bill for Licensing Racecourses. Excess of zeal has often injured a good cause; and we are inclined to think that Mr. Anderson has encountered no small amount of opposition owing to the feeling that his great object was class legislation of a peculiarly un-English type, whereas we give him credit, whatever may be his error of judgment, for acting fairly and with the full intention of abating a nuisance which those apparently most interested in its removal had hesitated to take in hand. The debate upon the second reading of the Bill was instructive enough; showing as it did that, while Mr. Anderson, whether from accident or design, signally failed to make the best of his brief, the tactics of the opposition were of the feeblest order, from the innate badness of their case, which out of their own mouths may be said to have been proved against them. Only jealousy of interference by the Jockey Club lessened the majority which advanced the Bill another stage; but the opposition cannot be regarded as conducted otherwise than on legitimate grounds, seeing that with the Club resides the power of deciding what meetings shall be permitted to be held under its rules, and that its members are the constituted judges of what is best for the interests of sport. And should these be found to clash with the interests of society, it was only reasonable to suppose that the result of attention being directed thereto by the proper authorities, arrangements would be made to disallow the holding of such meetings under Jockey Club rules.

Mr. Chaplin, therefore, must be acquitted of having led a mere captious opposition against the bill being allowed to go into committee; indeed, the part taken in debate by so influential a member of the Jockey Club might be regarded as affording strong evidence of the intention of that body to make full inquiry into, and ultimately to legislate upon, the matter in dispute. His object in moving the rejection of the measure could not be construed into an attempt to burke reform in a direction where all agreed some salutary changes

were needed; indeed it might be considered to amount to a tacit admission that he and his colleagues were prepared to give the matter their best consideration. Neglect there might have been on the part of the ruling powers, but for this they were ready to atone; and some excuse for delay might not unreasonably be urged on the ground that, in addition to the new 'Code' recently promulgated, their attention had been directed to numerous contemplated changes in almost every direction. During the time occupied by delays and postponements after the second reading of the bill, the suburban race meeting disestablishment party were not idle, but continued to agitate, and having apparently marked mine host of the Welsh Harp as their prey, proceeded to attack him in another place, but upon the vulnerable point of permitting ready-money betting at his meeting at Kingsbury. To add to Mr. Warner's difficulties, an unseemly 'riot' had occurred at the races there in March, which was, not without reason, attributed to the services of the police not being permitted in places without a licence for the sale of drink. The presence of roughs and thieves at meetings in the vicinity of London had been scouted as a libellous fabrication in certain interested quarters, but the playful skirmish of the 15th of March disclosed the indisputable fact that Bill Sykes and his comrades were there in considerable force, and that the company consisted of others than the holiday-making artisan and the inevitable 'working man,' bent on an afternoon's pleasure in witnessing the sport of kings at Kingsbury.

Thus, Mr. Anderson's Bill having failed to become law, and there being no present indication of action by the Jockey Club in the matter, things remain much as they were; though it is significant that a decided diminution of race meetings in the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolis has taken place. Some few still manage to keep their heads above water, but it is evident that this cannot be the case much longer; and the recent offer of the Kingsbury stand by Mr. Warner to the Shakers seems to indicate plainly enough that the day has nearly arrived when the grass country round London shall be restored to its original 'useful purposes' of our hay and meat supply. We could wish that changes such as these had been brought about by direct and open repression, instead of by a side-wind, as it were; that the ruling body of the Turf had taken summary and decisive action in the matter, instead of leaving the process of disestablishment to be worked out by slow degrees at the hands of empirical philanthropists and by half-hearted magisterial interference. There is something weak and un-English in the policy of those who refuse to grant a 'boosing' licence because they know that police surveillance cannot be secured without one; and we hate to see a 'dead set' made at men who cannot be blamed for making the most of their lawful opportunities, however pernicious may be the system of which they are the exponents indeed, but not the originators. The army of 'martyrs' is recruited from the ranks of all who suffer persecution, be they Pharisees or publicans; and it is

better that grievances should not rankle in the hearts even of mistaken enthusiasts. But we may be thankful for small mercies by whatever means brought about, and even the spectacle of a 'slowly dying cause,' such as that which forms the subject of this article, cannot fail to be acceptable to all who regard the Turf in a higher light than as a means of encouragement to the 'ill weeds,' of human as well as of equine origin, which flourish apace in neglected places.

AMPHION.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE WILL OF THE LATE GEORGE PAYNE, Esq.

BY R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON.

PAYNE, ere his earthly race was run,
Did well bequeath the plate he won,
Won not by conquest on the course,
By rider's skill nor speed of horse,
A worthier prize which serves to tell
How friends and neighbours loved him well;
A trophy such as they deserve
Alone, who ne'er from Honour swerve.
That gift entrusted to its care,
The Shire which gave is now its heir,
And long as Althorp's walls endure
There treasured shall it rest secure,
His name henceforth by this bequest
Endeared to many a future guest.

PRIVATE BILLIARDS.

(Continued.)

THE length of a cue depends within certain limits on a player's height, too long being clumsy and too short cramping, its weight and breadth of tip on habit, but it must be invariably perfectly straight, and if your eye is not sufficiently accurate to judge of its rectitude by glancing along the shaft, it may be assisted by spinning the cue perpendicularly in the air, when any deviation will become more evident. The shaft is made of well-seasoned ash, and may be either light or heavy; the lighter the cue the easier many following strokes and losing hazards are accomplished, but if too light there is want of power for forcing strokes; weight may either be in the whole of the cue or may be obtained by making the butt of a heavier wood, and butted cues have of late years become very fashionable, as they require less wrist effect in screwing and are altogether more powerful,

but demand more careful play, for they are apt to punch the ball unless the stroke is very smoothly made. You may probably begin with a light cue and gradually acquire a taste for heavier metal as you feel the difficulty of some strokes decreased by additional power. Cues that are constantly in use absorb a considerable amount of moisture, and may require drying and straightening, whilst cues that are never used appear to lose all weight; and nothing is more disagreeable to handle than a large coarse cue that feels as if all its body had been sucked out. Cues should always be kept upright, preferably hanging in a case where their own weight keeps them straight, or else properly supported in a box. The narrow end of a cue may be very fine or broad, the former being adopted by many as giving greater variety to the stroke; the disadvantages are that the tip more frequently comes off, and that any little want of accuracy tells severely; a broad tip admits of greater side, and lasts much longer. A great pyramid player of days gone by used a cue like a quarter-butt—with it he could do anything, and he never made a miss cue, a small item apparently, but which, nevertheless, occurs more frequently than is supposed. The tip of the cue is generally one taken out of a box of prepared tips, supplied by any maker; these consist of two pieces of leather, one dark and hard, the upper soft and of a lighter colour. One of these tips being chosen adapted to the end of the cue, it is to be placed on some solid spot and struck firmly two or three times by a hammer which flattens out the soft leather; the end of the cue and the cement then being warmed the tip is placed firmly on, the cue reversed and a weight placed on the butt; in half-an-hour this tip may be trimmed with file and sand-paper, and it ought to wear away without requiring anything more than a freshening occasionally with the latter. A knife must be very sharp and very cautiously used if the labour of filing is to be diminished. Occasionally you get a piece of leather that will not hold the chalk—why or wherefore is not apparent; in such a case a change of tip is the only remedy. You may sometimes find that a screw does not come off as you intended, that your strokes are not equal, and unjustly blame yourself; examine carefully the tip, and possibly you will see that the two leathers are separated either in the centre or at one side. In the latter case a slight crack will be visible; in the former, pressure with a finger will detect the flaw. This is quite different from partial separation of the whole tip from the cue, which is easily detected, and which often happens after some hard drawback strokes. Nothing is more common than to find the leather of all the cues in a rack, projecting over the wood, and nothing is more creditable to a room or marker. It may entirely be avoided by following the above directions. The wood itself of a cue may splinter by long or rough usage, and unless the whole shaft is proportionately reduced, it leaves a stumpy termination disliked by many players. The makers of tables are many and good, but the makers of good cues are extremely rare. We have never seen any equal to those sent out by the late W. Bayliff; they were quite a manual luxury.

In perfect familiarity with your cue, as your only offensive and defensive weapon, certainty is alone attainable, and certainty is the requisite at billiards. A first-rate player is distinguished from a novice, not by the capacity to perform what are called fancy strokes, but by the never-missing easy strokes. Tastes as to cues differ as much as admiration of feminine perfections, and if you venture to criticise a friend's preference you may be answered as we were once, when a youth requested our sympathising assent as to the charms of a young lady who had a nose like one of 'Marks' Storks. 'Is not 'her nose a little sharp?' we remarked. 'I like it sharp,' was the reply, which shut us up completely, and here, as the papers say, the discussion ended.

In addition to the above-named necessities a good room should have a butt, half-butt and quarter-butt; the two former with proper rests; these should all be as nicely tipped as the cues, and the last will often save the use of the longer ones; a cushion and a pyramid rest, or spider, should also be at hand, with good dry chalk in all the receptacles, and a file and sand-paper at command. You have now got your room, table, and appurtenances; the next thing is to keep them in order. The table should always be covered, when not in use, with a Mackintosh sheet; it should always be brushed after using it, ironed daily, and the spots replaced by fresh sticking-plaster when at all worn, or you will soon have a hole in the cloth.

It is possible that to the collection of dust at the edge of the pockets in brushing is attributable the fact that pockets throw off a little where the table is much played on. Two things should be distinctly enforced, no getting on the table and no pipes allowed without a cover. It is impossible to keep a table truly level if people get on it, and tobacco falling lighted burns a hole directly; cigars do not do so. Such small holes and the cuts produced by sharp rests are not always visible at first, but afterwards the cloth appears quite gone in numerous places without any cause then called to mind. After a cloth has been much worn playing one way, the baulk and spot ends may be reversed before having a new one; and a new cloth requires stretching two or three times at intervals as it gets slacker, when it wrinkles under the hand.

You must not forget that many players smoke, and that smoking necessitates ash dishes, &c., which should be liberally provided. A spirit torch at each end of the room renders spills and matches unnecessary, and thus one source of dirt and danger to the cloth is avoided.

A cowl over each gas-light leading into a tube will materially diminish the heat in a low room, especially if the tube be carried outside to the roof of the house; if with this an air-supply-tube be introduced, and the tops of both protected with a revolving cowl, your room will probably be better ventilated than the most luxurious drawing-room of a fashionable mansion, and until the electric light shall have rendered gas a thing of the past there is no better arrangement possible.

THE BLUE COAT AND BRASS BUTTONS ERA.

WE are a very busy and very idle generation, always just coming home from somewhere and off to-morrow for somewhere else. We can hardly imagine the times now which we remember as boys in the pre-railway days when every one almost in the country was always at home, and generally busy, working round and round in the same small sphere in country villages, the market-town being our capital, and a journey to London being an event.

In these days you miss a man from your club for three or four months, and on asking where he has been he informs you that he has just been to India, China, or South America, as the case may be, to look at a railway, a dock, or a mine; and in commercial circles, when directors sit round the board, they make a minute in their books, *nem. con.* : 'Ordered, that Mr. Blank shall go by next mail 'to San Francisco,' Bombay, or Buenos Ayres, or some other distant place—and make a report of the undertaking;' and probably the chairman says to the secretary, 'Just "wire" the bankers that Mr. Blank will be with them within about thirty days from this date.'

You meet X, Y, or Z, the well-known bankers or capitalists, who are hard at work from Monday morning to Friday night, and who run down by the evening train for a battue at some nobleman's seat, or to hunt with some hounds a hundred miles away. In the Cattle Show week you meet country gentlemen and farmers from every part of the United Kingdom and from many foreign countries. In fact, all the world is in a state of unrest. Contrast this state of things with the country home of our boyhood, in the times which ultra-Radicals call the 'Squire and Parson reign.' In the days of tithes and protection we were perhaps a little sleepy, but we like to think now we were very happy. I have in my mind's eye now one of those country villages the inhabitants whereof were well-to-do according to our notions. The squire, who never appeared without his blue or olive-green broad-tailed coat and brass buttons, breeches and top-boots, was one of the good old school, living in a compact, not over-large country-house, with an income of some three thousand a year from land—a stay-at-home old boy who was a good landlord, much too good, in fact, for his own pocket, never turning out a tenant, a friend of the poor, an active county magistrate, and in fact a thorough English gentleman. His family followed the usual routine of country gentlemen's sons and daughters—the boys going into the church, the army, or the bar. His wife and daughters were satisfied with the dissipation of an archery meeting or pic-nic in the summer, and an occasional county ball in the winter, and the society of a friend or two staying in the house. There was some shooting about the farms, a cricket-ground in the park, a bowling-green, laid down perhaps in the days of the Stuarts, in front of the house, and, above all, a hearty and constant welcome. It was a stout port and sherry house, and a dinner-party at the squire's was an event which was

always looked forward to. The dinner hour was sharp six o'clock, sometimes even half-past five, and the almanac had to be consulted for the convenience of those who came from a distance of ten miles, who wanted a moon to light them home. The lady of the house was not the least above sitting down with the housekeeper and arranging about the dinner; and, much as she and the housekeeper might strive to make the feast worthy of the squire's hospitality, the glory of the house was the prize haunch of four-year-old mutton which had been hung and floured every day for ten days. The squire, in his black shorts, silk stockings, and gold knee and shoe buckles, blue coat with dead-coloured gilt buttons, white waistcoat, frilled shirt, and white neckcloth, might have been a duke. The lady of the house in the bloom of middle age—and no bloom is more beautiful—sat like an empress at the head of the table with her black velvet hat and ostrich feather, possibly with a diamond loop to it, and her handsome daughters with long waists, short dresses showing a pretty foot and sandalled shoe, and long white kid gauntlets almost up to the elbow, and shovel combs in their back hair, looked, as they were, thorough ladies, I promise you. What do you say, Young England—that I am a raving muff? If you do, you are ashamed of your own grandmothers, who were what we used to call in those days 'gentlewomen,' to whom paint and 'make up' of their faces were unknown; although milliners used them as lay figures for ridiculous dresses, as they do with ladies of the present day.

Luncheon in those days for men was a secondary affair; perhaps a bit of bread and cheese, or a hunting sandwich and a glass of sherry, formed the mid-day meal; for hunting was hunting, and shooting was shooting, real hard work, and there was no hot luncheon at the covert side pending a battue, and a sportsman's appetite was a caution, and at dinner the host cheered his guests on if they went a second time to cod and oyster sauce, and would never forgive them if they did not have a second innings at the haunch.

It strikes me that the cause of their fine appetites was that there was very little mid-day smoking and off-drinks during the day, except a possible glass of beer at a farmhouse, which was a hospitable tender which no one refused. It comes very clearly to my memory, that after Church and State, corn laws, and the race meeting had been discussed, some of the gentlemen's faces were a little flushed; and I don't think that the parson—a most estimable man—would have pronounced 'chickens' without running the word into 'chishuns,' but it would only have been a *lapsus linguæ*, or a 'clerical error'; but no one was what is vulgarly called the least the worse for wine—for it was too sound for that—only conversational,—as was proved in the drawing-room when a rubber of sixpenny long whist was undertaken, and the parson was 'death on the odd trick.' Then we had our music and singing—the 'Bridesmaids' Chorus,' the 'Battle of Prague,' with heavy artillery, and 'Deserted by the waning Moon,' admirably rendered by the Colonel and one of the officers

from the garrison, and 'Caller Herrin', 'Cherry Ripe,' and 'Why 'are you wandering?' from 'Paul Pry,' by the young ladies. About eleven o'clock the venerable old butler brought in some sandwiches, negus for the ladies, and Bishop for the gentlemen, and the end of a genuine hospitable dinner party came about eleven o'clock; and if the post boy, to whose care was entrusted the necks of the farthest distanced visitors, slipped off the near wheeler on to the pole, he was instantly replaced by the servants, and once in the saddle was a thorough good Englishman, all for Church and State, and trustworthy; and it was the fault of the squire's strong beer, for when the squire kept revel in his home coachmen and servants who came with the visitors were not unwelcome in the kitchen. Ah me! and that open house business did the trick, and has gradually stamped out the quiet old country squire. Believing all things and hoping all things, the dear old boy went on, following as far as possible in his father's footsteps, not observing the signs of the times. First came the Reform Bill and agitated all England, then the Corn Bill and depreciation of landed property. Our dear old friend could not bear to alter the old *régime*, and hoped that the bad rent-day was only an accident; but rent-days became worse. Of course he had not the heart to take Jack out of the cavalry, or stop Tom's allowance in London, 'as a man 'must have ready money until he makes a name at the Bar' he argued, and things would come right; and, fortunately for him, the world lasted his time, and he probably died and slept with his fathers; but depend upon it his mortgages, which he looked on as 'temporary loans' (as so many do), lay heavy on his mind.—And now let us change the scene.

Some of the millionaires, who made large fortunes and who swamped the Corn Laws and promoted free trade in its entirety, thirsted for country seats in the south of England, and our old friends of the topboot-and-blue-coat era gradually were improved off the face of the earth. Many of these new-comers from Radicalism and Dissent took up Church and moderate Conservatism; they paid like princes for estates, and in some instances proprietors who were mortgaged up to the hilt walked out with a large sum of ready money; small farms were thrown into one, and let to tenants with plenty of capital; the thick hedgerows and spinneys were grubbed up, and the land thrown into cultivation, with very high farming; and now you will not see as many thick hedgerows between London and York as you would see in any ten miles in many southern counties thirty or forty years ago.

But one thing has generally been dear to the new generation of country gentlemen, and that was to become game preservers. The natural covert for game, the spinneys and old hedgerows, having been destroyed, game coverts had to be established, and the pleasant woods, always fairly stocked with game, where children gathered wild flowers in the spring, and as trespassers, with the tacit permission of the squire, nattered in the autumn, are in many places

crammed with tame pheasants brought up under hens; old foot-paths have been stopped; a notice of 'Trespassers will be prosecuted' is the welcome which the passing stranger meets, and visitors who are invited to the battue have a private interview with keepers, which is as expensive as going to a physician under the new 'double-fee' system; and as regards the game, you may eat all you can, but you must not take any away. The boys home for the holidays must no more range the fields for larks, or the marshes for occasional wild fowl. The whole parish now has often been bought and sold, and no one must carry a gun. The assizes and quarter sessions prove the evils of the present system. Why, in the old days every man's hand was against the poacher, and he had to go a long way a-field to get rid of his game; but now I much doubt if any one would take the trouble to go out of a night to help the keepers; in many parts they have brought the poachers down on them, and it is a case of keepers' guineas against broken heads, and so let them fight it out amongst themselves. The multiplication of keepers and watchers prove the precarious tenure of the property in game, and the question is, 'Is the game worth the candle?' The late Lord Derby, one of the most ardent sportsmen and one of the best country gentlemen in England, pointed out the evils of the new fashion years ago in Parliament; and, if I remember rightly, was in favour of game being property when on the owner's land. No one grudges the squire having his sports and his sporting; but there is a very strong feeling against reckless preserving for Leadenhall market. Years ago, when the winter came on, boys and young fellows from the University used to be asked to have a day or two, and the farmers had their day or two, and the keeper generally had his party from the neighbouring town, ferreting; and somehow, what with presents of game to neighbours and an occasional day's shooting for their sons, all had some pleasure out of the manor.

I very much doubt if a man had ever so large an estate, and chose to say to a friend after luncheon, 'Take your gun and come with me, and we will see what we can find,' if Mr. Leathers would not come with a sulky face the next morning, and say, 'If you disturb my game, sir, I can't keep up the preserves.' In fact the keeper is king, and looks as much to his bag as an advertisement as pot-hunting cricketers do their averages.

Mr. Grantley Berkeley was much and most undeservedly abused very many years ago, because, on catching a poacher, he 'punched his head.' He was quite right; it was twenty times better than sending a man to prison. A country hare-wirer and poacher of that sort is a very minor offender compared with the gangs who go with nets and a cart and sweep the fields for partridges, or stealing pheasants, armed and ready to murder a keeper if necessary. Though the over preserving has created these outlaws, the gang-class are desperate villains as a rule, and, but for want of pluck, would be just as ready for burglary as poaching; and if one of them comes short home sometimes, it is nobody's loss, as a man who goes out prepared to kill is a murderer. These are the game-dealers' friends, though,

of course, the plunder comes in a roundabout, semi-respectable way to the game shops.

Another question has been mooted in the 'Echo' about deer forests and moors in the Highlands, the alleged facts being that out of nine millions and a half of acres less than a million only are under cultivation, or used for anything but game, for the sake of letting shootings to millionaires from great cities, who never bred a head of game in their lives. I am not an 'Echoist' by any means, but does it not occur to any man of sense that too many of the very class who, in the days of free trade and the corn laws, clamoured for reform, and jeered the country gentlemen as the 'lords of the 'dirty clod,' are the very men who, when in the places of the old hereditary owners of the soil, have multiplied all the evils which the old school were charged with, tenfold, and forgotten to learn their many virtues? The old squire might have sat in his carpeted square pew in church with armchairs and footstools for his household, and a fire in the chancel pew—he might have taken things too easy, and have let the farmers, who certainly were hard on the poor sometimes, have their own way too much, but he stayed at home and spent his money at home like a good old country gentleman; his daughters did not live solely for dress and artificial excitement, they would ride with the old gentleman to the meet, and a simple English lady would have been horrified to have seen her name in print as 'cutting out 'the pace on her favourite mare Blue Bonnet'; and had photography been in existence, and had a shopkeeper exhibited her portrait as an English beauty, the chances are that her brother would have made him eat all the copies and possibly the negative; for an English lady was an English lady, and her name was sacred, and not to be hawked about the town.

If I am back on my old hobby it is a very pleasant dream—it is the old hobby of 'live and let live and the most happiness for all'—and I cast a lingering look back on the home-grown mutton, the puddings from Mrs. Rundell's 'Cookery Book,' the polished mahogany tables, the ring round the fire when the ladies had left, and the general sociability of the whole proceeding. Mind, this would not do every day, and in society as it is at present, the general custom of having in the coffee after a round or two of the claret is an absolute necessary when people dine at half past seven and leave soon after ten.

But a great part of our dinner society now consists in asking people whom you are bound to ask, and the ever-present ice pudding is often very characteristic of the feast.

Many years ago when on a visit to friends in Ireland in full free enjoyment of fishing—except salmon fishing, which I paid heavily for—almost whenever I pleased, I was asked if there was anything in Ireland particularly which I liked better than at home, and my answer was, 'Yes, I have not seen a single notice up that trespassers 'will be prosecuted or that you are prohibited from walking on the 'grass.' In fact there is elbow room in most parts of Ireland, whereas in many touring places in the Highlands you are too often

reminded, directly or indirectly, of the 'Laird's dues.' Possibly game preservers will be wise if they discontinue the habit of putting their rights so prominently before all comers, and if they take away everything against which their enemies can get foothold; for get a foothold they will, without much sympathy from the outside world, who, though willing enough to 'jump upon' the detestable 'black 'trousers and black satin vest' school, who are always howling about the game laws being oppressive to the working classes—those dear friends of theirs, who, but for the military, would have destroyed and burnt many of their factories not very long ago—don't care much about sports which are kept up for the selfish profit of men who breed their game and let their shooting as part of their income.

Before the panic of 1866 I remember seeing in a certain district of a great city many messengers carrying about game, consisting of a brace of pheasants and a hare, conspicuously labelled 'From Sir 'Blank Blank's, Blank Hall.' I need hardly say that the 'bloody 'hand' on the escutcheon was brand new. 'One ought not to 'look a gift horse in the mouth,' observed one of the recipients of the game; 'but the donor does not care twopence for me; it is a 'purely commercial transaction, and he wants to get something; 'and I have no doubt if this hare could speak, and I asked him what 'he was, he would say, "A 'are, sir;" and if I asked him where 'from, he would answer, "Sir 'Arry's."'

I am not talking wildly, without book, about what I say, as I know well a district in the south of England where my family lived for many years, where there are three large estates adjoining each other, on each of which game was rigorously preserved, and not a head of game was ever sold from any one of them. No footpath was ever stopped up, yet people kept the path, and did not disturb the coverts; and I don't believe that a poacher existed in the neighbourhood, as venison and game were liberally distributed, and when there was a great rabbit shooting, the poor people on one estate might have some for asking; and this state of things is what I believe in, as one of the benefits of the game laws. Only poll a parish where there is a good squire, and I will venture to say that the votes would be ten to one in favour of the rights of the manor; for the shooting season puts many a shilling in a poor man's pocket. Why should a man steal any one's game any more than his chickens or turkeys? The poacher comes by night to steal, and is a thief pure and simple.

I like a good joke, whether it is from our own side or from the opposite division, and I must record one of Quaker Bright's in the Commons. In a debate on County Rates, a large number of country gentlemen had spoken, and Mr. Bright, in addressing the House, congratulated them on having a whole evening to themselves *without mentioning the game laws.*

Mitcham.

F. G.

CONCERNING THE CAPERCAILZIE.

ALL good sportsmen will be glad to learn that the capercaillie has been restored to Scotland. Not only have a large number of these birds been already shot, but more than one well-stocked nest has been seen this season ; moreover—and this is the best proof of the rehabilitation of the bird—foresters have become alarmed because of the damage that may be done by the capercaillie to pine-trees of tender growth. As the reintroduction of the bird is viewed with alarm in some quarters, I propose to bring into a focus a few particulars of its history and habits, for the purpose of showing that the bird cannot possibly do much harm, whilst it will give a variety to the labours of the sportsman and afford a new dish to the table of very considerable economic value : a game bird which weighs ten or twelve pounds is to say the least of it a decided acquisition to the national commissariat.

Some sportsmen are afraid that the reintroduction of the ‘cock of the woods’ will prove hurtful to established sporting interests ; one gentleman, whose word is entitled to attention, is of opinion that they drive away other game and spoil the trees, but I think that is an overdrawn picture, as the capercaillie occupies its own ground, its home is in the pine plantations, it cannot therefore in the woods and forests do any harm to grouse, partridge, or pheasant, and when the inquiries now going on as to the supposed damage which is done to the trees among which it lives are concluded, it will be found that the usefulness of the bird in eating up grub and other vermin which infest the trees will far more than counterbalance all the ill it can commit. Such birds perform a very useful part in preserving the balance of nature. In the United States, the turkeys of Virginia devour the grub which preys upon the tobacco-plant with great avidity, and we all know what a useful part the rooks play in eating off the grub which at certain seasons become detrimental to the corn and grass-fields of this country ; whilst a regiment of well-booted bantam fowls gobbling up the caterpillars and insects which are hurtful to the pot herbs of the period is no uncommon sight in the London market-gardens. A regiment of fowls would speedily eat up all the potato beetles of Colorado : it is quite certain that these noxious insects only exist in undue proportions because there are not a sufficient number of enemies to contend with them. These are, of course, the purely utilitarian views which pertain to the animal world, but even as such they are undoubtedly suggestive of the pains with which nature keeps up the ‘reign of law.’

We are led to believe, and I have personally found many evidences of the fact, that the capercaillie was at one time living in some parts of Scotland. It was never, however, a plentiful bird. During the last century there was no home for the ‘cock of the woods’ in the sense that there is now, as ‘forestry’ in Scotland was comparatively speaking in its infancy, and there were no woods, or at least very

few of the right sort, for the cock to live in. It is not difficult, therefore, to account for the fact of the bird being exterminated, as many of the natural woods of the country were cut down, or so altered in their contour, during that march of agricultural improvement which set in about a century since, as to leave the capercaillie with no resting-place for the sole of its foot. The extermination of the bird came about quite naturally, and did not result, as many persons suppose, from its being 'overshot,' or killed off by sportsmen. As a matter of fact the 'sport' of Scotland, as we know it, is not yet much over fifty years old. Grouse-shooting and deer-stalking is of comparatively modern creation, and Scotland is indebted to the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott for the wealth which now flows into the country in the shape of rent for deer forests and grouse moors. The country of the Gael profits to the extent of a quarter of a million sterling per annum by its vast wastes of heath and its mountain sides which are sacred to the feet of the red deer. Now that capercaillie have been rehabilitated in the great ozone land, who knows, with such an addition to the sports of Scotland as these birds will afford, but that the sporting rental of the country may speedily be still further increased? We cannot in this money-grubbing age have too much sport; the national life is being crippled and shortened by the general rush to be rich, and if men can be diverted for a longer or shorter time from the counting-room or the study, to the grouse moors or the capercaillie forests, it will tend to lessen the burden of their labours and prolong the length of their days. As my friend the philosopher of Alyth says, 'Let us for awhile leave off the pursuit of that filthy dross which men call gold, and touch rather the golden bells of social love and Christian dignity, let us, moreover, as we measure the milestones of life on the stony highway of commercial progress, step aside occasionally for a moment upon the game-laden carpet of purple heather, or find repose in the grateful shade of the far-stretching pine forests of the "land of the mountain and the flood."'

I ask pardon for venturing, just for a moment, to touch the knocker placed upon the door of poetry. In 'Baily' there is a poet named 'Amphion.' I am not called upon, neither am I able, to supersede his graceful and facile pen; let him speedily trill a lay to the capercaillie, and celebrate its rehabilitation in the woods of Scotland. Having asked that favour at his hands I now return to the plain prose of my subject. For such as do not know anything about the 'cock of the woods' I may just briefly state that that bird is the chief member of the grouse family; *tetrao urogallus* is its scientific name. Let me in saying this not be misunderstood. In point of commercial value the red grouse (*tetrao scoticus*) is *par excellence* the game bird of Scotland, which country is undoubtedly the home of the family. We are all familiar with the fact that Scotland yields two-thirds of the total grouse supply of the United Kingdom, and that the letting of grouse moors brings wealth

to persons whose lands would be otherwise unproductive. During the present season some fine bags have been made; on the '12th,' it has been computed, about twenty thousand brace of grouse were shot on the moors of Scotland, and since the '12th,' it may be stated, as showing that this year grouse are plentiful, the Duke of Hamilton, on his moors of Arran in the Firth of Clyde, shot, along with a few friends, no less than 1,369 brace—to kill that number of grouse, a few brace of black game, and seventeen stags, was but the work of a few days. Another member of the grouse family—which it is thought may suffer from the introduction of the capercailzie—is the black-cock (*tetrao tetrix*), which, along with its mate, the *grey hen*, affords capital sport. That bird, which is of beautiful plumage, is much larger than the common moor grouse, but still not nearly so large as the capercailzie, which in many instances reaches the size of a small turkey. Black game, it is said, are not nearly so numerous in Scotland as they were wont to be, the clearings that are now being effected in many counties being greatly inimical to their increase. The ptarmigan (*tetrao lagopus*) is another member of the family, but as it is not, numerically speaking, such a great contributor to sport as the commoner bred grouse, I may pass it by in the meantime, in order to keep all the space at my disposal for an account of the restoration of the capercailzie.

It is about fifty years now since the first attempt was made to bring this bird back to the woods and forests of Scotland. The last 'cock of the woods' that inhabited the land of the north was supposed to have been killed about the year 1780, in the neighbourhood of Inverness. The capercailzie had long been previously driven from the primeval forests of Ireland, in some parts of which it is reported to have been at one period very plentiful. The progenitors of the present race of capercailzie were brought from Sweden at the instance of Lord Fife of Braemar (Scotland) in the end of the year 1827, or beginning of the following year, I am not quite certain about the date. First of all, imagine the simplicity of the act: there were brought over only a single cock and hen! The hen unfortunately died before it could be utilised; and the cock having been mated with a common barn-door fowl, there was no result worth mentioning, only a few eggs and one dead chicken, which never could have been of any use, because of its being an undoubted *mule* or hybrid. With singular parsimony, seeing that two or three pairs might have been imported at the same cost, another cock and hen were then brought over, both birds arriving safely in February, 1829. In April, the hen began to lay her eggs, but sad to say none of them ever arrived at maturity, which must have been most vexatious to those who took an interest in the experiment. Eight out of the twenty-four eggs which that hen laid were placed under a common fowl, but only one of the eight came to maturity, and it unfortunately died soon after it was born. Next year eight more eggs were obtained, upon which the hen capercailzie condescended to sit *in propria persona*, but again

without success—after a sitting of five weeks they were found to be all addled. Such disappointments were enough to sicken those in charge of the illustrious cock of the woods, but they nevertheless persevered. In 1831 better results were obtained: in the May and June of that year twelve eggs were deposited by the hen of two husbands, seven of these were placed under a barn-door fowl, the remaining five being sat upon by the female capercailzie. The result was as follows: of those eggs under the capercailzie, one was broken, two were ultimately hatched (one of which soon died), and in two of the shells dead birds were found; of the seven eggs entrusted to the common hen, four produced healthy birds. Thus there were at length obtained as many as five young ones; but only two of these were living a few months afterwards—accident and disease having killed off the other three. The two left were females. These birds were difficult to rear, but being carefully attended to, and at first fed regularly on young ants and other larvæ, and afterwards with oats and pot barley, they soon acquired sufficient strength to eat stronger food, chiefly grain, heather tops, and the tender sprouts of the Scottish fir. Donald Mackenzie, Lord Fife's keeper, said that never in all his life had he had such 'a devil of a job' as in trying to acclimatise the Swedish capercailzie—the non-success of the experiment in its earlier stages arose from no fault of his. I do not know anything with regard to the ultimate success of this experiment, as no further particulars, so far as I can learn, were ever made public.

The next attempt to restore the capercailzie to Scotland took place in the year 1837, under the auspices of Mr., afterwards Sir, Thomas Fowell Buxton, who empowered Mr. Llewellyn Lloyd, the then well-known author of 'Field Sports of Norway and Sweden,' to collect and send over a sufficient stock of these birds to insure the success of the experiment. A flock of twenty-nine males and females (sixteen hens and thirteen cocks) was at length got together, and sent on to the care of the Marquis of Breadalbane at Taymouth, in Perthshire, in whose vast pine forests the birds had every chance of thriving. The way in which Mr. Buxton, the philanthropic brewer, came to take an interest in the capercailzie was from his having been presented, while residing in Norfolk, by Mr. Lloyd with a cock and hen. These birds bred and produced six young ones, which lived for some time, and looked as if they would grow to maturity and become reproductive, but being too much exposed to the sun they unfortunately died in consequence. That the birds brought to Scotland under the charge of Mr. Buxton's gamekeeper lived and flourished there is this day ample evidence in the fact of their having spread over several counties of Scotland. An additional supply of sixteen breeding hens was forwarded to Taymouth in 1838. In the following year broods of young ones were discovered in the woods of Breadalbane, over sixty birds being seen in all. To insure success, several of the old fowls were kept in confinement, their eggs being hatched by common hens and also by *grey hens* (the females, that

is, of the black cock). None of the birds were shot for several years after their introduction, so as to give them a good chance of multiplying; but a few were brought down by poachers, of which two or three found their way into poulterers' shops. The capercailzie is now to be found in most of the Scottish counties which are suitable to its growth in the way of food and living ground. It has been seen in the county of Fife, and as far south as the county of Midlothian (Edinburghshire). On the Duke of Hamilton's island of Arran the bird is now quite at home, and is rapidly becoming so plentiful as to encourage the hope that in the course of two or three years it will bear shooting at to any extent.

The male birds of the capercailzie are heartless polygamists, leaving the females at the breeding season to commence and carry on the work of incubation without their aid, nor do the cocks take any part in the rearing of the young ones, the hens being made complete slaves. When the laying season begins, the female makes a rude nest in some secure place, in which she usually deposits nine or ten eggs (but some nests have been seen with fourteen and fifteen), on which she sits for about a month. The young ones become very active as soon as hatched, and are very speedily able to find their own food. In some parts of Sweden, at any rate in the province of Delecarlia, the capercailzie has been reared in the barnyards, and in such circumstances grow up as tame as a common fowl. In the winter-time the birds 'pack' and continue in flocks of from fifty to a hundred. The capercailzie is a strong and active bird, well able to take care of itself.

I have tried to form some estimate of the rate at which the Breadalbane birds would multiply in the first two or three years; but the task is a difficult one, as the hen is a *hashy* breeder, breaking and destroying a very large percentage of the eggs which she lays. I calculate, however, that at the end of 1839 there would be of young and old in the Taymouth Woods, at least, one hundred capercailzie, and assuming that forty of these would be hens which would really hatch and bring up, on the average, three birds each, one hundred and twenty chickens would thus be added to the stock in 1840, which would give a total of two hundred and twenty birds. In 1841 there would be at least one hundred sitting hens to produce three chicks each, which would bring the total stock up to five hundred and twenty, and deducting the odd twenty for deaths from accidents and other causes, there would, in the breeding season of 1842, be at least five hundred birds, and if two hundred of these each brought up three birds, other six hundred would be added to the flock, making eleven hundred in all, which would admit of a few score brace being shot, and a few dozen pairs being sent to other districts for breeding purposes, for which they were much coveted. Such calculations as these must, of course, be taken for what they are worth; I would not venture to say that the breeding hens would bring up, on the average, more than three birds each, but even at that ratio of increase, and allowing for sport, a large stock must

now have accumulated, as they have been but sparingly killed up to the present time. This year, according to the returns, a few head of these fine game have fallen to sportsmen in Scotland.

As I have already hinted, Scottish foresters are taking alarm about the habits of the capercailzie, asserting that they damage the trees by picking off the leading buds, which retards the growth and dwarfs the timber. There is a large surface of wood in Scotland, and planting is carried on with great care and intelligence in places which are unsuitable for the culture of either root or cereal crop. It is calculated that there are in Scotland about 750,000 acres now under wood of all kinds—the total area of the country being 19,500,000 acres. It is important, therefore, to prevent damage being done to the forests. Active inquiries are being made to ascertain how far the assertions that the capercailzie do damage to the trees are founded on fact, it being held by the friends of the capercailzie that the bird is in a large degree the protector of the trees, by freeing them from the insects and other parasites which prey upon them. I know of a case where 120 out of a small plantation of 350 young trees were killed or affected by the ravages of beetles. These trees might have been saved by a few capercailzies. It is quite certain, I am told, that the birds live as much upon insects as upon tender vegetable matter. Differences of opinion can, however, easily be settled by careful investigation—there can be no doubt that it will be found in the end that the good done by the capercailzie in the destruction of the larvæ of beetles will amply compensate for all the evil they do in the way of damaging the Scottish pine plantations, and I trust now we have obtained such a splendid addition to our game birds that we will learn how to protect it for sport and the table. The bird affords far better shooting than the pheasant; it is a much gamier bird, and seems to defy the sportsman, having a happy knack for its own safety of taking shelter in the branches of the opposite side of the tree from which he is following it. Some epicures object to the flavour of the capercailzie as being too resinous: others like that pronounced *goût*. The objectors can ‘ameliorate’ the obnoxious flavour of the bird by steeping it for an hour in equal portions of boiling milk and water twice renewed, then roast with discretion, basting well with fine clean lard, or sweet butter if preferred.

TOM STRETCHER LOOKS OVER A MANOR.

SOME time after my little friend Stretcher's misadventures amongst the trout, and when the season was so far advanced that the feast of St. Partridge was nigh at hand, I had some business at St. Pancras Station, and as I was approaching that most modern of our termini on the northern side of London, I came once more into contact with that amusing individual.

'Ah, old boy! by Jove, how glad I am to see you!' he exclaimed, giving me such a shake of the hand as almost wrenched my arm from its socket; 'you are just the very man I wanted; I am going to ——' (mentioning a place in one of our Eastern Midland counties), 'to look over a manor. Now do just jump into the train, and come with me.'

'Going to take a manor,' I replied, 'with the season all but commenced! Surely you must be mad. If the shooting is worth having, you will have to pay about three times its value at this time of year; and for my own part, I don't for a moment believe that anything worth your taking would be now in the market.'

'Oh yes,' he answered; 'look at that!' and pulling out a paper from his pocket, held up before me a most plausible advertisement. "Right of shooting over three thousand acres of land, well stocked with all kinds of game; let solely in consequence of the owner's state of health obliging him to go abroad, &c. &c. For terms and further information, apply to Graber, Grindhard, and Co., "Lincolns-inn-Fields, &c." There, my boy, what do you think of that? Saw the advertisement at breakfast—called on Graber and Grindhard—got an order for the keeper to show me over the place; so come with me, we'll have a look, get back, and settle matters with Grab & Co. before night, and have a quiet little dinner on the strength of it. What do you say?'

'Why, that *if* it is all as you tell me, it may be well worth having; but good shooting does not go begging until the commencement of the season as a rule, and I by no means like the party entrusted with the management of the business.'

'Nonsense, you are always throwing cold water on everything; there is no time to lose, will you come?'

'Yes, my business is finished for the day, and I have no objection to run down and look at the place with you, so let us get our tickets, tip the guard, get a carriage to ourselves, and be off.'

All these arrangements made, we were soon speeding towards our destination, and after an hour and a half's very fair travelling were put down at a little country station.

'How far from this is Muckstead Manor?' was the first query addressed to the stationmaster, when we had given up our tickets.

'How far is it to Muckstead?' echoed he, pushing his gold-laced cap on one side, and scratching his head; 'do you want to go there?'

'We do,' replied Tom.

'Then I should say if you wants to go there, 'tis more nor ten miles.'

'Ten miles!' almost screeched Tom; 'why, the advertisement says it is within three miles of a station.'

'Yes, that's right enough, Sloelane Station is within three miles: but only two trains in the day stop there, 'cept market day, when there's another; that's on a side line, you know, and there's no traffic

'to speak of, so we don't run trains, you see, only for goods; this is the nearest station on the main line.'

'Well, how are we to get there? I suppose there is a conveyance of some sort that can take us there?'

'Yes; old Jones at Hilltop keeps a trap that runs to the station here when he has not another job on hand, but I doubt he's engaged with some traveller to day, or he would have been here on spec'. You can walk up to his place and see, 'tis only about three miles from here.'

'Pleasant,' said Tom; 'but in for a peenny in for a pound. Now we are here, let us go and see it.'

So lighting up a cigar almost as big as himself, the little man strode manfully on his way.

'By-the-by, Stretcher,' I asked, 'how did your fishing end? I have never heard anything of you since I dropped in so unexpectedly at your inn.'

'Health would not stand it, old fellow; could not bear the damps and fogs of the meadows, so gave them a bit to be off my bargain, and went on the Continent to recruit my health. Deuced sorry for it, as sport was capital after you left, but I had to give it up. Only returned last week, that's how it is I did not look out earlier for a manor. Shooting is a drier and healthier sport than fishing; better exercise too, and that is what my doctor tells me I require.'

If you shoot as well with the double barrel as you do with the long bow, my friend, I mentally ejaculated, the birds are likely to have a lively time of it; though, of course, being a prudent man, I did not express my thoughts, and harping on the sport he anticipated with the gun, Tom walked on until a stiff hill between high hedges brought suddenly to his recollection that it was an August day, and the turnpike was both hot and dusty; turning his arms over the top bar of a gate, and taking off his hat to get the benefit of what little breeze there was, he proposed a halt and short rest. A busy scene met our view, for almost close to the gate a large barley-stack was in course of construction, and hailing one of the labourers he asked how far it was to Hilltop. Of course he re-echoed the question and inquired if we were going there—the rustic mind cannot give an answer without—then sticking the prong into the stack at his feet, leaning his elbows on it, and placing his chin on the top of them, the worthy disciple of Mr. Arch went in for as long a story as could be made of the affair, and wasting as much of his master's time as possible.

'Well, you see, sir, of course you wants to go by the road, an as near as I can guess—for I doant want to tell ye wrong—as it's near about three miles and a half, or mayhap four miles.'

'Four miles! why, the stationmaster said it was only three from —, and I am sure we have walked two already.'

'Ay, that's if you goes the footpath; he's right. Now look 'ee

'here, sir, you sees that clump o' trees on the next hill, near upon a mile back. Well, you go there and get over the stile to the right hand; go across Farmer Mould's pasture, and that brings ye to Giles's corner; then you take the right-hand path by old Betty Moundsden's cottage, go up Woodrose, and along Frog Lane. That ill bring you out in No Man's Land; you keep straight across to the stile up by Finchley's Yard—better mind the bull there!—turn to the left down Pugden's, through Snow coppice, and that'll bring you into the turnpike, a hundred yards from the village. You can't make no mistake if you minds what I tell ye, and that'll bring you to Hilltop, in three miles from the station.'

I have heard in my time of a man's being dazed, but I never thoroughly realised it until I looked in Tom's countenance at the end of this oration.

'What!' he gasped, 'having toiled up this hill, go back again down it and up another, in order to traverse all those unearthly places you have mentioned, and reach Hilltop in three miles from the station. How am I to remember all the names?'

'Doant know,' replied the rustic, digging his prong savagely into a large pitch of barley that had just landed at his feet from the elevator. 'If I tells you the straight road, and you haint got sense enough to find it, then I can't help it. Why there's Tim Hull, the blind lad, would go there the darkest night as is, and sure you can with your eyes open.'

'Can I help you, sir?' remarked a tall young man who had just ridden up to the gate on a handsome chestnut cob, which a month earlier had taken a prize at the local show and returned to his stall, although something very close unto three figures had been bid for him.

'I know these parts pretty well, and if you wish to go anywhere, shall be happy to direct you.'

'We are bound for Muckstead, to look over the manor there advertised,' said Tom, 'and wish to reach Hilltop to get a conveyance, but there appears to be some doubt about the distance.'

'A mile and a half will take you there if you can make out my directions,' said the farmer, for such he was. 'At the bottom of the next hill turn into a footpath by the little stream, and follow its course, keeping to the left-hand side. It is impossible you can make a mistake, as the stream runs just below the village, and you will be there in the distance I have named or under.' By the turnpike it is much farther.'

Then, with a courteous 'good-day,' he passed into the field and left us. Following his advice, we reached the village in good time, found Jones with his horse and trap had just returned from a job but was by no means disinclined to undertake another, sadly as the poor horse needed rest; so with a rinse out of the mouth, a lock of hay, and a rub down, he was put-to again, and having climbed into a

vehicle which seemed a cross between an ancient war-chariot and a hearse, with all the bad qualities and none of the recommendations of either ; a concern that, sit how you would, contrived to have a projection that fitted indifferently well into the small of your back, we started. What a ride that was ! To walk calmly was bad enough in such a conveyance ; but when our Jehu, having arrived at the crown of a hill, set his poor old steed going with thong and voice down it, at his best pace, the tortures of the Inquisition must have been as nothing to it. I may say it was a species of omnibus, very low and very small ; a jolt over a stone bumped your head against the roof or pitched you bodily from one seat to the other, with the imminent danger of your head shooting suddenly through the windows, and, as they would not open, of course it was but as Tartarus itself. Having been bumped along in this affair for the best part of an hour, we were set down opposite a dilapidated old place, half farm-house and half mansion, which, I should have said before, was included in the bargain with the shooting. A slatternly old woman came out to answer our summons, and on our inquiring for the keeper, said if we would walk in she would go and call Jack, who was away down in the village. We were accordingly ushered into a damp, stuffy-smelling parlour, with heavy window frames set in deep recesses, apparently with the view of letting in as little light as possible. The furniture was as heavy and black as the pictures on the smoke-grimed walls, and altogether it was as uninviting a spot as I ever set foot in. In about half an hour or so Jack made his appearance, evidently none too well pleased at being disturbed in his potations at the village alehouse, for I have not the slightest doubt but that was where he came from. He was a fine, tall, athletic-looking old fellow, with ruddy countenance and white hair ; and having doffed his hat with a bow worthy of Sir Charles Grandison, asked if we had come to see about the shooting, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, said he wondered he had not had some notice, as it was understood with the London gentleman he was to know beforehand when any one was coming. Tom soon explained that he had only seen the advertisement that morning, and slipping a crown piece into Jack's hand, altered the manner of his countenance.

'Now, sir,' said he, 'if you like to walk with me, I will show you over the manor. I had better let the dog loose, as you will see more what game we have got.'

A wild-looking pointer was accordingly unchained. Crossing a stubble behind the house, which, as he explained, was close to the boundary, Jack made for a large field of turnips about a mile off, laying in a valley. We had not gone far when up jumped a hare, and away went the pointer in full chase through the hedge, and of course into their neighbour's grounds.

'It's no use to whistle him,' said Jack, 'when he once gets away like that. I'll shoot the brute to-morrow ; he will chase.'

Dropping behind, I went to a gap in the hedge mended with rails, and took my stand thereon to watch the end of the chase, when I noticed that Don, or whatever his name may be, finding that he had no chance of overtaking the hare, as well as that he was in about a hundred acres of turnips pretty well filled with birds, set to work to beat it most systematically ; but instead of making a point ran up everything he found. I also noticed that every covey so run up made its way towards the turnips in the manor Tom was inspecting, so that long before he and the keeper reached the place it was literally full of birds. The dog having pretty well tired himself in the turnips, and no doubt fulfilled part of the mission for which he was taken out (for I feel certain Jack knew just where to put up that hare, and gave a pretty good guess as to the way she would run, as well as how his precious dog would act), returned to his master, who having saluted him with some choice epithets, put a cord into his collar, gave him a tremendous kick in the ribs, and told him to 'come to heel,' which, seeing that the cord prevented his going anywhere else, was about all he could do.

'We will just take this corner of the turnips in our road, and you 'will soon see plenty of birds ; it's no use to disturb it all.' And cutting across it at one end up went the birds in goodly numbers, some winging their flight back from whence they came, while others made for a piece of uncut beans, as I could see from my position on the hill, where Jack took good care to follow them ; and when they were put up, of course to Tom they were all fresh coveys. There is an old saying amongst hunting men, that all runs are straight to strangers ; and I believe that nine men out of ten have the bump of locality so feebly developed that they would go into the same field over and over again, if there was nothing particular to attract their attention, and never know it. No doubt Jack proceeded to act on this weakness of human nature ; for having led Tom up one field and down another, along narrow lanes and over stiles, until he would have no more known how to get back by himself than how to fly, and kept him well amused by a torrent of talk the whole time, he once more made for the boundary of the estate, where, as Tom afterwards told me, for I lost sight of them for a time, there was a small coppice, into which he put the dog, and routed up two or three brace of pheasants and some rabbits. (This coppice did not belong to the manor, but being in an outlying place he thought he could take a liberty with it.) In the meantime a very respectable man, dressed as a keeper, came to me as I sat and enjoyed a pipe on the rails, and asked if I was looking over the manor ; and on my explaining to him how the case stood, observed, 'I'll lay a 'sovereign he has driven our turnips here to get the birds into his 'own place. That is what he did, at least, last year. And the 'man who took the shooting never saw a bird there afterwards ; for 'he is the biggest old poacher out, and kills everything.'

'No,' I said, 'he could not do that ; for he did not know we

'were coming; at which he seemed annoyed; but he let that wild dog of his loose, and finding a hare he ran through the hedge, and did it very effectually for him, as I stood here and watched the whole performance, and have not joined them since.'

'That's just it,' replied the keeper; 'that man is the greatest nuisance out to us. This is Lord ——'s land, and I am one of his keepers, you know, sir. Well, the owner of the land you are standing on is away abroad; in fact, he can't come home for debt; the lawyers in London manage the place, and Jack and his set have all the game, and as much of ours as they can get as well. He will show your friend over this side to-day, and if another came he would play the same game on the other side to-morrow. I suppose he has been through them turnips in the valley once. Yes; and there he is taking him into them again at t'other end.'

So it was; having walked Tom about until he did not know where he was, he made the same turnips and the birds driven in do duty again from another point of view, and went out of them again in a different direction. I now thought it was time to stop this farce; so wishing the keeper good-day, and thanking him for the information, I walked on in a direction which I thought would cut them off, and presently did so, when I asked Tom if he knew how the time was slipping away, and suggested that we had better be turning homewards if we intended to reach London that night.

'Well,' said Jack, 'it's a great pity the gentleman could not see all over the estate now he is here; but he's found plenty of birds, as he'll tell you; and there is still more and better lying on the t'other side; that you may take my word for, and I wouldn't tell a lie about it; there is no cause to either if I would, as the gentleman's seen for hisself.'

Of course I held my tongue; and getting Tom packed into the curious conveyance, rattled and jolted back to the station as soon as we could. Once in the train and able to resume conversation, I found he was delighted with the manor and John as well, who, of course, was to be let with it; and had quite made up his mind to settle matters with Grabem and Grindhard that night. I then told him what I had seen as well as what I heard, at the same time advising him to have nothing to do with it.

'What, you old lazy tobacco-smoking buffer,' replied he; 'do you mean to tell me that you who laid down under that hedge with your beastly pipe can know more of the matter than I who have walked all over the place, or nearly all over it, and seen the birds with my own eyes? No, no, old boy, seeing is believing, all the world over, and I have seen plenty of birds to-day. Of course the other keeper told you a lot of lies; they always do; it is his interest this should not be let, so that none of their birds may be killed if they go over, and if you think that the dog drove all those birds into the turnips, you must have taken leave of your senses; besides, what a lot we found in the beans and the second piece of turnips,

'not to mention the pheasants in the copse, my boy—think of that when October comes in.'

'You believe you have been into two pieces of turnips then?'

'Of course I do; there was one when we left you behind, then we must have walked miles, and beyond the coppice we come to another, which was also full of birds. No, my friend, if you had come with us instead of loafing about, you would have seen for yourself.'

'What portion of the three thousand acres do you think you have seen, may I ask?'

'At least two thousand,' boldly answered Tom, whose idea as to extent of land was very limited.

I could have told him he had seen less than five hundred, but as I found he was getting out of temper, and anything I said would be only more likely to make him go the other way, I held my tongue.

Soon afterwards I heard from him saying all was settled, he had taken the manor, and asking me to accompany him to look at some dogs, which I did; and, perchance, if this finds favour in Mr. Bailly's eyes, I may tell of what then happened at some future period.

N.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—October Gleanings.

'THE evening of the year' did, it must be owned, steal upon us so gently, with such noiseless tread, neither 'heralded by rain,' nor

'With banners by great gales incessant fanned,'

that, standing on Kempton Park lawn in the early days of last month, we could well fancy it summer, and gladly seek the shade of the Kempton elms. And, by the way, if the Committee of the Club would by next year utilise the trees they have there more than is already done, they would not only add a beauty to the place, but would confer a boon on the ladies, who at present have only the rather circumscribed lawn to rest on. There is a spot on the opposite side of the course, where the ground is slightly undulated, and there a flower bed or two, rhododendrons, and nicely kept turf, would, in the leafy month of June, be voted a very charming spot. Kempton's attraction, apart from its good course, is its park-like appearance; in this unlike any other course we know; for though it must yield to Sandown for beauty of situation, Sandown is hardly what we understand by a park. A great deal has been done at Kempton since the summer, and very nice and bright everything looked at their Autumn Meeting, when all was shipshape and in order, and the South-Western Railway had put up a siding for members of the club, and a short walk across a field brought them into the Club Stand. This was much appreciated, we need scarcely say. The attendance of members was small; but in the dull season of the year, with London empty, this is easily accounted for. The general public were there though, especially on the Saturday, in great crowds, and the sport was very good. One of the features of Kempton is the admirable set of loose boxes, over fifty in number, which

have been made in the range of stabling attached to Kempton Park House, the residence of the Secretary to the Company, Mr. S. Hyde. They are lofty and well ventilated, and moreover there is capital accommodation for the boys, spacious dormitories capable of holding six beds, with rooms for meals, &c.; altogether very well arranged. The club has already about five hundred members, and with the new year double that number may be expected on the books.

But as about the first week in October we are all of us seized with that very virulent attack, Cesarewitch on the brain, it will not do to tarry longer in the pleasant groves of Kempton. And indeed while we do linger there we are not so much attending to what is going on as speculating on what will happen in a few days' time on another course and in other scenes. We are asking, every one his brother, the interpretation of his Cesarewitch dream, and the interpretation differs. About this time the Manton stable was the great point of argument. What may be called the Makeshift fever had somewhat abated, and the great race was *not* going to be won by several lengths by the filly so called. It had abated through the high will and pleasure of the British public, and not from any efforts of the stable to quell it. From the hour that Sefton won the Newmarket Leger in a canter the B. P. had gone on steadily backing him. Turning a deaf ear to the confident assertions of many distinguished know-nothings, that Sefton would not run, they kept piling on the money, and at Kempton Park on the Friday afternoon before the Cesarewitch it was easy to see which way the cat would jump. Men of all classes and degrees were going for Sefton, and the Makeshift people experienced a bad time. Useless to talk of Sefton not starting now. Lord Tom Noddy said at the club to the Honourable Jones, that 'Crawfurd was all right; horse will run of course;' and the same sentiment was given utterance to, though in stronger language, in the back parlour of the Cow and Snuffers. 'That there Crawfurd's a straight cove, so the ——— 'horse will run.' No higher compliment could be paid to the character of the good sportsman who owns Sefton than the persistent way in which the horse was backed against the reports we have referred to, and we hope Mr. Crawfurd appreciates it. On the Saturday, when Sefton assumed the lead in the quotations, a position which he occupied to the fall of the flag, the Makeshift bubble finally burst. Who blew the bubble, or whether there was any bubble to blow, we do not care to inquire. That the stable thought they had a good horse in her was doubtless the case, for they gave the strongest proof of their belief by backing her freely. The astonishing stories we heard of what Mr. Sterling Crawfurd had said to this person and that—people who were in the habit of standing with him on his horses—how he had told the Duchess of Fitz-Fulke that whereas her Grace had been in the habit of investing her modest tenner, she must now make it a pony; how he had telegraphed to Lady Gay Spanker (keeping Dolly company at his lodge in Glen Farintosh) the single word Makeshift, and what a hash the local operator at Glen Farintosh had made of it. The oldest turf men took the Makeshift fever along with the rawest recruit; so when she began to go the consternation was great.

But the Makeshift filly was, after all, nothing to be compared to Harbinger, and what kept that impostor in the market to the last, unless it was his owner's money, it would indeed be difficult to say. On his public form his pretensions were but small, his private trial, and one on which Mr. Gretton and the backers of the horse relied, took place nearly a twelvemonth ago! And this was thought good enough to back Harbinger to win thousands.

We now see what a great chance Pageant would have had supposing the Chester Cup running of Jester to be correct, about which running the man in the street had much to say, to the effect that though the stable backed Jester then for a little money, the public backed him for a good deal, and that he was not trained on the Roodee as he was in the birdcage on the Cesarewitch afternoon. All of which may or may not be true, and we decline to give an opinion. But if the stable did not put much money on him at Chester, it is credited with doing so at Newmarket. The amiable and popular owner of Jester is said to have won 20,000*l.*, and John Dawson was no doubt very fond of the horse. On the other hand, the public, as a rule, let him alone. It is true after the race a great many backers of Jester appeared on the scene, men, apparently, who 'knew something,' but, like wise men, had kept their own counsel. Newmarket people were, as a rule, on the horse, for they had seen him doing his work well and looking fitter than he had done before this year. But it has just struk us, that all this time we have been getting far ahead of the hounds and must hark back. We have arrived at the end of the Cesarewitch course before we had even got to the starting post.

We must take up the thread of our story, then, on that Cesarewitch eve, the Monday before the race, when we are all assembled on the Heath (and many of the early birds have been taking stock in the morning on the Warren Hill), and are more intent on finding the pea than ever. Some of the more zealous devotees have been spending Sunday in that occupation; not so the 'Van' Driver. He has been spending his Sabbath quietly in 'the groves of Academe,' or, to speak more plainly, by the waters of the Cam. There, in pleasant society, with companions fit, though few, he had wandered by the banks of that not always sweet-smelling river, had envied the Fellows of King's and sighed for a quiet existence in John's, snug corners where his sleep would not be disturbed by Cesarewitch dreams, or his waking hours by thoughts of what would win. At the back of the Colleges on that October morning, with the temperature that of summer, and the only reminder of autumn the yellow leaves that fell silently at our feet, it was very pleasant, with the fit companions above mentioned, to wander in and out along avenues and through gardens, at one time by the banks of what looked like a moat, but we were assured was a river, catching here and there a weather-beaten gable of grey stone, to be succeeded by one of richer, because more modern colour, to pass close-shaven lawns suggestive of tennis, and half-open windows with books and flowers suggestive of study; to hear now and then the tinkling of a piano ('Hymns Ancient and Modern'), that probably on week days might discourse the melodies of music halls; there was a mixture of the old world and the new, in all this inexpressibly charming. We felt we did not care eighteenpence what won the Cesarewitch or what they were doing at 'the afternoon service' (if one was held) at Albert Gate. What was Hecuba to us or we to Hecuba? We were thankful for a peep of Cambridge life such as we had not before imagined, and an unworthy son of an *Alma Mater* on the banks of the Isis paid his tribute to beauties, before to him unknown, on the banks of the Cam. There were other things, too, one in particular, that we think was called 'Trinity Audit,' and we believe to have been strong beer, but over this we will draw a veil. Sufficient here to say that we lived through the ordeal, and Monday morning found us alive and in possession of our small faculties on the classic heath.

This is a terrible digression, our readers will say. What do we want to know about Trinity Audit and the banks of the Cam?—we want the story of

the Cesarewitch. *Nostra culpa*; we will beat our breasts, at the same time gently reminding the said readers that we have already told most of it by that over-riding of the hounds above alluded to. We will *not*, though sorely tempted, lug the needy knife-grinder by the head and shoulders into our discourse, but really his plea is ours. The Cesarewitch tale is a very mild one. Bad three-year olds and worse four, a hot pace and a turned-loose stayer, that is all. We might fill pages of the 'Van,' and we could not add to that brief description. Of course we might make a long story about what was first beaten, how 'choke-jade' did for what Mrs. Gamp called the 'Rooshians and Prooshians,' and for some also bred nearer home; and how the Bushes settled the rest. 'Ran well to the Bushes,'—of about how many horses past and present has not that been said, and how often will it be repeated in the future? How many hopes have been and will be blasted, how many lofty reputations laid low? What grief it brings upon us too, that phrase! We are always backing something for the Cambridgeshire that ran well to the Bushes in the Cesarewitch, and though we sometimes reap a reward, how much oftener are we doomed to disappointment! This year the tether of everything except the three placed horses in the Cesarewitch was reached by the time that Newmarket landmark was passed; indeed he or she must be counted a good horse who got so far. One after another they dropped back—all the high class and the high mettle, the first in the Derby, the third in the Leger, the second in the Two Thousand—'horse and man' went down like brushwood, ere these stunted bushes were passed. The most deplorable figure was cut by Lady Golightly, who was 'in trouble,' as the phrase goes, even at the T.Y.C., and was actually beaten off. 'I knew her' to be a jade,' Lord Falmouth is reported to have said after the race, 'but I did not know how great a one she was until to-day.' What became of Makeshift and Sunshade it boots not to inquire, but we must own to being surprised at the bad figure that Sefton cut. It has been stated that he might have been nearer but that Fordham eased him when he found the lead which Jester had attained. It may be possible, but he never had a chance of winning, and his running shows us that it requires a very good three-year-old to win the Cesarewitch with 8 st. We most of us counted Sefton a stayer and a good fair horse, not A 1, because we knew the form this year was moderate, and after his good trial in the Newmarket Leger, and looking at the field he would meet in the Cesarewitch, it did not seem expecting too much to see him tread in the steps of Faugh-a-ballagh, Julius, and, we must add, Corisande. But they were made of a different stamp to Sefton, and we know now, if we did not before, what good horses they must have been. For here was Sefton, in a confessedly moderate field, unable to make a fight of it, and yet how did Julius come out of the Abingdon Bottom, with Chaloner never asking him to gallop, and leaving Westwick and Romping Girl to fight out the battle of places. Gauged by Julius's performance that day, what is Sefton? Not much more than a commoner, we fear. It was a terrible exhibition indeed.

And the winner—'Jester by Merry-maker, dam's pedigree unknown'—there is not much to be said about him except that he began life as a plater, bloomed into something like a swell as a three-year old, appeared to have gone to the bad when he was four, ran very indifferently in one or two handicaps, at last got favourably looked upon, by having a three-year old weight apportioned him, was thoroughly trained, and the rest we know. He was backed by people who were aware of what a thorough preparation the horse was having, but not by the public, who had had a sickener of him in

the Chester Cup. He had not been tried, for the simple reason that John Dawson had nothing to try him with; but that his trainer was fond of him there is no doubt, and told everybody that asked him that he would run well. Still, there were many good judges of racing who would not have him on any account, and laughed at the idea of his having a chance, and yet we now hear that he was a bad horse for the ring. There was no doubt that people did mysteriously whisper the horse's name before the race, and the class who go by the name of 'the sharps,' and men who are supposed to know something, were all on him. Verily the racing microcosm is a curious one.

We must pause here to notice how excellent the sport has been at Newmarket, not only all through the second October week, but also at the Meeting previous to it. A change has come over Newmarket indeed, and one which all racing men will approve of and appreciate. We are no longer wearied with plating; the everlasting 50*l.* Plates over the T.Y.C. have disappeared, and Plates of 100 sovs. have taken their place. Liberal sums are now given to sweepstakes, and there are rich prizes like the Champion Stakes, the Great Challenge Stakes, and others that are really worth the winning. The consequence is that we have good fields, and of a class to which two or three years back we were not accustomed. The list of 'arrivals' is a much longer one, and the sport in fact is really worthy of Newmarket and the Metropolis of the Turf. The Jockey Club have come in for a fair share of blame lately, and it is only just, therefore, that they should be commended when praise is so much their due.

The excitement of the Cesarewitch over, we give our minds to the Middle Park, and this year it wanted a good deal of mental exercise, a call upon our judgment clear of fear, favour, and affection, to pronounce an opinion as to which was the winner. Now it is all over and done, of course people say why they all ought to have backed Peter, and we feel that the people are right. But still before the race, as we stood looking at some of the competitors, we felt fairly puzzled. Rayon d'Or, Gunnersbury, Scapegrace, Massena, all seemed to have a chance with General Peel's horse. Now and then there were one or two dark ones, or next to dark, the very handsome Sans Pareil, Victor Chief, a beautifully shaped son of Albert Victor, and Discord, a colt with a high private reputation from Tom Brown's stable. As to Charibert, Strathern, Lansdown, Ghazi, Nigel, High and Mity, and Ruperra, they were hardly, with one exception, of a class to enter the lists with the leading favourites. The exception named Ruperra won the July, and in the summer we all thought him about the top of the tree. What has happened to him, and how he has trained off we know not, but he ran very badly in the First October in the Rous Memorial, in which he seemed unable to come down the hill, and moreover he did not look quite fit. The stable did not seem to fancy him in the Middle Park, judging by his price, 100 to 7, and we may as well say here that he ran no better than in the First October, and failed precisely at the same spot. There was a good deal of betting on it, and at one time Scapegrace was all the rage consequent on a good trial he had had with Warrior, a report which kept him for some time at the head of affairs, though many people considered Warrior anything but reliable as a trial horse. However, the public stuck to Peter and public form, and he and Rayon d'Or were first and second favourites before the flag fell. It was an exciting race, another addition to the many the Middle Park has given us. When the outsider, Victor Chief, bearing the yellow jacket of his Grace of Westminster, was seen to shoot to the front in the Abingdon Bottom, and

take a slight lead of Rayon d'Or, Gunnersbury, and Peter, it was impossible to say what was going to happen. The first to give way was the French colt, and then Wood on Peter began to overhaul Gunnersbury—a comparatively easy task—and that accomplished, proceeded to challenge Victor Chief, and after an exciting finish, he wore down the Duke's colt, and won rather cleverly by a neck. If Victor Chief had had a little more time, Mr. Clark's decision might have been the other way, and Gunnersbury, though he only got third, yet ran well enough to make one prophecy about a good future for him without fear. Rayon d'Or, too, we expect to see improve on that form, and in Victor Chief the Duke of Westminster has no doubt got a first-rate horse, because he was not within some pounds of a trained horse when he made the good fight he did.

Thursday we had some very good racing, for there were the Champion Stakes, the A. F. Handicap, the Autumn ditto, and the Newmarket Oaks. Three of these were over a distance of ground, and that is something at headquarters. The only thing wanted there now is more long-distance races. If the Club, now that they have done so much, would only do a little more, and not have quite so many T.Y.C. or Bretby Handicaps, it would not only improve and make still more interesting the sport, but it would be setting the right sort of example to other places. Never mind the gamblers and the nonstayers for whom these short cuts were made. The former will come into the new order of things we feel sure, and will also find their benefit in so doing, and as for the latter, why they can be turned over to the jumping division and win hurdle races at Croydon, Sandown, and Kempton, or, who knows, blossom into Grand National winners. Any outcast from the flat may win a Liverpool. But if the Jockey Club would only oftener use the A. F. and the R. M., then they would indeed be restoring Newmarket to its place among the nations, and five furlong spins would go into outer darkness. We venture to observe, too, that a mile, or even a mile and a quarter, are no such *very* long distances, and that we have *some* horses who, we believe, can accomplish them. The T. M. M., the D. I., and the last mile and a half of the B. C., are of course reserved for swells, and we would not trespass on their domain for the world. But surely some of our Newmarket horses could compass the A. F. oftener than they are called upon to do.

But to return to Thursday's racing. Advance, in the A. F. Handicap, looked a good thing even with his 9st.; but there was a whisper that he was not quite himself, and though he was favourite, the weight of money we fancy was behind Winchelsea, who, however, was beaten coming down the Bushes Hill, and a fine race ensued between the two outsiders, Alcazar and Hardrada, and Advance, the first-named, maintaining the lead which he had taken on Winchelsea's retirement to the end and winning by a head, Advance being a similar distance from Hardrada. If Captain Machell's horse was 'not himself,' there could not have been very much the matter with him, seeing the good fight he made, and Winchelsea ran, as he often does, very badly. The once well-known colours of the Duke of Beaufort were a pleasure to see in the Maiden Plate, and on a winner, too, who did not forget to win, though whether his owner or trainer knew they had such a treasure in him is doubtful. The colt by Knight of Kars out of Crytheia we remember seeing a foal at his dam's foot, and a very likely foal he looked then. Now he had grown into a very racing-like colt, and as he was Archer's mount, and the field was not a very grand one, he was a good favourite, though it transpired that he had been galloped with something of Captain Machell's and had not distinguished himself. However, he was quickest on his legs, or Archer was

quicker with his arms, for he jumped away with a clear lead, which he increased nearly every stride, and drawing quite away from his horses out of the Abingdon Bottom, won hard held by half-a-dozen lengths, which might have been twenty. Such an exhibition as he made of his field is rarely seen, and of course there was a rush to the paddock to try and secure this promising youngster. He was entered to be sold for 500*l.*, and Lord Dupplin, bidding we presume for his noble uncle, went up to 1000*l.*, when he retired and left Mr. Gretton and Robert Peck to struggle for his possession, the Berkshire trainer getting him at last for 1150 guineas. Fordham in the next race gave us a treat in a piece of artistic riding in which he has no equal. He was on that shifty customer Reefer, and Paramatta was racing with him. Not venturing to move on his horse, he never asked him to come until the last moment, when he called on him and won by a neck—a grand bit of jockeyship. The field for the Champion Stakes was a good one, though we had not such a champion as Springfield was last year. Still there was Jannette, and our hope that in her at least we had a three-year old worthy of honour. Besides her there were a Derby and three St. Leger winners, not to mention Verneuil, the Ascot hero of this year. Why then in such a field did they say '5 to 1 bar one?' Because Petrarch was under suspicion, and the noble owner of Silvio did not at all fancy him.

Kaleidoscope would not do either, and Verneuil, if we looked at the betting, was not to be thought of. Lord Falmouth had, we believe, but a very doubtful opinion of Silvio, or it is possible he might have alone run him and reserved the mare for the Oaks. She was favourite, but not a very warm one, at first, and early birds succeeded in taking 6 to 5 instead of at the close having to lay 6 to 4 on her. Lord Falmouth made no declaration, we need scarcely say. The best horse would win, and though after the race he was blamed for not keeping the mare for the Oaks and winning the Champion with Silvio, perhaps he knew his own business best. There was nothing in the race but his two, and a fine sight it was to see them draw away in the bottom from the others, Silvio with a trifling lead, but the mare gaining upon him at every stride. She won by a neck cleverly, we think, though some people said she was all out, and Kaleidoscope, who had passed the others, was a bad third. So we have in Jannette, we hope, a worthy Champion, and though subsequent events, to which we shall have to allude further on, have caused some people to question her championship, we will pin our racing faith in the daughter of Lord Clifden and Chévisaunce, believing that she will hold her own against all comers of her year.

There was something like a rush on Twine the Plaiden for the Autumn Handicap, which many of us repented. Of course her good form in the north made her very much fancied, but it transpired after the race—somehow these things always *do* transpire after a race—that she had not been doing well since, and in fact she ran so very badly that she clearly could not have been the same mare. The clever people we found backing Briglia, who in the First October had won the Welter Handicap on the D.M., beating Hadrian, Spiegelschiff, &c., easily, and they were rewarded for their pains by seeing her draw away from Monachus and Aventurier and win easily. But the interest of the afternoon, after the Champion Stakes, culminated in the meeting of Jannette and Clémentine in the Newmarket Oaks. As we have before said people were inclined to blame Lord Falmouth for not having reserved Jannette for this race, seeing how easily Silvio could have taken the Champion Stakes. It did look a risky thing, we confess, to see Jannette pulled out again to run over the severe T.M.M. against a fresh opponent

But the noble owner of Jannette is not a man to allow the foreigner to crow on our English dunghill—to wit, Newmarket Heath.

'And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The *Falmouth* in his hall?
And hopest thou thence unscathed to go?' &c., &c.

It was not to be thought of, and as Jannette is a very sound mare, in addition to being a wonderfully good one, out she came to oppose Clémentine. She was favourite, odds of 3 to 1 being laid on her, and she made the whole of the running and won in a canter. They both had had enough of it, and two very weary mares were they when they pulled up. But England held her own.

On Friday Lord Falmouth was again first and second in the Prendergast Stakes with Leap Year and Charibert, the former winning easily; but there were two other events of much more interest, the Queen's Plate and the Great Challenge Stakes, not to mention the Newmarket Derby. The Queen's Plate was booked to Hampton of course, for he had won it easily enough last year, and was such a grand stayer, that it looked almost impossible for him to be beaten even by Verneuil. Winchelsea and Jester were the only other runners, and we may here remark that such a good judge of racing as Lord Westmorland backed Jester, a wonderful fact which deserves being recorded. Odds of 7 to 4 were laid on Hampton, who, on the Bushes Hill, had only Verneuil to beat. This he did easily, which makes his subsequent running in the Jockey Club Cup the more remarkable. There was great gambling on the Challenge Stakes, in which Trappist was asked to give Lollypop 7 lbs. This he could not do, and the feature of the race was Placida's carrying her 9 st. 4 lbs. into second place, and a good second too, being only three parts of a length behind the winner. Placida's running here cost her owner and other people much money, we fancy—so good did her chance appear for the Cambridgeshire. To whip Thurio and Inval apart in the Newmarket Derby seemed from their previous running almost impossible, and the truth of their form was shown then by the close race they ran home, Prince Soltykoff's horse only winning by a head. It was a brilliant wind up to a brilliant meeting, and such racing has not been seen at Newmarket for some time. May it go on and prosper.

What did we do between the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire? We did not go to Croydon, neither to Newcastle, but kept the Cesarewitch feast with some friends who had backed Jester. They were regarded, the friends, with great admiration, not unmixed with natural envy, and the reiterated questions as to why they had backed the horse, and being made to explain the reasons for the hope that was in them, were very trying. Your racing friend is generally a stern critic, and the unfortunate Jesters were dreadfully bullied. The general response was a dogged adherence to the phrase that they 'knew something,' but what it was they utterly declined to tell—perhaps they could not. It was astonishing, by-the-way, what a number of Jesters there were after the race. We should not have heard of them if the horse had not won, but now there was a Jester in every circle, and each had to run the gauntlet of 'Why did you back him?' Poor fellows, they really were to be pitied. We don't think there is much else to record about the intermediate week. Our thoughts were, or were supposed to be, all turned towards the Cambridgeshire and what would reach the Red Post in the race on the next Tuesday morning, and it was the old, old story over again of *tot homines, quot*

sententia. The question cropped up at moments opportune and the reverse—as we came out of church, as we sat in our stall, and the hour we had settled down to a calm consideration of the Afghanistan difficulty. Your racing man proper will not be denied, and would tackle a prime minister or an archbishop if he thought he could get a tip out of him. By-the-way, did any one send a post-card to W. E. G., asking him his opinion? It would have been given confidently.

The Monday of the Houghton meeting was, in every acceptation of the term, as fine a day as we have often seen on a racecourse, and, unlike most of its predecessors, opened with no ungrudging hand the Book of Fate for those who had eyes to read it. Kaleidoscope in the Trial R.M., entered to be sold for 2000, gave Antient Pistol 25 lbs. and beat him a very short head. Sutler, in receipt of 6 lbs. from Aventurier, squandered him and a large field in the First Welter Handicap, D.M. Woodquest, 7 st. 8 lbs., in the Flying Stakes, last five furlongs of D.M., won a fine race by a head from Mr. Gretton's Red Hazard, 7st. 12 lbs., and Lord Stamford's Katherine, 7 st. 5 lbs., who ran a dead heat for second place, several others being behind. Mr. Gretton's Dunkenny won a Selling Race, Rous Course, in a canter from Monachus and five others. A race with an objectionable name, the *Monday Nursery Handicap*, last half of Ab. M., went to an animal with a still more objectionable one, the chesnut filly High and Mity, by Parmesan out of Noblesse, who, carrying 8 st. 5 lbs., jumped off with the lead, was never headed, and gave a very handsome thrashing to Beddington, 7 st. 7 lbs.; Flavius, 8 st. 12 lbs.; and a large field, including amongst others White Poppy, 8 st. 10 lbs., Japonica, 8 st. 7 lbs., Admiral Nelson, 7 st. 3 lbs., the Modena filly, 8 st. 11 lbs., and Devotee, 8 st. 12 lbs. Then came the race of the day, the Criterion, for which the good-looking and useful Monsieur Philippe was made favourite at 9 to 4, the next in request being Rayon d'Or, penalised 7 lbs., and Massena, penalised 2 lbs. Count La Grange's second string Zut, the very backward colt by Flageolet out of Regalia, who is expected by many good judges to turn into a great three-year old, made most of the running, attended by the favourite, and Lancastrian, Sefton's half-brother by Toxophilite. When they came fairly in sight condition, or rather the want of it, had told its tale upon Zut, and distance upon Massena. Johnny Osborne went to the front with Monsieur Philippe, and having no difficulty in stalling off Lancastrian's challenge, won by a length and a half in a canter, Rayon d'Or, whom Custance rode a long way from home, being half a length behind the second. Our neighbours 'who live over the sea' are generally credited, and rightly, with the genius of good management, and with a superior knowledge of horseflesh, so we are the more surprised at the extraordinarily foolish—we may say cruel—way in which, to say nothing of Insulaire, they have knocked Rayon d'Or about this year. He is a very fine colt, who wants a great deal of time, and who could by no possibility come to his proper strength as a two-year old, and yet knowing what a good horse they have got—Tom Jennings is said never to have tried a better—they run him from pillar to post, on all sorts of courses, two or three times a week, with the probable result of ruining his temper, even if his constitution should escape. The three horses we liked best in the Criterion were Lancastrian, a very fine colt, but very backward, Zut, and the hunted Rayon d'Or. The last race of the day, a Selling Race, Criterion Course, went to Kingsclere, being taken by Mr. J. Gretton's filly by Cremorne out of Queen of Prussia, entered to be sold for 100, and bought, we might almost say bought in, by Mr. F. Gretton for 740 guineas. The effect of the day's racing was to give increased confidence to Blanton's people,

as Greenback was, according to them, 21 lbs. better than Sutler; to Robert Peck, who had tried La Merveille to be Kaleidoscope with 7 st. 7 lbs., and who also fancied Touchet very much, and last not least to Mr. Gretton and John Porter, whose stable was in form all the afternoon, and who had tried Isonomy to be 24 lbs. and a clever beating better than Antient Pistol, thus making Isonomy the same animal as Kaleidoscope at even weights. Tuesday was, as the Scotchman said to his colonel in India, 'another sunshiny day,' and the attendance—we are rather tired of saying this, by-the-bye—much larger than usual. George Fordham 'drew first blood' in a three-year-old handicap sweepstakes, B.S.C., which he won by a head—his won—on the gelding by Knight of the Garter out of Vimiera, now called Tower and Sword, 7 st. 7 lbs.—an Irish friend tells us 'Thunder and Ouns' would be a better and more euphonious name—from the charlatan Cagliostro, 7 st. 5 lbs., Sutler, 8 st. 12 lbs., and thirteen others. It was the old story, some people winning at the bottom, others half way up the hill, and George catching Judge Clark's eye first. A race was then taken by the useful plater Echo, 11 st.—she deserves a better name—and another by Merry Heart, who *rejoiced* for the first time. The *Tuesday Nursery*, last half of R.M.—a plague on their barrenness of invention!—brought out a large field and resulted in a dead heat between Mr. Gretton's Rosalind, 7 st. 5 lbs., and Prince Batthyany's Episcopus, 6 st. 8 lbs., Admiral Nelson, 6 st. 10 lbs., being, as was right and proper, close to the enemy. Faisan, Pero, Knighthood, Placida, and Greenback delayed the start for the Cambridgeshire at least three-quarters of an hour; but there is an end to everything, even to false starts, so at last they got off and came along in the usual style. The first we could see of them was at the Red Post, where there was nothing in it but Isonomy, Touchet, La Merveille, Hampton, Placida, Grey Friar, and Tallos. Soon afterwards La Merveille, not very judiciously perhaps, took the lead, but about half way between that and home had to retire in favour of Isonomy, who without much difficulty shook off Touchet, on whom Fordham made a gallant effort, and won very cleverly indeed by two lengths. Excuses, and for beaten horses, particularly in Cambridgeshires, excuses are as plenty as blackberries, have since been made for Touchet, said to have been interfered with; for La Merveille, said, and we believe with some justice, to have been made a little too much use of. At the same time, what is to be done with a light-weighted non-stayer? How is the weight to be turned to advantage without cutting the animal's throat? The jockey of such a one is in much the same awkward position as the girl who, having a bad foot and a good leg, is at once anxious to show the latter and to hide the former. But to return to our muttens; excuses were also made for Greenback, because he was badly drawn, and made up his ground too rapidly; for Lord Clive, because being trained at Heath House, he didn't win, and for several others; but for all that, if the race were to be run again to-morrow, we should be delighted to take 2 to 1 about Isonomy, who on his trial with Antient Pistol had 6 lbs. or 7 lbs. in hand of La Merveille, who, in the opinion of that best of good judges, Robert Peck, was a 'real good thing.' Hampton, we should add, ran a great horse with his crusher of 9 st. 3 lbs.; but it was bad jockeyship to run him and back him on a course not his own, and still worse to have him ridden out for a place. Placida, too, showed fine speed. Touchet ran very straight, knowing that he had his master on him; and this in reality is his best performance, though, *if we take the book*, he had proved himself over two miles at Ascot to be 5 lbs. and a head better than Rylstone, and a long way in front of Norwich!

Messrs. Weatherby, whom we sincerely congratulate on their two admirable handicaps, did not, we need hardly say, mind the race we have just mentioned very much; as in the Cesarewitch they put 8 st. 7 lbs. on Rylstone, 7 st. 12 lbs. on Norwich, and 7 st. 6 lbs. on Touchet; and in the Cambridgeshire 8 st. 8 lbs. on Rylstone, and 7 st. 7 lbs. on Touchet. In spite of his apparent hatred of the British public no one grudges Mr. Gretton his success, particularly as his horse had run fair and square in the few races he competed for, and had been handicapped on his very best form, if not a little above it. Mr. G., who takes 40,000*l.* from the Ring, is not, we believe, responsible for the ridiculous name of his horse—Isonomy is feminine all the world over, and has no connection whatever with Sterling or Isola Bella either. The moment the Cambridgeshire was over swarms of *gobemouches* ran about and proclaimed that the winner was the best of the year, and would have won Derby and Leger had he been in them. Time will tell whether they are right, but at present we shall decline to 'answer them according to their folly.' Without wishing in any way to detract from the merit of Isonomy's performance—and for a three-year old to win a Cambridgeshire, with 7 st. 1 lb. and 6 or 7 lbs. in hand, is a meritorious performance—we must remind our readers that the Cambridgeshire course is a very curious one, and that several good second-class horses have been unable to perform on it; we say second-class, because a first-class horse can win over the Beacon or round St. James's Square; and that some of those behind the winner might give him more trouble on a different course. The two races after the Event were of no account, though the evergreen Oxonian won one and Charibert the other. On Wednesday, in the New Nursery (five furlongs), Monsieur Philippe, 8 st. 10 lbs., with fifteen others, was bowled over with great ease by Japonica, 7 st. 9 lbs., which reminds us how good Dresden China was at Huntingdon, when over the same distance she gave Japonica 4 lbs. and beat her in a canter. The Dewhurst Plate was of course the feature of the day, but when the numbers went up the betting soon showed that no one had any hope of defeating Lord Falmouth's charming mare, the flying Wheel of Fortune, and for once the betting (2 to 1 on the Wheel, 8 to 1 bar one) was right. She lay in a nice place all through the race, but did not go right to the front till half way down the hill, when Peace and Adventure began to roll about, and Archer thought it advisable to get out of their way. Cleverly though she won at last, she had to be roused half way up the hill to settle Flavius, whom she beat a length, and Discord, who was half a length off him. Peace ran fast but tired, though probably she could have finished before Caxtonian, who, in spite of his penalty, ran well, and was fourth close up. Robert Peck hadn't a shilling on Flavius, or Adventure, who also ran fairly, presumably because Victor Chief is greatly their superior. Discord, however, was behind Flavius, and Discord, by luck *we* think, got to the Chief's head at Sandown, so it is hard to say whether Wheel of Fortune would or would not have won the Middle Park. On Thursday, Lord Clive, carrying 8 st. 4 lbs. (5 lbs. overweight for Archer's services), made a shocking example of Insulaire, 8 st. 7 lbs., Clémentine, 8 st., and Broad Corrie, 6 st. 10 lbs., in the Free Handicap, A.F., and immediately the geese again began to cackle, their tune now being Lord Clive is the best of the year, &c., &c. Though the geese say too much for him, he is no doubt a fair horse, and of course it is a pity that the blundering of his former owner caused him to be disqualified for the classic races. Insulaire has, however, been running all the year, and when

not running has been travelling by sea and land. This handicap is called the *Free Handicap*, because the gentlemen who make it are free from the trammels of racing law. They are, therefore, allowed—the chartered libertines!—to dispense with Section 10, Clause IV. of Part III. of the Rules of Racing, which enacts that 'no horse shall carry extra weight for having run second' or in any lower place in any race or races,' and, accordingly, they penalise the seconds for the Derby, Oaks, Leger, Champion, Grand Prix, and French Derby. Discord, very nicely handled by Constable, won the Houghton Stakes, R. M., by a length, but Alchemist giving him 10 lbs. was third close up, which takes a good deal of the gilt off the gingerbread. The race of the day to look at was undoubtedly the Dullingham Handicap, in which Jagellon, 7 st. 8 lbs., beat Inval, 7 st. 8 lbs., Chesterton, and Leopold. To all appearances, half way up the hill, Inval had won the race, and Jagellon was in hopeless difficulties, but Fordham—Georgium Sidus micat inter omnes luna minores—carried his tired horse, who is none of the kindest, in, whether he would or not, and won by three-quarters of a length, though five strides before we heard of 'a thousand pounds to a carrot' offered against him. It was a treat, too, on Friday to see him and his old friend and rival, Custance, set to in the Old Nursery, the Demon, on Out of Bounds, just doing 'Cus' a head on Exmouth. In the All Aged Stakes, B. S. C., Trappist had to give 3 lbs. to Ecossais, but as he had before this given as much as 10 lbs., no one was afraid to bet 2 to 1 on him. He jumped off with the lead, which he kept to the Bushes, where he appeared to be going to walk in; he, however, suddenly collapsed, whether from want of condition, from temper, or as a judgment for having broken the rule of silence imposed on Trappists, and begun to speak, we know not. For the Jockey Club Cup Silvio was made favourite at 5 to 4, while 7 to 4 was taken about Hampton, 8 to 1 being offered against Verneuil and 20 to 1 against Insulaire. Verneuil made running at a very mild pace till half way down the Bushes Hill, when Silvio took the lead, Hampton being hopelessly beaten, and though resolutely tackled by Fordham on Insulaire, won by a length cleverly, *not* easily. Verneuil is not, and probably will never be Verneuil again, and Hampton has not forgotten his punishment in the Cambridgeshire. Rayon d'Or, with odds on him, secured the Glasgow from Ringleader, and we suppose will go on to Liverpool, Shrewsbury, Warwick, Kempton, and Manchester. On Saturday Mr. Gretton l'eau va toujours à la rivière secured the Consolation Handicap with Singleton, and the Houghton Handicap with Red Hazard, 7 st. 5 lbs., who cleverly defeated Aventurier, 7 st. 6 lbs., Lina, 8 st. 1 lb., and six others, amongst whom were Lollypop, 9 st. 13 lbs., and Trappist, 10 st. 4 lbs.; the latter ridden by Constable, but doing no better than in the hands of the redoubtable 'Freddy.' The Jockey Club had a busy week, but we don't think their new legislation will have much practical effect. It is intended to prevent persons in the unpaid forfeit list from 'acting as the agents of owners of racehorses, or 'from having such horses under their care, training, management, or 'superintendence.' Cynical observers say that the object of the new regulation is to whitewash the Stockton objectors to Mr. Bowes, as the cause of the alteration according to which a match is now considered a race, was a desire to justify the extraordinary decision whereby—in days when a match was not a race—Rylstone, who had won a match, but had never run in a race, was held to have, being 'placed first, second, or third by the judge.' In consequence of a petition signed by a large number of trainers against it, the Stewards have, we cannot think wisely, undertaken to re-consider the rule

lately put in force at Newmarket requiring 'trainers to declare overnight the 'weights their horses have to carry in weight-for-age races.' Had this rule been in force the day King Lud won the Cesarewitch it would have been better for Lord Falmouth, and several gallant punters, who had to pay for their own carelessness in not making due inquiries at the weighing room, and, in poor Admiral Rous's words, for 'the confounded folly' of others.

Since last season there have been several changes in the hunting world. Beginning with the staghounds we find that the Colline Dale have collapsed altogether, to the regret of their followers, and the great delight of many of the farmers round Hendon. Mr. W. Mosse Robinson has resigned the mastership of the Surrey Staghounds. We believe that Mr. Tom Nickall of Patteson Court, Nutfield, will be asked to succeed him. Mr. Hoare follows Captain Houghton with the Norfolk, and owing to the recent death of their late owner, Mr. Nevill's Black St. Huberts have ceased to exist. Turning to the list of fox-hounds, we find that Major Dent, late of the 7th Dragoon Guards, has succeeded Mr. John Booth of Killerby as Master of the Bedale; Capt. Macnaghten has left the Cattistock, and taken the Tipperary. The Earl of Lonsdale has quite given up the Cottesmore, and been succeeded by Lord Carington, who, to use the now much hackneyed phrase, is quite 'the right man in the right 'place.' Mr. A. F. Ross has quitted the South Devon, which are now presided over by Sir Lawrence Palk and Sir John Duntze, with kennels at Halden House. Sir William Eden succeeds Mr. John Harvey in South Durham. Mr. Charles Chaston, formerly the Master of the Waveney Staghounds, succeeds Major Holroyd with the Essex and Suffolk. Major Heywood, a former Master, follows Mr. Platt in North Herefordshire; and in Holderness, the place of the Hon. Alan Pennington is taken by Mr. Wilson of Hull. After a management of many years Mr. John Grimes Harvey retires from being the Master of the Isle of Wight, and his successor is Mr. J. Bellamy. With the Meynell Mr. Clowes and Lord Waterpark have dissolved partnership, the former having retired. Sir Reginald Graham has left the New Forest, and for a period retired into private life, and is succeeded by Mr. Meyrick of Hinton, near Christchurch. Lord Spencer has given up the mastership of the Pytchley, and been succeeded by Mr. Herbert Langham of Cottesbrooke; but his Lordship still has a pack with which he himself hunts the Pytchley woodlands, being assisted by Tom Goddard as first whip and kennel huntsman. The Hon. Mark Rolle is followed by the Hon. Colonel Trefusis, and Mr. Tailby by Sir Bache Cunard of Nevill Holt, who has built some new kennels at Medbourne, and retained Richard Summers as huntsman.

Amongst the hunt servants there have also been changes. John Scott, formerly first whip, has been made huntsman to the Albrighton in the place of John Todd. Will Freeman, from the Kildare, succeeds George Kennett in North Herefordshire. Richard Russell, from the Vine, is gone as huntsman to Sir Harcourt Johnstone. Alfred Orbell, son of old Joe, so well known and respected in Wiltshire and elsewhere, has left the beautiful Belvoir Vale for the gloomy glades of the New Forest.

Cub-hunting commenced rather earlier than usual in the Midlands. The ground has been in first-class order from plenty of wet, and there have been none of those scorching hot mornings of former years which made the ground hard, and were so detrimental to cub-hunting. The scent at times has been bad, but at others, and generally, very good. In the Quorn Country Tom Firr has found a good lot of cubs in most parts, and had some capital morning's sport; and once or twice the hounds have run away from those

who were out when they got on an old fox, which no doubt they will do again before the season is over. The young hounds seem to have a liking for their work. The country has been awfully blind, and the fences far too big, but a few sharp frosts will make a difference; and from the length of the grass it has been quite impossible to guess on which side of the fence the ditch was.

Melton is likely to be very full again, and rather earlier than usual. Lord Aylesford and a few others arrived in the middle of the month, so that no doubt a large number will turn out at Kirby Gate on the opening Monday.

As regards the difficulty about the boundary of the Quorn Country on the south, or Market Harborough side, it has been mutually agreed by Mr. Coupland and Sir Bache Cunard to leave the dispute whether the country which Mr. Tailby has resigned is Quorn or not, to be settled by arbitration, either by the Fox-hunting Committee at Boodle's, provided they can give their award by February 1, 1879; if not, then Sir Bache Cunard and Mr. Coupland are each to name two M.F.H.'s who are to select their own referee, and they have agreed to abide by their decision. The arbitrators are to be named, and the case submitted to them on or before November 1, 1878. Meanwhile it is agreed that Sir Bache Cunard shall hunt the country which Mr. Tailby has resigned for the season 1878-9.

Summers has found no end of cubs at Sheephorns, Noseley, Keythorpe, Stockerston, and elsewhere. On October 4, after rattling Norton Gorse, they found at Goadby Spinnies, ran very fast over a beautiful grass vale up to Mr. Arkwright's house, near Illston, on to Rolleston and Noseley, over the Stanton Brook, killed in the open, after a fast twenty minutes, and the brush was presented to Mrs. Simson of Glen House, and on Monday the 14th they found lots of cubs at Gumley which broke in all directions.

The Atherstone were at Kirkby on September 6th, where they found a strong lot of cubs both in the wood and the gorse. On the following morning they met at Appleby Fields, when they found that they were not so well off at Birdshill Gorse as they were last season, but the Appleby home coverts were well stocked. At Arbury on the 9th they found foxes in all the coverts, and after seven hours' hard work Castleman brought one to hand. The Burbage Woods are also well off. On the 25th they went to Cloudsley Bush for the Newnham coverts, and soon found a strong lot of cubs in the gorse and in the larch covert also. The Coombe Woods are also well off, and it will be all right at Bosworth on the opening day, as they have already had two very good gallops from there. On October 5th they were at Packington, found a nice lot of cubs in the decoy, and, after running one to ground, took another over the park in the North Warwickshire country and killed him in the open after a fast five-and-twenty minutes. Thus the Atherstone prospects are good everywhere, and the cubs are strong and wild.

Will Goodall has been routing the cubs in the Pytchley country, and so far has had very good sport, assisted by Charles Isaac, promoted to first whip in the place of Tom Goddard, and by his younger brother John, from Lord Granville's West Street harriers—who is so like him that the Corsican Brothers did not resemble one another more than the brothers Isaac—and they have found a good show of cubs at Naseby, Lilbourne, Vanderplanks, Misterton, and the Hemplow, which is now well looked after by its present proprietor, Mr. Simpson, who has proved himself, by the number of cubs found at the Fish Pond, a worthy successor of Mr. Topham. On the 16th they had a nice gallop from Kilworth Sticks to Walton Holt, and on the 19th from Guilsborough to Hazelbeach, where they killed.

The North Warwickshire prospects for the coming season are exceedingly promising. Foxes are really plentiful everywhere, and the country has never been better stocked with good wild, home-bred foxes, and Wheatley has found small outlying coverts as well tenanted as the larger ones.

From Hampshire we hear that the Hambledon have a good entry of 18½ couples of young hounds, which do their work well and break up their foxes like old ones. They have had some very good sport: up to the 7th of October Mr. Walter Long and Will Hawtin had been out twenty-two mornings, killed 12½ brace and run 2½ to ground, which is very good work for Hampshire and one of the worst scenting countries in the kingdom.

Another Hampshire correspondent says this has been the worst cub-hunting season for scent in Hampshire that has been known for several years. The Hambledon, with Mr. W. Long hunting so well, has managed to kill fourteen brace of cubs. He begins regular hunting on the 28th of this month with every prospect of a good season, if there is only scenting weather, for there are foxes in all parts of the country and some good old ones. The hounds are in splendid condition, and they do Will Hawtin the greatest credit. The entry have all entered well and there are no mute ones; nothing does more mischief in a woodland country than a silent hound.

There is good news in the H.H., as the Tuesday country, which was so bare of foxes last year, is now well provided.

The Hursley have a beautiful pack of hounds, as the huntsmen—of whom there were six who judged the prizes for the best three puppies—can testify. The country is full of foxes, greatly owing to the good management of Col. Nicoll.

In South Northumberland the Morpeth hounds have had a very successful cub-hunting, plenty of good work, and been fortunate in getting hold of their foxes. Mr. Cookson has a useful entry, and it is satisfactory to see his pack continues to improve.

The Tynedale have been hard at work since about the 20th of August, and have been able to show several strangers who have been in the country some good sport; amongst others Mr. and Mrs. Boughey and Lord Leconfield. Mr. Fenwick was most unfortunate in losing a large number of puppies, and, as a consequence, his entry is somewhat short; but there are some very nice young hounds amongst them. So, with fair luck next year, the high standard of the pack will be maintained.

Colonel Anstruther-Thomson has killed 10 brace of cubs, which are more than he has ever done before in the Fife country. On Saturday the 19th he had a fine hunting run of one hour and a quarter, and killed a gallant fox, who ran the middle of the field, and never once shirked under the hedge-rows. Colonel Thomson is assisted by Robert Pickard, from the Tedworth, who has succeeded Tom Hastings, who left the Fife solely on account of his health, and is gone to Pau with Lord Howth.

Mr. John Booth, after an eleven-years' tenure of office, hands over the horn of the Bedale to Major Dent, a good sportsman, and likely ere long to become a popular master. When Mr. Booth took the hounds in 1868 from the Hon. Ernest Duncombe (now Earl of Feversham), things were in a very different state to what they happily are at present. A debt of gratitude is due to him for the way he held on through many difficulties and the great attention he invariably paid to all matters relating to the real interests of fox-hunting. The country he gives up is one of the best adapted for riding to hounds in the kingdom, and is now well supplied with gorse-coverts and fairly stocked with foxes. This year's entry of nine and a half couples are some-

what backward on account of distemper, but the pack have already shown some capital sport with the eight brace of cubs placed to their account and one brilliant run, with a kill, of an hour and five minutes after an old fox. Major Dent does not hunt the hounds himself, but leaves everything to Perry, who is an excellent servant.

The latest piece of absurdity, 'Stage Struck,' at the Gaiety Theatre is likely to prove one of the happiest hits Mr. Hollingshead has yet contrived for his ever-popular house. To begin and end with the burden of the performance, the rollicking fun of Miss Kate Lawler, and the equally extravagant humour of Mr. Elton, is sufficient to keep the audience in a continuous roar of laughter from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

Ere the frosty face of winter has consigned not a few of the readers of 'Baily' to 'Country Quarters' for the season, the 'Van' Driver has a hint for the benefit of those whom it may concern. A well-built Ulster for the country, be the weather what it may, is above all things a necessity, and the only specimen that he has yet seen that answers all the requirements of a garment of this kind is one turned out by the father of Ulsters, Benjamin, who very appropriately baptises his new invention 'The Country.' As a combination of all that is useful and comfortable it has no rival.

Mr. Edmund Davis, of Granville Hotel fame, has already made his mark in Kent, as well as out of it. His gathering of the fire brigades of East Kent a few days back was to all intents and purposes a great success. In disposing of the principal toast given at a banquet to celebrate the occasion, Mr. Davis made use of the following remarks, which the readers of 'Baily' will no doubt cordially indorse: 'Some of the most gallant deeds ever recorded have been performed in the obscurity of a street fire by men whose names cannot be said to be forgotten, because they were never recorded. Medals for saving life at sea are not as lavishly bestowed as they might be. Still they are not unknown. But nobody ever heard of a fireman being decorated, though he might have done a deed of valour equal to any performed on what the Mayor of Faversham would call "The Tented Field."' Mr. Davis thinks the Albert Medal should be more familiarly seen on the breasts of firemen, and in that opinion the public will probably join when the question is fairly brought before them.

One of the most amusing little *brochures* we have met for some time has just fallen into our hands: 'The Battle of the Roosters,' it is called, purporting to be written by 'A Victim,' and with much grave humour of the highest order does 'A Victim' tell his tale of suffering and wrong, first endured at the hands of a neighbour who kept poultry, and finally culminating with a prosecution by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Every line has the true comic power, and the sketch of one of the principal characters, 'Healthy William,' is inimitable. The hearty laugh we have enjoyed over its pages has been increased by Mr. Wallis Mackay's admirable illustrations. We would particularly mention the portrait of the aforesaid 'Healthy William,' the author's daughter (a charming young person), and the agent for the S. P. C. A. We should like to meet the 'Victim' and Mr. Mackay again. The one is an able interpreter of the other's humour.

Our readers have been made aware of the intention of the friends of the late Mr. W. H. Cooper to erect a memorial window to him in Stoke d'Abernon Church, in which parish the lamented gentleman resided. That intention by the time these pages are published will have been fulfilled, and on the 1st of this month (All Saints day) the west end of Stoke d'Abernon Church will have been enriched by a window that will bear comparison with

any in Surrey. It is the work of Messrs. Lavers, Barraud, and Westlake, the well-known ecclesiastical decorators of Endell Street, and the composition is due to the junior partner of the firm, Mr. Westlake. The window has been on view for the last fortnight at the establishment of the firm, and has been visited by many of the subscribers, who have all given their unqualified approval of it. To this we must add ours, and express the pleasure it afforded us in thinking that the memory of an old friend should be so worthily perpetuated. The subject of the window is 'The Resurrection of the Just,' and it is treated in a new but simple manner, the conception going far to enhance the high reputation of Mr. Westlake, while his partners have striven equally with himself to do full justice to the object in view—a loving and lasting memorial of William Henry Cooper.

The following from a valued correspondent, from whom, by the way, we had not heard for some time, speaks for itself:—

HONEST 'VAN' DRIVER—

Can you tell me the sense of horses taking their ages from the first of January? It seems to be an arbitrary rule made by man in direct opposition to the provisions of nature. Surely the best time for a foal to be dropped would be when the spring grass arrives, which gives quantity and quality to the mare's milk, upon which the growth of the foal depends. In the early days of a foal's existence it requires all that nourishing food which nature designed for it, and, as Mr. John Warde used to tell us, half the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth. A foal dropped early in the year, when very likely the ground is covered with snow, or, if there is no frost, the country is wet and slushy, must be kept with its dam cooped up in a box, where everything that the foal breathes, or sucks in, is impregnated with ammonia. Go yourself into the box, where a brood-mare and foal have been shut up for the night, and, however roomy the box may be, the smell of ammonia will almost knock you backwards. There are some who think this to be the chief cause of the great increase in the number of roarsers. Whereas a colt foaled in May, with all the warm summer nights before it, only requires an open hovel to run into when it pleases, and has every opportunity of playing all day in the sunshine, stretching its limbs and inhaling the fresh air. Which, honest 'Van' Driver, do you think likely to turn out the soundest and best grown horse, the January foal or the May one?—Ever yours,

RABSHAKEH.

In the 'Times' of the 5th October we noticed an account of the ex-Premier's triumphant reception in Ramsey, where he entertained his audience with one of those speeches which might well be stereotyped, so as to save our brethren of the trade as much trouble as possible. The paragraph concludes as follows: 'The band struck up the National Anthem, and cheers were given for the Queen, &c. The way from the Rink to the Hotel was crowded, and Mr. Gladstone passed along amid hearty cheering.' It may not be generally known that under these seemingly happy auspices, Mr. Gladstone was heard to mutter with bated breath: '*Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the King's gate.*'

1878-9.

HUNTING.

LIST OF HOUNDS—THEIR MASTERS, HUNTSMEN,
WHIPS, KENNELS, &c.

Those marked with an asterisk [*] have not replied to our application.

STAGHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
HER MAJESTY'S (<i>Windsor, Slough</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Earl of Hardwicke.	Frank Goodall.	Richard Elrump H. Hewson	Royal Kennels, Ascot Heath, Berks
BAYNARD'S (<i>Horsham</i>)	Various.	Mr. Thurlow.	John Snell.	William Bartlett Edward Brooker	Baynard's Park, Horsham
BENKHAMPTREAD (<i>Berkhamstead, Tring, and St. Albans</i>)	Wed.	Mr. Richard Rawle.	Master.	A. W. Heather Mr. Herbert Browne	Great Berkhamstead Com- mon, Herts
COLLINE DALE	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. G. Nurse.	Master.	John Itawle	Colline Dale, The Hyde, Hendon
DEVON AND SOMERSET (<i>Dunster, Minehead, Dunster, Porlock, and Lynton</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. M. Fenwick Bis- set	Arthur Heal.	G. Robinson C. Nurse George Southwell.	Colline Dale, The Hyde, Exford, near Minehead, So- merset
EASINGWOLD* (<i>Easingwold</i>)	Wed. & Fri.	Mr. John Batty.	Mr. Dixon Batty.	Thomas Cass	The Lund, Easingwold
GANDNER'S, MR. RICHARDSON (<i>Cheltenham</i>)	Tu. & Fri.	Mr. R. Gardner.	Master.	Mr. G. Lickiss Charles Woolhead	Cowley Manor, Cheltenham
MID-KENT (<i>Tenbridge, Maidstone, Malling</i>)	Sat. & alter- nate Wed.	Mr. C. F. Leney.	E. States.	F. Bageshaw F. Jones	Wateringbury
NORFOLK (<i>East Harling</i>)	Not fixed.	Mr. C. T. Hoare.	Tom Imms.	Charles Wesley	West Harling, Norfolk
PETRES, HON. H. (<i>Ingatesstone, Chelmsford</i>)	Tues. & alter- nate Sat.	Hon. H. W. Petre.	Master.	Jack Culler	Springfield, Chelmsford, Essex
ROTHSCHILD'S, BARON (<i>Leighton Buzzard</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Baron Rothschild.	Frederick Cox.	Mark Howcott.	Ascott, near Leighton Buzzard
SURREY (<i>Croydon, Red Hill</i>)	Tues. & Sat.	Vacant.	J. Bentley.	Thomas Ding.	Smitham Bottom, near Coulston
WATSON & MR. FARNELL (<i>Horsham, Dorking</i>)	Mon. & Fri. in one week. & Thur. in the other	Mr. Farnell Watson	Mr. Farnell Watson, Jun.	J. Thwaits. G. Elliott	Henfold, near Dorking
WOLVERTON'S, LORD (<i>Blandford</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Lord Wolverton.	Master.	John Boreham, K.H. George Sheppard	Fontnell Magna, Shaftes- bury

IRELAND.

LIMERICK (Croome, Kilmarnock)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. John Gabbins .	The Master . Denis Hogan, K.H.	John McGrath .	Bruce House, co. Limerick
ROOSEMON . (Castleroa, Tulish, Rose- common)	Mon. & Thur.	Captain M. J. Balfe.	R. Cook	R. McIntyre . . . M. Bolan	Louth Park, Castleroa, Rose- common
WARD UNION (Dunlin, Dunboyne)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	A Committee . .	Charles Brindley .	James Brindley . .	Ashbourne, co. Meath

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

ALBERTON. (Newport, Shifnal, Wolverhampton)	Mon. Tu. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. T. F. Boughey .	John Scott . . .	William Jones . . Thos. Ashley	Whiston Cross, near Shifnal
ATHERSTONE (Tunsthorpe, Rugby)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. W. E. Oakley	George Castleman .	Sam Hayes William Whiting	Witherley, near Atherstone
BADSWORTH (Pontefract, Doncaster)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. C. B. E. Wright	Thos. Morgan . .	Fred Holland . . . W. Jones	Badsworth, near Pontefract
BLADFORD'S, DUKE OF (Malinesbury, Tebbury, Chippingham, Chipping Sodbury)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Beaufort .	Marquis of Worcester Charles Hamblin, K.H.	R. Vincent . . . Walter Bernard	Bedminton, Chippingham
BEDALE (Bedale, Thérak, North- allerton, Ripon)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major H. F. Dent .	Tom Perry . . .	Barney Spence . . G. Burrill	The Leases, near Bedale
BELVOIR HUNT . . . (Grantham, Melton Mow- bray)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Rutland .	Frank Gillard . .	W. Wells . . . George Cottrell	Belvoir Castle, Grantham
BREKIDLEY, OLD (Richmansworth, Watford)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. A. H. Longman	Robert Worrall . .	Charles Curtis . . H. Bevan	Shendiah, Hemel Hemp- sted, Herts
BERKSHIRE, OLD (Abingdon, Farringdon)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Craven . .	John Treadwell .	James Hewgill . . J. Lawrence	New House, near Abingdon
BEKES (SOUTH) . . .	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. J. Hargreaves .	Richard Roake . .	William Shephard . John Louch	World's End, Reading
BECHTES (Banbury, Bicester, Buck- ingham)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Viscount Valentia .	Master	John Lovin, K.H. Tom Garratt	Stratton Andley, near Bice- ster, Oxon

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitation.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
BILSDON (Leicester, Market Har- boro', Kibworth)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Sir Bache Cunard .	Richard Summers .	W. Shepherd J. Masters	Medbourne, near Market Harboro'
BILSDALE, THE	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. Garbutt	Robert Dawson	Bilsdale, Yorkshire
BLACKMOOR VALE (Thirsk, Helmsley)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Sir Richard Glynn, Bart.	George Orbell . . .	Tom Jordan	Charlton Horethorne, near Sherborne, Dorset
BLAKENEY (Sherborne, Henstridge Ast.)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P.	Henry Dawkins . .	James Reynolds W. Wilson	Blaukney, near Lincoln
BLANCHETON (Lincoln, Sleaford)	Thur. & Sat. 2 days a week	Mr. John Crosier .	John Porter . . .	Fred Watson	The Riddings, Thelkeld, near Keswick
BORDER UNION* (Longton, Langholm)	No day fixed.	Mr. R. Fox . . .	Master	J. Kennedy, K.H. .	Crook, Bewcastle, Cumber- land
BRACKLEY (Newcastle-on-Tyne, Shot- ley Bridge)	Wed. & Sat. .	Lt.-Col. J. A. Cowen	Siddle Dixon, Jun. .	E. Brown	Coal Burns, Blaydon-on- Tyne
BRAMHAM MOOR (Boston Spa, Tadcaster)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. G. Lane Fox .	Tom Smith . . .	F. Bartlett . . .	Bramham Park, near Tad- caster
BROCKLESBY* (Bridg, Calder, Gt. Grimby, Market Rasen, Limer)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Yarborough	A. Thatcher . . .	Will Crutcher Mathew Cook . .	Brocklesby Park, Ulceby, Lincolnshire
BURSTON, THE	Wed. & Sat. .	Mr. H. Kelsey . .	Mr. H. Gerard Hoare	John Killick . . .	Smallfields, Burstow, Surrey
BURTON, THE	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. F. J. S. Foljambe, M.P.	William Dale . . .	Edward Burton F. Bingham	Reepham, Lincoln
CAMBRIDGESHIRE (Huntingdon, Cambridge)	Mon. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. S. Lindsell .	John Bailey . . .	Jem Bartlett . . .	Caxton, Cambridgeshire
CATTISTOCK* (Dorchester)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. Codrington .	Joe Sorrell . . .	G. Beale Thos. Sanson . .	Evershot, Dorchester
CHESHIRE (North Peak) (Northwich)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Capt. Park Yates .	John Jones . . .	John Goddard . .	Forest Kennels, Northwich
CHESHIRE (South Peak) (Nantwich)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. H. R. Corbet .	Master	Harry Reynolds H. Jennings, K.H. .	Adderley, Market Drayton
CHIDDINGFOLD (Godalming, Guildford)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. C. B. Godman .	Master	E. Teece John Hollidge, K.H. .	Park Hatch, Godalming
CLEVELAND	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. A. H. T. New- comen	James Tribeck . .	W. Adcock W. Nicoll	Warrenby, Redcar, York- shire

Conne's Ma. RICHARD. (Fernham)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. H. Combe	Charles Norris	George Jones Joe Hallam H. Green	Frenham, near Farnham St. Brevard, Bodmin
CORNWALL, NORTH. (Bodmin)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. Pollard	G. Green	J. Higman	Pontellie Castle, near Salt- ash
CORTON'S, MR.* (Liskeard)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. W. Coryton.	Master	John Atkinson.	Cotawold, Cheltenham
COTSWOLD (Cheltenham)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. A. H. Sumner	Charles Travis	W. Griffiths	Broadway, Evesham
COTSWOLD, NORTH (Broughton, Evesham)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Algernon Rush- out	Master	Charles Carter	Barleythorpe, Oakham
COTTSMORE (Oakham, Rutland, Mel- ton Mowbray)	Mon. Tu. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Carington.	William Neal	James Jones Jas. Goddard Frank Geary	Oroome, Severn Stoke
COVENTRY & EARL OF (Pershore, Worcester)	Three days a week	Earl of Coventry	Will Jones	Charles Sheppard	Walcot, Hungerford, Berks
CHAVEN (Hungerford, Newbury)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. G. S. Willes and Mr. W. Hew Dunn	Will Porey	Frank Turton Alfred Mandeville	West Grinstead
CHAWLEY AND HOBHAM (Ockfield, Horsham, and Handcross)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Colonel A. M. Cal- vert	George Loader	R. Bousor James Budd R. Greenfield	Boehill, Raughton Head, Carlisle
CUMBERLAND (Carlisle, Penrith)	Mon. Thur. & Fri.	Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P., and Mr. Henry Howard	Major Wybergh. Mr. H. Howard.	Thos. Watson. Thomas Wilson	Woodlands, Ivybridge, Devon
DARTMOOR (Ivybridge, Plymouth)	Tues. & Sat. & bye-day.	Vice-Adm. G. Parker	William Boxall.	John Whitmore	Hyde, Wareham, Dorset
DORSET, SOUTH (Dorchester, Wareham)	Mon. & Thur. and bye-day.	Mr. C. J. Redclyffe	Levi Sheppard	W. Glover Tom Davies	Rhyll
DULVESTON (Tiverton, Southmolton)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Froude Bellew	Master	A. Tumber W. Summers	Rushford, Ferry Hill
DURHAM, SOUTH (Stockton, Darlington)	Five days a fortnight.	Sir William Eden	Wm. Claxton.	G. Beavans	Newton Hall, Durham
DURHAM, NORTH (Durham, Newcastle)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Anthony May- nard	H. Haverson	Robert Jay C. Tompkin	Ruswarp, Whitby
ERDDALE (Scarboro', Whitby)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. H. A. H. Rastall	J. Carr	Robert Hutchinson G. Carr.	Harlow, Essex
ESSEX (Ongar, Harlow)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Loftus W. Ark- wright	Stephen Dobson	Richard Yeo	Great Burstead, Billericay
ESSEX UNION (Brentwood)	Tu. Wed. Th. & Sat.	Mr. W. H. White	Master	Fred Firr Joe Bailey	Bocking, Braintree
ESSEX, EAST (Witham, Braintree, Hal- stead)	Five days a fortnight.	Lieut.-Col. Jelf Sharp	Master	Jam Cook Joe Sorrel C. Woodley	

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
ESSEX AND SUFFOLK* . (Colchester)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. B. C. Chaston .	W. Gibbs . . .	Edward Woodcock .	Stratford St. Mary, Colchester
FERRERS', EARL . . . (Ashby-de-la-Zouch)	Mon. & Fri. .	Earl Ferrers . . .	George Gilson . .	G. Buckles . . .	Staunton Harold and Melbourn, Derby
FITZARDINGE, LORD . . (Cheltenham, Gloucester)	Mon. Tues. .	Lord Fitzhardinge .	Ben Barlow . . .	James Cockayne . .	Berkeley Castle, Gloucester
FITZWILLIAM'S, EARL* . (Rotherham, Wentworth)	Mon. Wed. & Thurs. .	Earl Fitzwilliam . .	Master	T. Clark	Wentworth, Rotherham
FITZWILLIAM, THE . . . (Thrapstone)	Mon. Wed. Thurs. & Sat. .	Marquis of Huntly .	George Carter . .	G. W. Sharpe . . .	Milton, near Peterborough
FLINT AND DENBIGH . . (Abergele, Rhyl, St. Asaph)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. H. R. Hughes } Mr. Rowley Conway }	C. Pierce	Henry Shipway . .	Kimmel Park, Abergele
FOUR BURROW (F.B.H.) . (Truro, Helston, Camborne)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. George Williams .	James Babbage . .	W. Woodley . . .	Truro
GARTH'S, MR. (Reading, Wokingham)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat. .	Mr. T. C. Garth . . .	Charles Brackley .	Thomas Austen . .	Haines Hill, Twyford, Berks
GLAMORGANSHIRE, THE . . (Cardiff)	Mon. Thurs. & Tues. Fri. .	Mr. J. S. Gibbons . .	William Cross . .	Henry Povey . . .	Llandough, Cowbridge
GRAFTON'S, DUKE OF . . (Tonchester, Buckingham, Brackley, Stony Stratford)	Mon. Wed. & Fri. .	Duke of Grafton . . .	Frank Beers . . .	H. Lush	Wakefield Lawn, near Stony Stratford
GROVE (Relford, Baverly)	Mon. Tues. Thurs. & Fri. .	Viscount Galway, M.P.	Master	T. Smith	Grove, near Retford, Notts
H. H. (Alton, Alresford, Winchester, Basingstoke)	Mon. Tues. Thurs. & Sat. .	Mr. H. W. Deacon . .	John Morgan, K.H. Master	Richard Turner . .	Ropley, Alresford, Hants
HALDON (Exeter)	Mon. & Thurs. .	Sir John Duntz, Bt., & Sir L. Pall, Bt., M.P.	Will Nevard . . .	Albert Guy	Haldon House, near Exeter
HAMBLETON (Bishop's Waltham)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat. .	Mr. Walter J. Long .	Master	John Lee	Droxford, Bishop's Waltham, Hants
HAYDON (Haydon Bridge)	Wed. & Sat. .	Mr. A. J. Blacket Ord	Tom Cowing . . .	Will Hawtin, K.H. Walter Newman . .	Haydon Bridge
HEREFORDSHIRE, SOUTH . (Hereford, Ross)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. J. Rankin . . .	J. Hollings . . .	A. Cowing	Bryn-gwyn, near Hereford
				R. Lightfoot . . .	
				J. Ryder	

Huntsman, Whips, Kennels, Etc.	Time	Col. Heywood	Will Freeman	Stephen Smith	White Cross, Hereford
HERFORDSHIRE, NORTH* (Hereford, Leominster)	Mon. & Sat.	A Committee	Charles Ward	Harry Kennett	Kennebourne Green, near Luton
HERFORDSHIRE (Luton, St. Albans)	Mon. & Sat.	Mr. Albert Brasseley	Arthur Haselton	James Imprey	Common Hill, Chipping Norton, Oxon
HERTFORD (Chipping Norton)	Mon. & Sat.	Mr. A. Wilson	George Ash	John Collins	Exton, near Beverley, Yorks.
HOLDENHES* (Beverley)	Mon. & Sat.	A Committee	Alfred Summers	David Dalby	Pitt, near Winchester
HUSLEY* (Winchester, Southampton)	Tues. & Sat.	Major Godman	Will Brice	E. Evans	Hurworth, near Darlington
HURWORTH (Croft Spa, Darlington)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. J. Bellamy	Master	Edward Lakin	Marvell, near Newport, I. W.
ISLE OF WIGHT (Newport, Ventnor, Ryde, Cowes)	Tues. & Sat.	Sir Harcourt Johnstone, M.P.	Richard Russell	S. Goodall	Snainton, Healeston, York-shire
JOINTON & SIR HARBOUR (Scarborough, Malton, Pickering)	Mon. & Sat.	The Earl of Guilford	Master	G. Fox	Waldershare Park, Dover
KENT, EAST (Dover, Canterbury, Folkestone)	Mon. & Sat.	Hon. Ralph Neville	George Bollen	Joe Overton	Wrotham Heath, near Sevenoaks
KENT, WEST (Farnborough, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells)	Mon. & Sat.	Mr. J. H. Deacon		John Grady	Willstrew Park, Lamerton
LAMERTON (Lawsonston, Tuxford)	Mon. & Sat.	Lord Leonfield	Charles Shephard	D. Jordan	Petworth Park, Sussex
LEONFIELD'S, LORD (Petworth and Chichester)	Mon. & Sat.	Mr. Andrew Knowles	Henry Grant	John Hills, K.H.	Ledbury
LEDBURY (Ledbury, Malvern)	Mon. & Sat.	Mr. John Lawrence	Evan Williams	Robert Pryor	Llangibby and Orick, near Chepstow
LLANGIBBY & CHEPSTOW* (Newport, Chepstow, Uck)	Mon. & Sat.	Mr. Chas. E. Lewis	The Master	J. Beavan	Onibury, Craven Arms, Shropshire
LUDLOW (Ludlow, Tenbury)	Tues. & Fri. and bye-day	Mr. C. W. Wicksted	John Bees	George Sears	Masegwynne, Whitland, S. Wales
MASEGWYNNE (Llanboidy)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. R. H. Powell	Charles Leedham	William Percy	Sudbury, Derby
METWELL, THE (Burton-on-Trent, Derby)	Mon. & Sat.	Lord Waterpark	W. Blakeborough	Henry Smith	Birdsall, near Malton
MIDDLETON'S, LORD* (Malton, Scarborough)	Mon. & Sat.	Lord Middleton		Walter Primmer	
	Thur. & Fri.			J. Shepherd	
				J. Carpenter	
				W. Tame	
				T. Waters	
				William Lookley, K.H.	
				William Cattell	
				T. Davies	
				J. Taaker	
				Walter Scorey	
				W. Burton	
				Tom Carr	
				W. Thompson	

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
MORMONTHSHIRE (Abergavenny, Monmouth)	Three & Four days a week	Mr. F. C. Hanbury Williams and Mr. J. A. Rolis	Mr. F. C. Hanbury Williams	Samuel Roberts, K.H. William Dent	The Spitty, Abergavenny, & the Hendra, Monmouth
MORPETH (Morpeth)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. B. Cookson	Master	John Rance	Newminster, Morpeth
NEW FOREST* (Southampton, Christchurch)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Meyrick	Mark Robinson, K.H. Alfred Orbell	Fred. Enever	Furzy's Lawn, Lyndhurst, Hants
NORFOLK, WEST (Swaifham, Lynn)	Three days a week	Mr. A. Hamond	Robert Clayden	Henry Brown	Gt. Massingham, Roughton
NORTHUMBERLAND (Alnwick, Belford)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl Percy	Richard Lyon	Clarance Johnson Joseph Furr	Greenrig, Lesbury, Northumberland
NORTH, SOUTH (Nottingham, Newark, Bingham)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. P. Cooper and Mr. L. Rolleston	Mr. L. Rolleston	German Shepherd, K.H. G. Edwards C. Dove	Gedling, Nottingham
OAKLEY, THE (Bedford)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Committee	Tom Whitmore	Edward Farmer Andrew Cox	Milton Ernest, Bedford
OXFORDSHIRE, SOUTH (Thame, Oxford)	Mon. & Fri.	Earl of Macolessfield	Master	W. Grant, K.H.	Shirburn Castle, Tetworth
PENBROKESHIRE (Haverfordwest)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. H. Allen	Master	H. Molyneux Cornelius Williams	Haverfordwest and Priakilly Forest
PENBROKESHIRE, SOUTH (Pembroke, Tenby, Narberth)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Henry Leach	George Merriman	Thomas Palmer	Lawrenny, near Pembroke
PENLLERGARE (Swansea)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. T. D. Llewellyn	David Bevan	William Rosser	Penllergare, Swansea
PORTMAN'S, LORD	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Hon. W. H. B. Portman, M.P.	Joseph Moss	H. White	Bryanstone, Blandford
PORTSMOUTH'S, EARL OF (Eggesford)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Earl of Portsmouth	Chas. Littleworth	C. Littleworth George Shepard T. Dowdeswell	Eggesford, N. Devon
PUCKERIDGE (Bishop Stortford, Bunting- Pychley)	Mon. Wed. Sat.	Mr. R. Goaling	Robert Allen	Alfred Smith	Manewden, Bishop Stortford
RYCHMOND (Northampton, Market Harboro', Rugby)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. H. H. Langham	Will Goodall	James Enever Charles Isaac	Brixworth, Northampton
QUORN (Leicester, Loughboro', Mellon Mowbray)	Mon. Tues. Thurs. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. John Coupland	Tom Firr	Edward Haynes W. Spiller	Quorndon, Loughboro'

RADNOR'S, EARL OF (Salisbury)	Mon. & Fri.	Wed.	Earl of Radnor . . .	John Dulo . . .	Anthony J. Dulo . . . R. Hatcher Itico Jones, K.H. . . W. Price	Longford Castle, Salishbury Castle Weir, Kingston
RANDORSH & W. HENFORD (Kington)	Mon. & Fri.		Colonel Price . . .	Master . . .		
RAYNE'S, Mr. (Tewerton, Wellingdon)	Mon. & Thur.		Mr. W. O. Rayer . . .	Mr. W. P. Collier . . .	Richard Holmden, K.H.	Holcombe, near Welling- ton, Somerset
RUFFORD (Newark, Southwell, Mans- field)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.		Mr. Chas. A. Egerton . . .	Fred Gooden . . .	Harry Paocy . . . J. Jones	Rufford Park, Ollerton, Notts
SHREWSBURY (Church Stedon, Wem)	Mon. & Fri.		Mr. M. Hulton Har- rop	Jas. Macbride . . .	Robert Thomson . . . R. Bromley	Lythwood Hall, Shrewsbury
SHROPSHIRE, NORTH . . . (Shrewsbury)	Two days a week		Sir V. R. Corbet, Bart.	Harry Judd . . .	Robert Mellowes . . . Frank Soorey	Lee Bridge, Wem, Salop
SHEFFINGTON* (Pickering, Hemdsley, Kirby Moorside)	Thur. & Sat.		Mr. R. Ellerby . . .	John Parker . . .	R. Parker . . .	Kirby Moorside
SOMERSET, WEST . . . (Dunster, Williton)	Tues. & Fri.		Mr. G. F. Luttrell . . .	Henry Sebright . . .	James Burge . . . W. Mills	Bowerhayes, Carhampton, Dunster, Somerset
SOUTHDOON . . . (Brighton, Levesa, East- bourne)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat. & alt Thurs.		Mr. R. J. Streatfield . . .	George Champion . . .	H. Parker . . . Charles Kennett	Ringmer, near Lewes
SOUTHWOLD . . . (Hornsea, Louth, Spilsby)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri. Twice a week		Mr. F. Crowder . . .	Master . . .	G. Morgan, K.H. . . W. Haynes	Balchford, Horncastle
SPENCER'S, EARL . . . (Kettering, Oundle, Thrap- ston, Market Harboro')	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.		Earl Spencer, K.G..	Master . . .	Tom Goddard, K.H. . . G. Dunkley	Brigstock, near Thrapston
STAFFORDSHIRE, NORTH . . . (Stafford, Stoke-upon- Trent)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri. Twice a week		Marquis of Stafford . . .	Stephen Dickens . . .	Will Boxall . . . George Goddard	Trentham, Stoke-upon-Trent
STAFFORDSHIRE, SOUTH . . . (Lichfield)	Tues. & Fri.		Major J. M. Browne . . .	Master . . .	George Rose, K.H. . . W. Bacon	Fosseway, Lichfield
STANTON DALE . . . (Whitby, Scarborough)	Tues. & Fri.		Mr. C. Leadley . . .	G. Jackson . . .		Cloughton
STARS OF THE WEST . . . (Porlock, Linton)	Mon. & Thurs.		Mr. Nicholas Snow . . .	Master . . .	G. Hancock, K.H.. . . W. Hancock	Oare, Lynton
STEVENSTONE . . . (Torrington, Bideford, Barnstaple)	Mon. & Thur.		Lt-Col. Hon. Walter Trefusis	John Chubb . . .	Henry Chowles . . .	Stevenstone, Torrington, N. Devon
SUFFOLK (Bury St. Edmunds)	Tues. Fri. & Tues. Thur. & Sat.		Mr. J. Josselyn . . .	Thomas Enever . . .	Robert Simmonds . . .	Bury St. Edmunds

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
SURREY, OLD (<i>Croydon, Godstone, Wetherham</i>)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Edmund Byron	Samuel Hills	Thomas Johnson	Garston Hall, Kenley, Surrey
SURREY UNION (<i>Guildford, Leatherhead</i>)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Bernard Hankey	George Summers	John Beet	Fetcham, Leatherhead
SUSSEX, EAST (<i>Hastings</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. E. Frewen	Master	G. Dore T. Roffey R. Collington	Northiam, Rye, Sussex
TAUNTON VALE (<i>Taunton</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Lionel Patten	Will Bowers	Robert Smethurst	Hillmoor, Taunton, Somerset
TEDWORTH, THE (<i>Andover, Marlboro'</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	A Committee; Hon. Sec. Mr. J. H. Brewer	John Fricker	J. Maiden John Bevins G. Vince	Tedworth, Marlboro'
TUEHAM (<i>Faversham, Sittingbourne</i>)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. W. E. Bigden	Master	William Burton, K.H. Tom Pedley	Wrens Hill, Faversham
TIVY SIDE (<i>Cardigan, Newcastle Emlyn, Llandysul</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. R. Howell	Master	Thomas Lewis	Noyadd Trefawr, Llandysul, S. Wales
TREDEGAR'S, LORD (<i>Newport</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Lord Tredegar	Master	Charles Barrett C. Barrett, Jun. William Ambler	Tredegar Park, Newport, Monmouth
TYNEDALE (<i>Hezham and Stamfordham, Belsay</i>)	Mon. Wed. & byeday Fri. & byeday	Mr. G. Fenwick	Nicholas Cornish	Charles Beames	Stagshawe, Cowbridge-on-Tyne
ULLSWATER (<i>Penrith</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Thur.	Mr. J. W. Marshall	A. Pattinson	T. Watson	Patterdale Hall, Penrith
UNITED PACK (<i>Bishop's Castle</i>)	Tues. & Fri. & byeday	Mr. J. Harris	Master	S. Francis, K.H. F. Jones H. Goddard	Clun, Salop
VALE OF GWILI (<i>Carmarthen</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. L. Lloyd Lloyd	E. Jones		Glangivilli, Carmarthen
VALE OF TOWY (<i>Llandovery, Llangadock</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. Lloyd	Master	D. Jones, K.H. E. Evans	Glansevin, near Llangadock, Carmarthen
VALE OF WHITE HORSE (<i>Cirencester</i>)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Earl of Shannon	Robert Price	Eli Skinner John Dale	Oakley Park, Cirencester
VINE, THE (<i>Basingstoke, Overton, Kingsclere, Whitechurch</i>)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P.	John West	Charles Denton John Newman	Overton, Hants

WARWICKSHIRE (Warwick, Leamington, Bambury, Stratford-on- Avon)	Mon. Tues. Th. & Fri. & bye-day.	Lord Willoughby de Broke	Charles Orvis . . .	Jack Booro Charles Lowman	Kineton, Warwickshire
WARWICKSHIRE, NORTH (Leamington, Rugby)	Tues. Thur. & Fri. before Christmas; after Mon. Tu. Thur. & Fri. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Lant .	William Wheatley .	John Press, Junior Walter Dale	Milverton, near Leamington
WESTERN* (Penance)	Tues. Thur. & Fri. before Christmas; after Mon. Tu. Thur. & Fri. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. B. Bolitho . Mr. T. B. Bolitho } Mr. W. Salby Lowndes	J. W. Thompson . Edmund Bentley .	Will Nute . . . G. Sear Henry Masters	Madron, Penzance, Cornwall Whaddon, near Stony Stratford
WHADDON CHASE (Blotchley, Winslow, Stony Stratford, Leighton Buzard, Buckingham)	Tues. Thur. & Fri. before Christmas; after Mon. Tu. Thur. & Fri. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. B. Bolitho . Mr. T. B. Bolitho } Mr. W. Salby Lowndes	J. W. Thompson . Edmund Bentley .	Will Nute . . . G. Sear Henry Masters	Madron, Penzance, Cornwall Whaddon, near Stony Stratford
WHEATLAND (Bridgnorth)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. P. Purton .	Jas. Alexander . .	Jack Kyte . . .	Little Moor Riddings, Bridgnorth
WILTS, WEST and SOUTH (Worminster)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Lieut.-Col. Everett .	Eber Long . . .	Mark Geruah George Irons	Bridgnorth Greenhill, near Warminster
WORCESTERSHIRE (Worcester, Malvern)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. C. Morrell . .	Master	Tom Dawson J. Peake	Fearnhall Heath, Worcester
WYNN'S, SIR W. (Oswestry, Wrexham, Elles- mere, Whitechurch, Chester)	Four days a week	Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.	Charles Payne . .	Jem Blower W. Pender	Wynnastay, Eusabon
YORK AND AINSLEY (York)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Colonel Fairfax . .	Charles Haggard .	Robert Wadale C. Mason	Acumb, near York
ZETLAND, EARL OF (Croft Spa, Hartington)	Mon. Tu. Th. & Sat.	Earl of Zetland . .	Tom Champion . .	Thomas Harrison Charles Hawkes	Aake Hall, Richmond, Yorks.
SCOTLAND.					
BERKSHIRE, NORTH (Dunee)	Mon. Tu. Th. & Sat.	Earl of Haddington and Hon. R. B. Hamilton, M.P.	Thos. Cranston . .	J. Drake . . . Owen Davies	Langton, Dunee
BUCCLEUCH, DUKE OF (Melrose and Kelso)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Duke of Buccleuch .	William Shore . .	James Baily . . . Charles Smith	St. Boswell's, Roxburgh- shire
DEWREESHIRE (Lockerbie)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. John Johnstone	Joseph Graham . .	John Roberts . . . Charles Jupp	Leadfield, by Lockerbie
EGLINTON'S, EARL OF* (Irvine, Ayr, Kilmarnock)	Four days a week	Earl of Eglington .	George Cox . . .	G. Cox, Jun. George Palmer	Eglington Castle, Irvine, Ayr

FOXHOUNDS (SCOTLAND AND IRELAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Town for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
FIFE (Cupar)	Mon. Th. & Sat.	Col. J. Anstruther-Thomson	Master	Robert Pickard	Harleswynd, Ceres, Fife
Doitto, West District*		Sir A. Halkett	Master	Fred Whitehall	Dunfermline
				Jack Shephard	
				J. Davis	
FORFAIRSHIRE (Forfar)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. P. A. W. Carnegie	Master	George Rae, K.H.	Lour, Forfar
				J. Turner	
LANARK AND RENFREWSHIRE (Glasgow)	Tues. & Sat.	Col. Curriek Buchanan	Philip Bishop	J. Simmons	Houston and Drumpellier
LINLITHGOW AND STIRLING (Edinburgh)	Tues. Thur.	Major Wauchope	John Atkinson	W. Bushell	Golf Hall, Corstorphine,
	& Sat.			James Woodley	Edinburgh
NORTHUMBERLAND and BERWICKSHIRE (Coldstream)	Mon. Tu. Fri. & Sat.	Sir John Marjoribanks	Peter Whitecross	George Frost	Lees, Coldstream, Berwickshire
				Thomas Newman	
				W. Sammons	
IRELAND.					
CARLOW AND ISLAND (Carlow)	Three days a week	Mr. Robert Watson	Master	Michael Conner	Ballydarton, Bagnalstown
CURRAGHMORE (Curragh-on-Suir, Waterford)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Marquis of Waterford	John Duke	E. Bryan	Curraghmore, Portlaw, Waterford
DONERAILE'S, VISCOUNTY (Buttevant, Mallow)	Two days a week	Viscount Doneraile.	John Walsh	Arthur Wilson	Doneraile, Co. Cork
DUNHALLOW*	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Earl of Listowel	Patrick F. Dalton	H. Matthews	Cortigan, Mallow
GALWAY COUNTY (Athenry)	Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. Burton R. P. Perse	Master	John Foley	Moyode Castle, near Athenry
KILDARE (Naas)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Forbes	C. Atkinson	T. Burns	Jigginstown, Naas
KILKENNY	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Col. Frank Chaplin	John Tidd	C. Croft	Blunden Villa, Kilkenny
KING'S CO. (EARL OF HUNTINGDON'S) [Roscrea]	Mon. & Fri.	Earl of Huntingdon	Master	T. McAlister	Sharavogue, Roscrea, King's Co.
				Charles Turner	
				Thomas Jarvis	
				D. Carroll	
				Mr. Asheton Biddulph	
				John Fitzgerald	
LIMERICK (Limerick)	Three days a week	Sir David V. Roche, Bart.	Master	John Kennedy	Carass, near Croom
LOUTH (Dunliver)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. W. de Salis Filgate	Master	Frank Toop	Lisrenny, Ardee
				Henry Hurdy, K.H.	
				John Corrin	

MEATH (Newen, Kells)	Mon. Tues. Thur. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. J. O. Trotter	Frank Goodall . .	John Bladhop . . William Drayton	Nugentstown, Kells
MURKERY (Cork, St. Ann's Hill, Blarney)	Tues. & Fri. & bye-day	Mr. F. W. Woodley	Master J. Herlihy, K.H.	Jas. Herlihy . . W. Sweeney	Meyahal, Coachford, Cork
ONMORD (Roscrea, Dunkerrin)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. T. Trench	Master	John Smith, K.H.. Thos. Smith	Loughton, Roscrea
QUEEN'S COUNTY (Stradbally, Maryborough)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. H. Stubber	Will Rawle	G. Mullhall . . .	Moyné House, Durrrow, Maryborough
SOUTH UNION (Kinsale)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. W. Knolles	D. Mullane	John Aherne . . .	Oatlands, Kinsale, Co. Cork
TIPPERARY* (Fethard, Clonmel, Cashel)	Tues. & Sat.	Capt. W. H. Mac- naghten	Master	Philip Toccock . .	Fethard, co. Tipperary
UNITED HUNT (Cork, Middleton)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	A Committee . . .	Harry Saunders . .	J. Wallace	Middleton, near Cork
WESTMATH (Mullingar)	Three days a week	Mr. M. Chapman .	Will Mathews . . .	John Mason	Culleen, Mullingar
WELFORD (Enniscorthy)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. D. V. Beatty .	Philip Morissy . . .	Henry Rees	Borodale, Enniscorthy
HARRIERS (ENGLAND).					
ANGLESEA	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. G. Pritchard Rayner	Sam Olsson	Thomas Jones . . .	Llangefni, Anglesea
ADAMS'S, CAPTAIN (Carno)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Captain Adams . .	Thomas Owen . . .	E. Humphreys . . .	Carno, Montgomeryshire
ASHTON (Ashton-under-Lyne)	Three days a week	Mr. T. A. Harrison	Nathan Lees	T. Scofield	Thomson Cross, Stalybridge
ASPULL (Wigan)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Gerard	James Rigby	Aspull House, Wigan
B. V. H. (Abingdon, Oxford, Didcot)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. Dundas Everett	Master Chas. Eynstone, K.H.	Mr. E. Robson . . .	Beaseleigh, Abingdon, Berks
BIGLESWADE (Biggleswade)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. George Race . .	Master	G. Barrett	The Road Farm, Biggles- wade
BOROUGHLY, SIR THOMAS, Bart. (Newport, Shropshire)	No fixed days	Sir T. Boughay, Bt.	James Willes, K.H.	B. Sillitoe	Aqualate, Newport, Shrop- shire
BRADFORD AND AIREDALE (Bradford)	Wed. & Sat.	Major T. J. Sunder- land	Master	Stephen Shepherd, K.H. W. Shepherd	Eldwick, Bingley, Leeds
BRIGHTON (Brighton)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. T. Dewe . .	Master	J. Sherwood	Patcham, Brighton
BROOKSIDE (Brighton, Lewes)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. S. Beard . . .	Master	W. Davey	Rottingdean, Brighton

HARRIERS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
BIXTON AND PEAK FOREST (Buxton and Chapel-en-le-Frith)	Wed. & Sat. .	Mr. R. Bennet . .	J. Etchells . . .	James Green . . .	Chapel-en-le-Frith
CARNARVON (Carnarvon, Bangor)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Will Hayward .	Master	Pen Bown, Carnarvon
CORBERT'S, SIR V. M.* . . (Shrewsbury)	Sir V. M. Corbett .	Master	W. Davis	Acton, Reynald, Shrewsbury
COTLEY (Chard)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. T. P. Eames .	Master	Mr. W. D. Eames . .	Cotley, near Chard, Dorset
COWBRIDGE* (Coventry)	Mon. & Fri. .	Mr. F. Stacy . . .	Edwin Usher . . .	F. Archer	Llandough Castle
CRAYEN (Shipton)	Mon. & Thur.	Capt. Henderson .	John Tobin	Holme Bridge, Gargrave, Leeds
DART VALE (Totnes, Ashburton)	Mon. & Fri. .	Mr. Charles Bowden	Jeffery Pearce	Staverton, Totnes, Devon
DAYEY'S, MR. (The Lizard and Helston)	Mon. & Fri. .	Mr. J. Sydney Davey	Master	W. Leech	Bochyn, Helstone, Cornwall
DOVE VALLEY* (Ulthorpe)	Mon. & Fri. .	W. Frederick Cotton	Master	John Thirly	Roeaster, Ashbourne, Derbyshire
EASTBOURNE (Eastbourne, Levens, Hailsham, Hastings)	Mon. & Fri. .	A Committee . . .	James Hume . . .	Henry Shelly . . .	Old Town, Eastbourne
FOLKSTONE FULFORD* (Exeter, Chagford)	Five days a fortnight Tues. & Fri.	Committee Mr. E. S. Clarke .	G. F. Taylor . . . Master	Joe Fox G. Valven, K.H. . .	Broadmead Fulford, near Exeter
HARVEY'S, SIR ROBERT B. . (Slough, Staines, Windsor)	Tues. & Fri.	Sir Robert B. Harvey	G. Farr	Henry Hillier . . .	Langley Park, Slough
HIGH PEAK (Bakewell, Wirksworth, Buxton)	Tues. & Sat. .	Mr. R. Nesfield . .	Master	E. George T. Coup	Castle Hill, Bakewell, Derbyshire
HOLCOMBE (Ramsbottom)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Alfred Ashworth	John Jackson . .	Jem Bury	Holcombe, Manchester
JONES'S, LT.-COL. D. . . . (Llandover)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Lt.-Col. D. Jones .	Master	W. Harris	Danyrallt, Llandover
LYNE (Buxton)	Wed. & Sat. .	Mr. W. C. Brocklehurst, M.P.	Mark Fullerton .	J. Ferguson	Dialley, Cheshire

MARSHALL'S, MR. C. (<i>Leicester, Bodmin</i>)	Tues. & Thur.	Mr. W. N. Connock Marshall	Master	John Owen	Evan Pugh	Houndgrove, St. Cleer, Llan- keurd, Cornwall
MONTGOMERY, NORTH* (<i>Llanfyllin</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. H. Starkey Mr. W. A. Pugh	John Owen	W. Humphrey		Bwlchyllan, near Llanfyllin
NANT EOS (<i>Aberystwith</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Major Philip	W. Humphrey			Nant Eos, Aberystwith
NEWCASTLE & GATHEAD* (<i>Aberystwith</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	F. H. Lamb	S. Dixon		J. Johnson	Kenton, Northumberland
OLDHAM*	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. T. Mayall	W. Jackson		W. Holford	Frederion, Manchester
OXENHOLME*	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. C. W. Wilson	R. Jackson			High Peak, Oxenholme, Kendal
PENBROKE'S, EARL OF (<i>Salisbury, Wilton</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Earl of Pembroke	Master		James Wilson, K.H. T. Hammett	Wilton, Salisbury
PENDLE FOREST (<i>Blackburn, Clitheroe</i>)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Major Legendre Mr. Nicholas Starkie	R. Fairclough		W. Phillips	Huntroyde, Burnley
PENISTONE	Five days a fortnight	Mr. Hugh Thomason	J. Mitchell		H. Crawshaw	Plumpton, near Penistone
PRYSE'S, MR. (<i>Llanfyllther, Llandysul</i>)	Tues. Th. Sat. & Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Vaughan Pryse	Master		Evan Rees	Bwlchyllchan, Llanfyllther, S. Wales
RADNORSHIRE (<i>Llandrindod, Rhayader</i>)	Mon. & Thur. & bye-day	Mr. S. C. Evans Williams & Mr. A. E. Williams	Mr. A. E. Williams		S. Evans, K.H.	Bryntirion Rhayader, Rad- norshire
ROMNEY MARSH (<i>New Romney, Hythe</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. Dering Walker	Master		T. F. Hinds	Honeychild Manor, New Romney
SADDLESWORTH* (<i>Greenfield, Oldham, Lees</i>)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Broadbent	Master and Mr. Allen Schofield			Trencherfield
SILVERTON* (<i>Exeter, Tiverton</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. T. Webber	J. Collings		John Pitts	Greenalinch, near Broom
SOUTHEROOL (<i>Kingsbridge, Devon</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. A. P. Hallifax	J. Collins			Southpool, Kingsbridge, South Devon
STAFF COLLEGE HUNT	Tues. & Fri.	Captain Leir	Master		Capt. Grove	Craig's Farm, Camberley
ST. COLUMB*	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. John Searle	Master		R. Solomon	Tregusick, St. Columb, Cornwall
(<i>St. Columb, Newquay</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. R. Gee	Master		Mr. J. Gee	Shipway, Collaton, Devon
TOSQUAY (<i>Torquay</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Sir H. de Trafford, Bart.	Robert Roberts		J. Gale	Trafford Park, Manchester
TRAFFORD (<i>Manchester</i>)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. T. G. Edmondson	W. Ruastle			Low Bentham, Yorks.
VALE OF LUNE (<i>High Bentham, Lancaster</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Major Birch	Tom Hills			Mesa Elwy, St. Asaph
V. C. H. (<i>Denbigh, Rhyl, Holywell</i>)						

HARRIERS (ENGLAND AND IRELAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Town or Villages.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
WAYNEY (Yarmouth, Lowestoft)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. Chaston .	Master	Geo. Reason . . .	Mendham
WELLS (Wells)	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. J. Wedgwood Yeels	Master	J. Bishop	Coxley, near Wells
WEST STREET (Sandwich, Deal, Dover)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Earl Granville . } Mr. M. B. Thompson }	Mr. M. B. Thompson	W. Stockwell, K.H. W. Jones	Cold Blow, Walmer
WHITBY (Whitby)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. E. W. Chapman	John Stonehouse	W. Carr	Poplar Row, Whitby
WHITEHAVEN (Egremont, St. Bees)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Jefferson .	Henry Cuss	Minehouse, near Whitehaven
WINCHESTER (Winchester)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. James Dear .	Master	Tom Wilding . . .	Winchester
WINDERMERE (Bowness)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. T. Ullock . } Major Ridehalgh }	T. Chapman	Bowness, Windermere
WIRRAL* (Birkenhead, Bebington, Hooton)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. R. Court .	G. Turner	H. Sheppard . . .	Hooton, Cheshire
YATES, Mr. F.* (Airesford)	Mr. Fred Yates .	Master	Mr. Arthur Yates . Mr. T. Yates	Bishop Sutton, Alesford, Hants
YETTRAD MYNACH*	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. George Thomas	Peter Symonds . .	Charles Wooten . .	Yettrad Mynach, Newport, Mon.

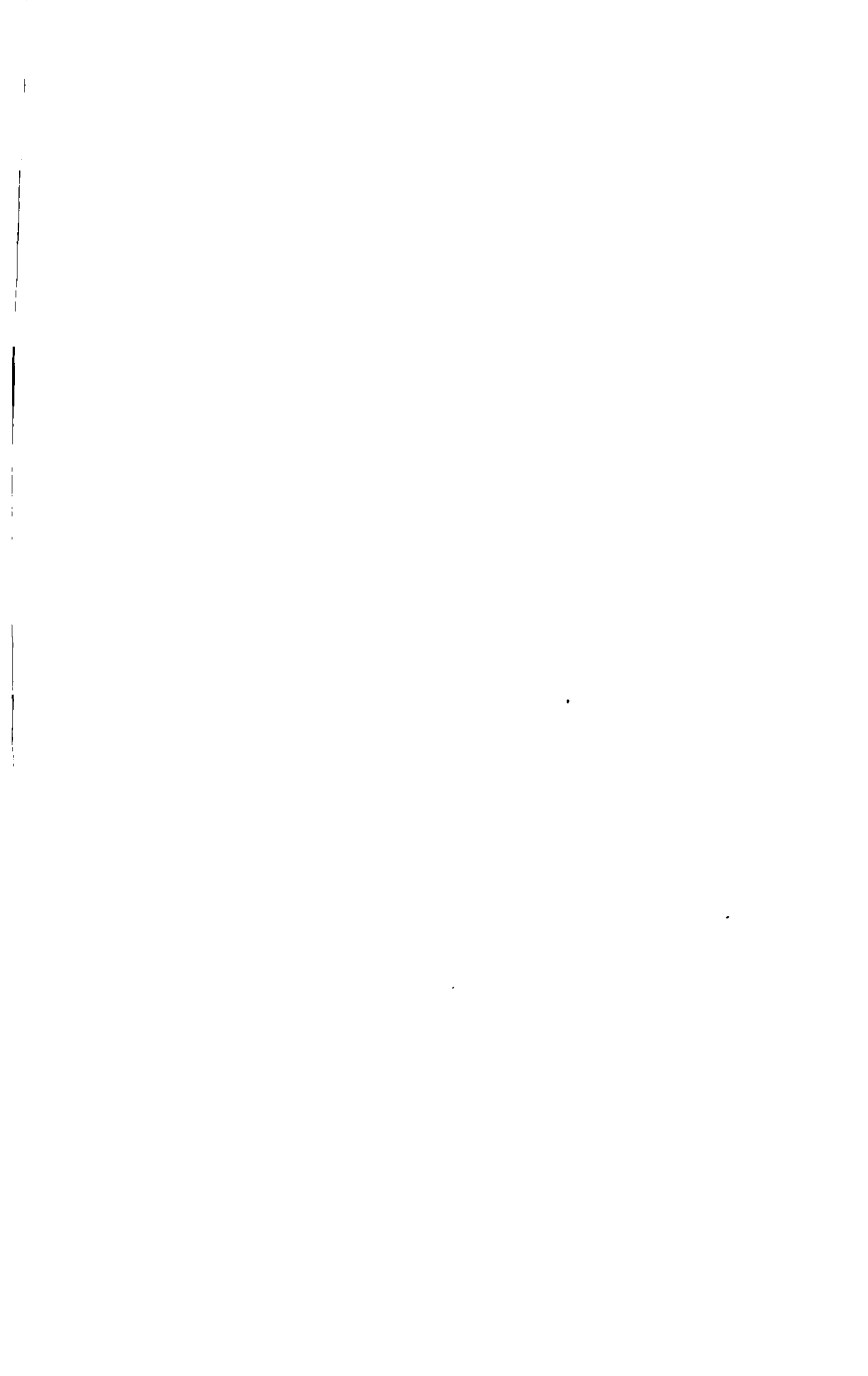
HARRIERS (IRELAND).

AREA VALE. (Arra Vale)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. C. Chadwick.	Master	Mr. W. C. Chadwick . H. Bryan	Ballinard, Tipperary
AUBURN* (Athlone)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. A. D. Adam- son	Master	J. Brogan J. Lyons	Auburn Gleason, Athlone, Westmeath
BELLINTER (Navan)	Three days a week	Mr. J. J. Preston .	Master	Mr. G. V. Briscoe . Patrick Bradley	Bellinter, Navan
CATTLE CONNELL* (Castle Connell)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. J. Finch .	Master	Maurice Doyle . .	Castle Connell, Limerick

CARRERY. (Clonakilty)	Mon. & Thur.	Lord Carbery	Mr. R. Stourds	Patrick Moloney	Castlebrack, Clonakilty, Co. Wick
CORK. (Cork)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Martin	W. Burns	James Murphy	Blackpool, Cork
DERRY. (Londonderry)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Watt	J. Denleece	John Roe	Glendernott Hill, Derry
DUFFRIN. (Comber)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. John Andrews	Daniel Murphy	Michael Boyle	Comber, co. Down
HENDRICK'S, MR.* (Naas)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Hendrick	Master	S. Thompson	Kerdistown, Naas, co. Kildare
IVELIGH. (Banbridge)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. J. J. Whyte	J. Lindsay	One of the Master's sons	Kilpike, Banbridge, co. Down
KENNIS', MR.* (Portlinton)	Irregular	Mr. Thos. Kennis	Master	John Painter	Shaen, Maryborough
KILDARE. (Kildare, Monastererevan)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. G. Waters	Master	C. Rity	Kilpatrick, Monastererevan
KILPATRICK.* (Lisburn, Antrim)	and a bye-day Wed. & Sat.	Mr. T. R. Stanners	T. Phillippis	D. Healy	Lisburn, co. Antrim
KINSALE. (Bandon, Kinsale)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Gillman	Master	O. Brown	Sandy Cove, Kinsale
LEDALE. (Downpatrick)	Mon. & Thur.	Colonel Forde	T. Rudwick	Seaforde, co. Down	Seaforde, co. Down
MCCLEINTOCK'S, MAJOR* (Omagh)	Mon. & Thur. & Mon. Wed.	Major Perry McClintock	Master	P. McHugh H. Dennis	Seakinore, Omagh, Tyrone
MANERGH'S, MR.* (Thurles and Cashel)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. O. L. Manergh	Master	Jas. Henebey	Springfield, Holyroos
MEATH UNION* (Monaghan)	2 days a week Tues. & Sat.	Mr. Philip Blake Lord Rosemore	Master H. McElroy	P. McGuire	Ladyrath, Navan, co. Meath Brandrum, Monaghan
NEWBRIDGE. (Newbridge)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Col. Hon. W. F. Forbes	Thomas Ryan	Pat Rice	Newbridge
NEWRY. (Newry)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Darcey Hoy	Master		Newry

HARRIERS (IRELAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
POLLOK'S, MR. (Ballinasloe)	Twice a week	Mr. J. Pollok . . .	Master	J. Galway, K.H. . .	Lismany, Ballinasloe
ROBERTSON* (Cork City)	Variable . . .	Mr. Noble Johnson.	David Barry . . .	None	Rockenham, co. Cork
ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB* (Queenstown)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Duggan . .	John Mulcahy . .	Capt. Holmes . . .	Ballynoe, co. Cork
STACPOOLE'S, MR. (Ennis)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Stacpoole	Master	P. Cunningham John Carroll	Eden Vale, Ennis
STRONGE'S, SIR JAMES . . (Tynan, Caledon, Armagh)	Mon. & Thur.	Sir Jas. M. Stronge, Bart.	G. M'Arce	J. Spence	Fellows Hall, Tynan, co. Armagh
WICKLOW* (Rathdrum)	Tues. & Fri..	A Committee . . .	G. Shepherd.	Glasnewgate Rathdrum, Wicklow





J. W. Fulzambie

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. F. G. SAVILE FOLJAMBE, M.P.

It is the tritest of axioms that in this country, and especially in the matter of sport, tastes are hereditary with the blood. As were the fathers so are the sons, mighty hunters, passionate lovers of the Turf, keen with rod and gun. In our old families, both titled and untitled, this is most apparent, and a son who does not tread in his father's footsteps would be thought almost unworthy of sitting in his father's seat. Happily we have but few such examples, and the country life of England teaches us that just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

No more striking illustration of this can perhaps be given than the subject of our latest addition to 'Baily's' Gallery. Mr. Francis George Savile Foljambe is the eldest son of the late Mr. George Savile Foljambe of Osberton Hall, near Worksop, than whom nobody made a greater mark in the history of fox-hunting during his long and successful career as a Master of Hounds. For nearly half a century he hunted what was then called the Osberton country, which included the north of Notts, a piece of Yorkshire, the north-eastern part of Derbyshire, and the whole of 'the Dukery.' In 1844 or '45 he was compelled to give up the hounds from loss of sight, and they were sold to Lord Scarborough. His son having in vain tried to recover the possession of them, accepted in 1871, on the retirement of Mr. Henry Chaplin, the offer of the best half of the Burton country—a country that had especial associations for him, as having been hunted for a brief interval by his father—when Sir Richard Sutton was incapacitated from taking the field by an accident—and in which he had had (1827–28) some wonderful sport.

Born in 1830, Mr. Foljambe was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. Fond of all sports from his boyhood, he has proved himself in his maturer years one of the best sportsmen in the country. He is an excellent judge of hounds, especially of their work, and is very critical, like his father before him. His own

pack, bred almost exclusively from the best blood in the late Mr. Foljambe's kennels, has given six real good seasons' sport out of the seven he has been Master, and that the old blood has not deteriorated was shown by his 'Alice' taking the Cup at the Yorkshire Hound Show at Skipton, beating all the crack kennels. Mr. Foljambe is emphatically a good landlord, being one of the first to remit rents when the present bad times commenced. Very popular with all classes, his hunting in Lincolnshire is much regretted in his own county, though no one can wonder at his liking the former. He is a very good shot, and he has a capital breed of shorthorns, also of Clumber spaniels, the best in the county—or rather we ought to say the country—for if Clumbers are not in Nottinghamshire, where are they to be found?

Mr. Foljambe, who has sat for East Retford since 1857, married in 1856 Lady Gertrude Emily, the eldest daughter of the third Earl of Gosford, and we may add that his son inherits his father's love of sport, and will, no doubt, prove a worthy upholder of an old and honoured name.

DEAR 'BAILY,'

I have to thank the (to me) unknown contributor of the interesting article 'Concerning the Capercailzie' in your November magazine for his suggestion, which I have endeavoured to carry out in the following lines. How far I have succeeded in doing justice to a theme which certainly possesses many poetical features, I must leave your readers to judge.

THE 'COCK OF THE WOODS.'

'The king shall have his ain again.'

IN Caledon's wild, where the heatherbell rings
 To each honeyed flutter of 'murmurous wings';
 Where the cold blue of ether is shaded to grey
 As it melts in the misty horizon away;
 Where purple and green are the garb of the hills,
 And silver their seaming of musical rills—
 The lullaby whisper of forests and floods
 First soothed in his cradle the Cock of the Woods.

And there—in the pinewood that borders the loch
 (An evergreen girdle high rooted in rock),
 Brown carpeted deep with its plumes as they fall,
 And cones that a resinous odour exhale,
 Uncheer'd by the sunshine, unvisited by the rain,
 The glory and pride of a castled domain,
 From sources of Tay stretching numberless roods—
 Is thy chartered dominion, dark Cook of the Woods.

With crash like the tempest he breaks from o'erhead,
 Disdaining the mazes of covert to thread;
 Borne high through the open like lightning he flies,
 Like thunderbolt falls, and like hero he dies,
 With talon and beak ever fronting the foe,
 And eye with the fire of resentment aglow;
 Like death-stricken tiger in fiercest of moods
 So fights for his life the game Cock of the Woods.

Too long have pretenders disputed thy claim
 To a rightful succession, the kingship of game:
 The ptarmigan's call from his eerie of snow
 The red grouse defiantly answers below;
 To sable marauders of corn in the shock
 His challenge afar crows the sentinel cock;
 But panic and flight seize the renegade broods,
 When they list to thy 'larum, dread Cock of the Woods.

Go, spread thy dark pinions o'er mountain and lake,
 Thy long-cherished home in Breadalbane forsake,
 Thy vassal estate for a sceptre exchange,
 From highland to island a colonist range;
 Exulting in freedom of forest and air,
 To the haunts of thy fathers from exile repair,
 (Like Ithaca's chief to his gods and his goods);
 And reign king for ever, proud Cock of the Woods.

AMPHION.

CORKEY AND BLOWER BROWN ON THE BRAIN.

I HAVE been suffering from Corkey and Blower Brown on the brain very pleasantly for the last seventy-two hours, it being exactly that length of time since I strolled in to see the great walking match at 'the new Astley's Circus,' as they call the Agricultural Hall now, and about fifteen hours since the competitors walked round in procession amidst the cheers of certainly fifteen, and probably twenty thousand people, who were present at the finish at about eight o'clock on Saturday evening. I have now before my eyes a vision of the largest crowd I ever saw, well within view, together in any building since the opening of the Exhibition in 1851; there is in my ears a constant roar like the roar of the sea, as the competitors appeared at different points before their admirers. I have a pleasant impression that fair play was the ruling principle of the extraordinary contest, and the only disagreeable reminiscence I have of the entertainment is aching eyeballs, and a feeling of having a tight piece of whipcord tied across my forehead owing to the diabolical electric light; and if any one wants to enjoy the sensation let him sit at a window and stare the sun at mid-day right in the face for an hour.

This cannot be prejudice, as I observe that Professor Tidy makes the same complaint in the 'Times' of Saturday, November 2nd, and the correspondent of the 'Sporting Life' puts forward precisely a similar protest, and says that the press] quite agreed with an outsider who suggested that they should kick over the meter. It is always very well for Boards and Companies to adopt any new invention, but they have no right to cause an annoyance and hurt your health.

Now, about this walking and running match at Islington, what good was it? what harm did it do? and what was it? The third question might have come first, 'and what was it?' is answered very simply. It was an open competition for men of all nations to see who would cover most ground on their feet by running, walking, or trotting, between 12 P.M. on Sunday night, or rather Monday morning, 28th October, and 12 o'clock on Saturday, November 2nd.

What good did it do? The result has been to show that fair play, good temper, and endurance exist in England now as strongly as ever.

What harm did it do? That is a question for the general public to *prove*.

And these questions introduce us, *i.e.* the readers of this magazine and their humble servant, to a specimen of the genus 'Cad,' one of those whose blatant, rubbishy utterances, begotten by ignorance out of conceit, do so much harm in 'merrie England,' by perverting the minds of weak people who listen to them. One of this very class, on my remarking that I had been with a friend to see the contest at the Agricultural Hall, and was agreeably disappointed, turned round in a public room with a good 'Exeter Hall' sneer, and remarked, 'I should like to see the whole lot on the treadmill, including the fellow who professes to be, and I believe is, a baronet.'

Did you ever know what a fair counter, with an upper cut to follow, is, Mr. Baily, either as donor or recipient? Were you ever kicked violently in the stomach by a donkey, when a boy, after eating largely of gooseberry pudding, as I once was? Did you ever see me angry and speaking hurriedly when I know that I am in the right, and some one is running some one else down? If you can recall the expression of the sufferer's countenance under any of these circumstances, it was much the expression of my friend the self-righteous orator, when, after getting a negative to a simple question, 'Do you know Sir John Astley or anything about him?' I opened my fire pretty much thus. [I can afford to say this, I think, Mr. Baily, as you never knew me tuft-hunting or buttering up any one in your magazine; but although not personally acquainted with the worthy baronet, as a Wiltshireman I stuck up for my brother Moonraker.] 'What on earth do you know about it? Why, nearly thirty years ago, in the years 1840-54, at any time when the Scots Fusiliers were in Wellington Barracks, I used to see, before the Crimean war, all the roughs in Westminster on one another's shoulders, and looking through the railings of the barracks at rows of hurdles, over which soldiers were racing, or flat-races going on, or athletics of some kind,

'promoted, aided, and abetted by a young officer who was named 'throughout the Eton world wherever the British standard is, flying and 'wherever the sun (which, by-the-by, never sets on the Briton's might) 'is shining, as "Jigger Astley." This young officer, anticipating the 'tardy action of Government in training soldiers to athletics, was the 'promoter of all manly sports in the army; was champion runner of 'the British army; ran all comers at Scutari, and beat them too; 'raced into the battery at the Alma; was shot through the neck; 'was sent home invalided, and got recruits for the Guards from his 'father's estate and elsewhere, and now is anxious to see what strong 'men can go through, and to promote fair play in pedestrianism, 'which has been dragged through the mud too often by low sporting 'men (?) and maligners like yourself. That is the man you are 'abusing,' I added, 'not even knowing his native county, or the 'title of his family! Do, for heaven's sake, talk of something you 'know about for the future!'

I fear my oration and hurried utterance left the cad a cad still, as he is of a class who believe that carriages, horses, plate, an unctuous smile, and running ahead of the parson by two or three words in loud repetition of the responses in Church, or dropping behind the curate with an 'Amen' a little after his, like a second barrel or an echo, make him a man of consequence. He is one of those who, before low pews were instituted, was the kind of man to say his opening prayer in his hat—which pantomime was always supposed to be a sign of a heavy banker's account, and who delights to shake hands with a very low Church dignitary with an ear-to-ear grin like a Cheshire cat.

Seriously, contests of the Agricultural Hall class must be judged by themselves; and they are utterly valueless unless promoted by men of high honour and known position, who have the power and the will to support fair play and aid all honest fellows, no matter of how humble a position, and also the power to crush any man who is caught cheating in any way.

Doubtless at this present moment Sir John Dugdale Astley has absolute control over the pedestrian world, and enjoys their confidence as much as Lord Shaftesbury and Lady Burdett Coutts have with the costermongers and poor of London. Just as the promoters of the ring of the upper classes were almost all good boxers themselves, and the pugilists believed in them, so it is with the pedestrians, as they know that Sir John Astley was a good performer himself, and does not ask them to do anything which he would not have done; and they know perfectly well that if they join in public contests, and go straight, they will always find friends in him and his party.

Now let us turn to the contest. The public can see all particulars in any sporting papers of the week ending November 2nd, and in all the weekly papers, too, and I am going here simply to enumerate without any scientific remarks—for I do not understand pedestrianism—what struck me in two visits, one from 3 o'clock till 8.30 on

the Thursday, and the other from 3 o'clock till the finish on Saturday, November 2nd; premising my remarks by stating that there have been so many rank sells in pedestrianism, in racing, in rowing, and in public racket matches, when supported by second-rate sporting men, so called, or by the most odious class of all, flash publicans, whose gin is vitriol, and their beer *cocculus indicus*, that I do not often go to anything except a cricket match.

I wonder if there *is* any one who has not heard of the celebrated steeplechase when three only started and all had sold the race. On the chance of a new listener or two, here goes. A, B, and C rode, and all fell at the last fence apparently stunned, or dead, and were surrounded by their friends.

'Are you badly hurt, old fellow,' asked A's friends?

'Leave me alone, you fool,' was the reply, 'it ain't my journey.'

'Jump up,' shouted B's friends, 'we've caught your horse.'

'Let me bide and tell C to ride in,' said B.

'Now is your time, C, old boy,' said his 'pals' (a charming slang word that 'pals'); 'A and B have broke their blooming necks.'

'How can I?' said C; 'my orders are *last*, no matter if I broke the horse's neck or my own; and I fell a-purpose.'

On the Thursday the scale hung evenly balanced between Corkey, a little spare man, who might have been named Trotty Veck, for a jog trot was his great proclivity; and Blower Brown, a sturdy thick-set man, somewhat of the Tom Sayers type, though three stone lighter, a determined solid walker; Rowell, also a firm, well-made, middle-weight man, who astonished his backers by getting third place; Hibbert, a tall, thin, powerful walker, with a great stride; and Weston, in favour of whose lasting powers many expressed an opinion. Corkey, who kept ahead, almost without exception, helped all the others who were prominent men in the race, as much as himself, as his tactics seemed to be by sheer endurance to keep the ruck out and to cut every one else down; for as soon as a fresh comer after his rest, food, and bath, appeared sailing along with a bold stride, Corkey was after him 'trot, trot, trot,' about a yard behind, until he reduced his foe to a moderate walk, when he would drop into a walk himself too. In the same way he waited on Blower Brown, and if Brown took it into his head to run, Corkey would run too. Then again, some one or more of those who were behind took it into their heads to run, and some others, as if stung by a gad-fly, started running too; and the same with spurting. It seemed that no one could cut out a pace for himself without some one or more doing the same. Everything was done in the most perfect good-humour, and to all appearance—and as I verily believe—without the semblance even of unfair play; they passed one another fairly, without hustling or incommoding, and very often too, when holding their own, walked side by side and had a friendly chat.

The trial of stamina, and temper, and endurance must have been very severe, as from a most graphic and amusing account of the night's work in the 'Sporting Life,' the loneliness, the cold, and the

foggy atmosphere on more than one occasion must have been most depressing to the performers and also to the reporters, one of whom is described as adorning himself with a thick coat, a greatcoat, an Ulster, and an outer case of endless newspapers tied round him with string; and the telegraph men, whose duty it was to put up the score every hour, were described as having the only comfort which the rich publican vouchsafed to the shivering mutes who were outside his house waiting for a funeral, which was, *full leave and license to jump about and keep themselves warm*. On the Saturday, after Weston's break-down on Friday, Corkey, Brown, Rowell, and Hibbert were certain almost for the first four places, and to a great extent they walked after each other in procession, like a row of mourners without a corpse, though suddenly one or the other would start off for a run or a spurt. But the interest did not flag, as several who were out of the first places showed wonderful pluck and determination, amongst others noticeably Pellett, a tall slim Kent man, who walked and ran very well, and Day, a stout awkward-looking man, but untiring walker, stuck to his work with undaunted courage in order to cover four hundred miles. Ennis, an American, the finest man of the lot to look at, with a handsome, good-tempered face, showed very fine form, and Howes, a well-known champion walker, whose performances are world known, about 6 o'clock on Saturday undertook for a wager to walk fair toe and heel six and a half miles within the hour, and I had it on the very best authority that one of the aristocratic supporters put him on ten pounds to nothing. It was pleasant to see how all the men who were in the match kept the inner track clear for Howes, and astonishing as it may sound, he walked the distance in 52 minutes and 29 seconds, and I am delighted to say that the occupants of the reserved two-shilling gallery 'borrowed his hat' after he completed his task, and that it was returned to him so full that it was more convenient to him to carry the spoil to his tent before putting on his hat again. It was a wonderful feat for a man who had been on his legs since the Saturday previously, and who had covered 360 miles at least; and to show that there was life in the old dog yet, he had a long spurt with Ennis, the American, afterwards, at a tremendous walking pace. After Corkey had wiped out O'Leary's marks by travelling 521 miles against O'Leary's recorded 520 miles and a half, which were done in a longer time, he marched round the hall carrying a bouquet, amidst the cheers of the restless multitude; and not very long after Brown, who had done his 502 miles, surpassing Weston's performances in England, made his circuit, with two bouquets, one in each hand, and received a similar ovation, and afterwards, at his leisure, made up his 506. It was clear now that it would be cruelty to prolong the contest, as the places of the first four were certain, and it was evident that matters were coming to an end; and by mutual agreement, I suppose, the thirteen out of twenty-three who survived the trial walked round and received the English welcome they deserved, and to all appearances none of them

were severely distressed. As regards the men themselves too much praise cannot be given to them for pluck, perseverance, and energy, and for sparing no effort to amuse the public by *bonâ fide* demonstration of their art, and their admirable good-humour and fair play; and I have no doubt that they were in the hands of those who would see them properly rewarded, and placed above the world.

As regards the spectators, it was a grand sight from the reserved area within the ropes, for which five shillings were charged for admission, and which formed a very pleasant promenade, with ample room, probably about 140 yards long by 50 yards across, to see the whole of the space outside the running ground within the barriers, and the galleries above, and all the staircases packed with human beings, as thick as bees in a hive, six and seven deep, and to hear the roar of the multitude as the different favourites passed by, I have seen, as I said before, nothing like it since the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

The Inspector of Police told me that he never saw a more orderly crowd, and that he was surprised that they did not make a rush over the barriers and get into the centre, which was comparatively empty, as the police would have been powerless against them, as they did not number one to five hundred probably. On the whole the affair was thoroughly English, a wonderful demonstration of British pluck and endurance, a great treat to the spectators, and doubtless a great boon to the competitors.

All great feats of courage and endurance which are carried out solely by training and self-denial are good things in these sotting, discontented, grumbling days; and I firmly believe that if, instead of prosecuting men for glove-fighting, a decisive trial of skill with gloves, licensed and stamped by the police authorities, were allowed in buildings licensed to a responsible committee for the purpose, and placed under the surveillance of the police, so that the crowd should be compelled to behave as decently as in a theatre, under such circumstances they would be made to understand that blackguard language is not essential to manly sport, and that if they persisted in their blasphemous and filthy slang they would be put out. It would require very strong measures, but we might take a leaf out of the late lamented Mr. Phelps's book, who, when he took Sadler's Wells and the roughs had a trial of strength with him, beat them by having some turned out and others summoned before the magistrate and fined for blasphemous and filthy language. To make the thing a success, it must be supported by the upper ten who inaugurate walking tournaments such as the one which I have described, and holding and throwing must be wholly disallowed. Many of the very class who come to see the walking are just the people who want to learn the lesson that blackguardism is intolerable, and that the fist is the Englishman's weapon; and if I were a judge I would give every one of the knife gentlemen penal servitude for attempt to murder, and have them well flogged too. Let squeamish

humanitarians picture to themselves a poor fellow with a wife and family, with his cheek slashed open, or a gash in his side from some ruffian's knife, all for a quarrel over a pot of beer, which might have been settled in five minutes. The late Governor of Newgate told me that if the garotters and street ruffians could only see their friends under the cat, without the sympathy of a living creature, it would make them think twice before they perpetrated their cruel outrages.

Since writing the above I went to see the last evening of the second walking tournament, so called. It was a miserable affair compared with the first, the pleasantest feature about it being the admirable walking of a young fellow of the name of Norman, who, though not doing any great distance, was training for a fifty-mile match. Roughts were carrying the hat round to get money for some of the Northern men for railway tickets home, and the whole affair, on the face of it, was not supported by gentlemen. I had a long talk with Corkey, Brown, and W. Howes, through the medium of a celebrated character, who introduced himself to me as a native of my parish and uncle of one of our best cricketers deceased.

It is not often that you meet a man who has been steeplechase rider, jockey, coachman, runner and walker, who is fifty-four years of age, and drives an omnibus from half-past eight A.M. to half-past twelve at night, walks six miles every morning before starting, was struck by lightning, paralysed for some months, and lost an eye through it, and who is now open to run any man of his age in England from fifty to three hundred yards for from ten pounds to a hundred. Such, however, was my Mentor; and, besides his many accomplishments, is a very nice-spoken, intellectual companion. Corkey told me that he is forty-five, and that he only lost two pounds during the match, scaling eight stone two at starting, and weighing eight stone at the finish. He said that he relied on his power to do without sleep, four hours in the twenty-four sufficing; that he worked at his trade as a riveter till within a fortnight of the match, and having no one with money behind him, his wife trained him. He said he was very tired afterwards, but he had made up his mind from the first to win. He was very modest about his own performances. Brown, who is a brickmaker, thirty-five years old, told me that he gained two pounds in the week, scaling eight stone eight at starting and winding up at eight stone ten. Beyond blistered feet he did not suffer. Howes, who only walked some 370 miles but who did the six miles and a half in 52 minutes 29 seconds, after walking three hundred and sixty miles, said that he got up on the Sunday morning after the match and was out at nine o'clock, as well as if he had done nothing. All these spoke very modestly about their great exertions; though there is not much doubt that had not Vaughan met with an accident to his leg he would have been a very dangerous competitor.

I also had a long conversation with Simon Foughtly, ex-champion of the light weights, and he told me, that if noblemen and gentlemen

would support boxing again, he and his order would be the first to assist them in making the entertainments respectable; and he spoke very sensibly about the effeminacy of the present age, and said when he was taken with some others to Paris, some 'young swells' took them round to see Paris by night, and that a very little of it went a great way, and that he was Englishman enough to cut it and take a cab and go home. He is not the only man who thinks that a great deal which goes on on the stage at some theatres and music-halls is far more demoralising than a fistic tournament well conducted; for if the company are rough, they learn what is the reward of courage and fair play. 'What charming society!' Young England may say: 'an omnibus-driver, three running men, and a prizefighter were F. G.'s companions.' Ah! my friend Young England, if you would really occasionally mix with and know members of the odd million or so who do not cross your path unless you seek them out, it would take some of the conceit out of you and do you good. This world is tilting up a good deal every day and will tilt up a great deal further some fine morning; and the future will prove whether those who know their fellow-men of all classes about them, will be amongst those who will swim or sink: there will not be Mr. Gladstone's 'third course' open, and the option will be confined to two things only.

The second 'Pedestrian Sports,' so called, appeared to die out soon after ten o'clock, the comic features being, (1) one of the competitors who had sprained his ankle, a Scotchman, going round with a hat for subscriptions for money, for *what* do you think, Mr. Bailly? —to take him back to his own country; (2) a remark (omitting adjecting adjectives and substantives) by a gentleman in corduroys ornamented with dogs' heads and fighting-cock buttons, as to the honesty of some running man, 'that he lived in the same court with 'him, and that he would sell his own mother for a "deuce";' (3) the stolid business-like walking of a stout proprietor of a ham and beef shop, a bluff, good-tempered looking man, not thirsting for fame or victory, who was taking down his fat, by medical advice.

Weston, a very gentlemanly-looking man in private life, who might have been taken for a High-Church archdeacon, *minus* his shovel-hat and apron, and who was walking on two sticks, said that the match was over; the roughs—some of whom were the very scum of the earth—got over the barriers, expecting a speech, which they did not get; the winner did not show up; the ten miles' running match was a sell; and all went home with the impression that the game was played out, and that threepence for admission would have been a long price for what we saw.

Mitcham.

F. G.

V. W. H.

INSCRIBED, BY PERMISSION, TO THE EARL AND COUNTESS
OF SHANNON.

O SEND me a mount from a thoroughbred Poet,
No heavy-topped hack with its blundering toes,
And I'd pull me together, and gaily I'd go it,
Best pace, for this once, though oft-troubled with slows—
Don't halloa too soon—let him first get away well,
The scent may be ticklish, though certain the course,
But I'll wager my whip, if not headed, 'twill stay well,
This toast I propose of the Vale of White Horse!

Each hunt has a 'country,' some 'cream' to allure you,
The 'plough' that is saved by a sweet bit of green,
Or woodlands, if endless, that sometimes secure you
A fox for 'the best run wot ever was seen!'
But I give you a slice of this cheery old Glo'ster,
And trust to your hearts to receive it with force,
As a union of all that is best we will toast her,
As good as you'd wish for, the Vale of White Horse!

Away with discussion, and fairly divide it,
The south side for hunting, the walls for a burst,
Whether settler or alien, none can decide it,
So tender a question as which is the first!
Yet I frankly admit that if ever I've prayed on
My best nag to sit, from wood, spinney, or gorse,
'Tis over that wild sporting district of Braydon,
Unsurpassed, in or out of, the Vale of White Horse!

Oh! would 'twere more easy for me, just beginning,
Of folk, as of country, the praises to sing,
But I'd surely be guilty of desperate sinning,
Should I chance any unit to a cipher to bring!
Still, a 'health' must be 'linked' to be properly supple!
You fly to my challenge, each note to endorse,
When I loyally name the most popular couple—
My Lord and my Lady—with the Vale of White Horse!

A RIVER-SIDE SKETCH.

SOME time ago I chanced to be staying in a country house, in one of those pleasant parts of England which inspired Charles Kingsley with his amusing paper called 'Chalk-Stream Studies,' which assertion will be enough to define the locality as being in the south rather than the north. It was a country much affected by the disciples of honest Izaak Walton, for although the stream which watered it was neither very large nor very magnificent, it had such a reputation for trout as is seldom accorded to more important rivers. In fact, the people of Hammerton, the little village adjacent, were exceedingly fond of their stream, and rejoiced in it as not only a source of pleasure but profit also, for many a fisherman came to the snug little inn and made it his home for days, while he fished the adjacent waters, the squire, at whose house I had the good fortune to be staying, being exceedingly liberal, and never refusing a proper appeal for leave to fish.

We had finished dinner one fine summer evening and were enjoying the cool breeze beneath the shade of the fine old elms on the lawn, whose foliage just served to keep off the rays of the fast-setting sun, when the footman came with a message that Doublegrip, the keeper, wished to speak with the squire. Now, Mr. Doublegrip was a great man, a very great man indeed, and very methodical, and we all felt sure that something quite out of the common must have happened to cause him to leave his comfortable cottage and walk at least a mile and a half at that time in the evening to see the squire, when there was a great chance of his meeting him in his rounds the next morning, or a certainty of finding him at home by starting on them a little earlier. Nothing less than that he had heard of the advent of a whole regiment of poachers coming to sweep his coverts that very night, and had therefore walked over to organise means for their capture, at first crossed our minds, until the recollection that the shooting season was a month or two off, and that if poachers stole the game there would be no market for it, brought relief, and real relief it was to me, for I knew the squire came of a fighting family, and would be little likely to keep out of the fray should an attempt be made to harry his preserves, and in that case, small as is my love for a broken head, I could not have done less than serve as a volunteer. However, as it proved, it was a much less dangerous affair to be taken in hand, for Mr. Doublegrip having been requested to step round on to the lawn, and having doffed his hat, salaamed to the ladies, wiped his brow with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief, replaced his tile, thrust one hand deeply into his breeches pocket, firmly grasped his stick with the other, and stuck it into the lawn with a force that would have made the gardener stand aghast had he been present, said, 'If you please, sir, I have come 'across to tell you as how I ham sure there is an hotter up our

'water,' and then, drawing himself up, looked as if he dared the world at large to doubt his information.

'An otter, Doublegrip!' said the squire. 'Dear me, what can induce you to think that? Why, I have not heard of an otter in these parts for years, and I believe that the one stuffed in the hall, killed in my grandfather's time, was the last ever heard of.'

'Very likely, sir; but you may take my word for it there's one here now.'

'Have you seen him, or has any one seen him?'

'No, I have not, sir, but as I was coming up the long meadow this morning I saw his track,' as he called the seal, 'and I found half a small fish just on the edge of the reeds.'

'Well, that looks very like it,' rejoined the squire. 'Now, what do you propose to do?'

'Why, hunt him of course, papa,' broke in Master Charley, the young hopeful of the family. 'I'll take Nettle and Trimmer, and mamma must bring Bob and Jack' (Skye terriers), 'and Emily must go with Selim' (Selim was a King Charles spaniel, and Emily, his owner, an elder sister), 'and then Doublegrip can have the Clumbers—can't you, Dubby—and old Ponto; no, we won't have Ponto, he's a brute and won't run scent after a rabbit, so I'm sure he's no use; and then John shall go and tell Farmer Binder to come with his beagles, and the blacksmith can bring his bull-terrier; and, oh! yes, we *must* have old Jack, the ratcatcher, with his three dogs; and I'll have the spear that's over the mantelpiece in the gun-room, that you say was picked up on Edge Hill, and I'll lend Emily my leaping pole, and she can make the blacksmith put a spike into it if she likes, and then just won't we have fun, and no mistake. Now, Dubby, just you go and see to getting the dogs at once.'

'Gently, young man, gently; yours is a very offhand way of arranging matters,' said the Squire, patting his son's head; 'but I really think we might hunt him, if you are sure there is no mistake, Doublegrip, for we must not call all these people together for nothing.'

'No fear of that, sir, my eyes ain't gone yet, and if there arn't an otter, why, I've been keeper and watcher, man and boy, for thirty years for nothing, and if I am deceived, you tell me I don't know my business, and send me off without a character.'

'Very well, then see as many of the people as you can to-night, and if they can come and bring their dogs let us meet at the lower bridge as soon after daylight as possible to-morrow morning.'

'Hurrah!' shouted young hopeful, 'what a jolly lark, Emily! You shall wear the old trooper's boots, and you won't get wet, and then when you walk across the river this thing of yours must swim,' at the same time catching up Selim by the ear, who howled most piteously, until his mistress did battle on his behalf and released him. 'Oh! won't he howl if the otter gets a grip of him? and I advise you to look out Nettle does not fix him in the water, or she's sure to drown him. I may be huntsman—mayn't I, father?—

‘and have your horn, and I have a good mind to ride Bruce, only he always tries to lie down in the water, and I think I could do better on foot.’

‘Yes, you walk, as we all shall, you’ll want no horse; and now get to bed, or you will never be up in time;’ and so the young gentleman was at length started, though still under protest, as he wished to stay until the keeper returned, and hear whether there really would be a hunt or not.

As luck would have it, all could attend at the time named, and so Doublegrip having certified that fact and had a private interview with the butler, which, to judge by his appearance, was not altogether necessary, as he had not made a dry-lipped pilgrimage through the village, disappeared also; and we all turned in early, in order, as Venator said, to be present to-morrow at the bridge to ‘prevent the sun rising.’

The grey light was stealing across the horizon the next morning, as a loud rap at my door announced that some one was astir, and early as the hour was John came with the accessories for a tub, and having invigorated myself with that, and descended to the breakfast-room, I found, moreover, that not only was the squire about, but his charming wife also, with Miss Emily and the hope of the house, whom all the paternal eloquence could scarcely persuade from appropriating the Edge Hill lance. Coffee was ready, and a few light viands, in order, as our host said, to fortify us against the early mists in the meadows, and this being quickly despatched, away we went for the lower bridge, with Nell and Trimmer, rare fox terriers, and the Skyes, though I need not add that Selim was left safely housed against death by drowning.

A short walk brought us to the bridge crossing a little stream in a narrow valley, with corn-crowned hills rising from it on each side. Early as we were, and the sun was but half showing over the distant hill, the clergyman and his wife were there before us; though we noticed, that although he owned some capital Dandy Dinmonts, they were absent.

‘Ah, Mrs. Grant,’ said the squire, ‘you are before us in all good actions; and fond as the rector is of throwing a line, I do not wonder at it this morning; but where are the terriers we reckoned on, Sandy and Charlie?’

‘They have never been entered to otter,’ replied the worthy parson; ‘and I could not let the old blood disgrace itself; besides, they are a little quarrelsome amongst strange dogs, and it is not the parson’s place to bring dissension amongst his flock.’

Farmer Binder then made his appearance with three couple and a half of beagles, the blacksmith with his bull terrier in a string, the carpenter with a basket of tools at his back, taking the meet *en route* on his way to patch up an old shed, which might have remained until the next March winds blew it down, had it not happened that the projected otter hunt caused him to think that he might be paid for going a mile and a half out of his way and see a bit of sport,

under pretence of restoring it. Then came the village publican, and the ratcatcher with his pack, both of them smelling suspiciously of rum and milk; another farmer or two, and, finally, Mr. Doublegrip, looking as if his rest had been disturbed far too early for comfort, after his evening's mission, but full of importance as ever, and anxious to take all the honour of the proceeding on himself.

'I think, sir, we had better beat up stream,' said he, touching his cap; 'as it was in the mud just above here that I saw the "hotter's" track yesterday morning.'

'Very well,' said the squire; and his son and heir, jumping over the stile which led into the meadows, commenced using all the hound language of which he was master to induce his motley pack to draw. A very choice vocabulary he had; and one might have imagined that one of the huntsmen of the old school, when science was supposed to consist principally in noise, and men were chosen as much for their power of lung as any other quality, was cheering on his hounds to the drag of a fox. Somehow the dogs did not quite seem to understand what was expected of them; Master Charles's Nell and Trimmer commenced a vigorous search for water-rats, and his mother's Skyes made rather warm work for a moorhen; but the beagles slunk along with their tails between their legs, and looked ashamed of being out so early with no definite object; the ratcatcher's dogs were soon on to a rabbit in a neighbouring hedge, which he deftly contrived, with the aid of a stout stick accurately aimed, to knock over and transfer to his capacious pockets; while the blacksmith's bull terrier evinced a very decided wish to slay the lot, could she have got loose. Things went on in this manner for a time, until Mr. Doublegrip came on 'the track of the hotter,' as he called it, when, going forward, he very carefully pointed it out, and showed the remains of the dead fish which were still there. A slight overflow of the river had in some measure washed out the impression, but none of us were old hands enough at the sport to give a definite opinion on the subject until the parson came up, when, having very carefully examined it, he said: 'The impression is scarcely clear enough now for me to give a decided opinion; but I should say, that *is not* the seal of an otter.'

'Then how about the dead fish, sir?' somewhat angrily rejoined Doublegrip. 'I don't know of any animals as eats fish, unless it is 'hotters.' As I have said, Doublegrip was a very big man, and his wroth was in proportion to his consequence. 'The hidear,' he said, 'of that parson a-setten hisself hup to know the track of a 'hotter'; its ridiculus; he'd a deal better stick to his schools and his 'preachens.'

'What should he know about sport?' joined in the blacksmith, who, being a drunken, lazy brute himself, had no affection for an energetic clergyman who told his flock of their faults in very plain language.

'Here, look here!' shouted the keeper; 'some of you fellows get

'in, and beat about the banks ; we'll very soon see if it's a hotter's track or not. I knows as he's in these reeds, and we'll find 'un.'

'Ay, and kill 'un too ; leastwise if my bitch once gets a grip on 'un,' joined in the blacksmith.

Strange to say, they had not gone far in the reeds ere Nettle and Trimmer opened on the line of something, and the Skyes soon joined them, though the beagles put their tails down closer than ever, and would have nothing to say to it. Young hopeful cheered them on in true foxhunting style, until there was quite a merry chorus. The parson looked as if he could not quite understand it ; he was a borderer, and having been in at the death of many an otter, was puzzled at dogs which had never been regularly entered to the sport opening on the line.

Mr. Doublegrip was bigger than ever. 'Ah !' said he, 'I knew we should find him, if we only went into it with a will. Cheer 'em on, Master Charley ; we'll make it hot for him. You look out below there, carpenter, and see he don't slip back over that shallow. Mr. Binder, may be if you'd take them shy little dogs of yours on to the other shallow above, they'd hunt if they caught a view ; at any rate you'd see if he was for'ard, and could give us a holloa.'

All these directions were complied with, and the fun grew faster than ever in the reeds ; Master Charley got on the edge of a deep waterway, and missing his footing in the excitement of the moment, went in head over heels, and making a grab at his sister Emily's dress would have had her in on the top of him in four feet of water, had she not luckily grasped a rail and saved herself. Then the blacksmith, thinking a worry was at hand, loosed his bitch, who immediately flew at the throat of one of the ratcatcher's dogs, and a terrific combat ensued. 'Kick them into the waterway, and they 'will soon part,' shouted some one ; and the idea was no sooner promulgated than acted on ; but directly the young squire's Nettle saw a tumult in the water she plunged into the row like an Irishman at Donnybrook fair, and soon having the bull terrier fast by the throat, got her under water, and would have drowned her had not help been at hand ; while the ratcatcher's dog, worried and crippled, was pulled out with scarce a spark of life in him. Whereupon that worthy at once challenged the son of Vulcan to mortal combat, and proceeded to divest himself of his clothing then and there, to avenge his wrongs. It required all the authority of the squire and the parson to quell the riot, and even they would scarcely have succeeded had not another chorus come from the reeds ; these were interspersed with low bushes and willows, and a rare row and racket there was within them ; all the dogs appeared for the time to have laid aside their mutual grievances and concluded to take their wrongs out of the unfortunate animal they were hunting. The excitement was intense ; the squire, up to his middle in water, was waiting for a view. Our fair hostess being on the wrong side the stream boldly dashed into the shallows

and waded across, though her coats were not 'kirtled aboon her 'knee.' Even Mr. Doublegrip condescended to go in over his 'highlows' to examine a small hole under a bush where nothing larger than a shrew mouse could by any possibility have entered. As he stooped down the cry, which the beagles had now joined, drew towards him, and the very next minute something leaped from the bush right on to his back, and making that the fulcrum for another spring was away; but so taken by surprise was the worthy keeper that he was overturned into the water, and came up pale and dripping, declaring that he 'never knowed hotters was such venomous things as to get into trees and come out at anybody like that.' After this he prudently kept in the background with the carpenter and others less enthusiastic.

'By Jove, we must kill him, if he does not get away,' exclaimed the squire; 'he can never stand this long, as the reeds shook for yards with the furious driving of the pack.'

'I can't imagine what you are hunting. I wish I could get a view; I am sure it's not an otter,' replied the parson.

'It must be; but we shall soon know.'

About one hundred and fifty yards from the stream stood the ruins of an old chapel on the side nearest the mansion, and towards it the cry in the reed bed appeared now to tend. In fact, if ever a lot of curs and mongrels ran hard these did, and it was pretty certain that the foremost of them must be almost in view; so that there was a general rush to the landward side of the reeds, which were broad and bordered by an osier holt, cut a year or two before, of some acre in extent. Quickly as all made for the other side, the passage of pursued and pursuer had been still quicker, and the squire, his son, and the parson gained the edge just in time to see a mad rush across the open towards the ruins. 'Whoo-hoop,' shouted they, as a long-legged mongrel of the ratcatcher's, half lurcher and half terrier, ran into something, and the next minute there was a stifled worry, that told of life sold dearly and gallant defence against fearful odds.

The scene as the ladies came up, and the carcase of the hunted animal was rescued from its enemies, I shall never forget. 'My poor cat!' almost screamed our hostess; 'my tortoiseshell tom, that has won prizes at the Crystal Palace, and all the best shows in the country; how can it possibly have happened?'

Alas! it was too true: cats, like others, do not always know when they are well off, and the prize Grimalkin had developed a taste for fish poaching, all the dainties he was fed with notwithstanding. Mr. Doublegrip happened, unfortunately, to see his track, proclaimed him 'a hotter,' and death was the result. Loud was the laugh of the parson, when his wife had led our hostess away from the to her sad scene with womanly instinct, and deep the chagrin of the mighty keeper. In fact, he gave warning on the spot, and his kind master was able, ere long, to get him a place far away, where the account of this misadventure was

little likely to penetrate. As to the squire, although he con-
doled with his wife over the fate of her favourite, I have private
reasons for believing he was very glad of what had happened,
for he looked on cats as brutes kept by people specially for the
annoyance of their neighbours, except at farm buildings, and often
said he could not understand why a man should pay and be answer-
able for the action of a dog, while his neighbours may turn as many
cats as they liked loose to wander over the face of the earth and
annoy other people with impunity. However, it was a joke in
the neighbourhood for months afterwards, probably still is, how we
hunted and killed the prize cat, and from that day to this it would
be a bold man who ventured to say he had seen the seal of an otter
within the boundaries of the village of Hammerton. Many may
doubt the fact of a cat's catching and eating fish, but I could give
another instance where a nearly similar occurrence took place, and I
believe that, much as the feline race object to wetting their feet,
they are great fish-destroyers if they once take to that kind of
poaching.

N.

THE GROUSE HARVEST.

AFTER the 10th not a gun will be raised against the grouse; from
that day till the 12th of August 1879 they will be left to the soli-
tude of the moors and the pitiless storms of winter. But before the
10th—long, indeed, before that day—grouse-shooting virtually ter-
minates for the season. The sport is, in fact, too hot while it con-
tinues to last long. Men rush away from the great metropolis, and
the far inland glades and towns of England, to the most remote
stretches of Scottish heather—to the lone Hill-sides of Argyll or Ross-
shire—eager to reach the scene of their sport before 'the 12th,'
if possible; but in three weeks or a month this burning ardour
has cooled, and the keenest grouse-shooters of the period may be
found in the first week of September in settled tramp over their
partridge grounds; while, by the 1st of October, many even who
keep up an 'establishment' in the Highlands return to the pheasants,
and the less fatiguing sport which can be obtained in pleasant
home preserves. Some men, however, dwell on the moors all the
year round, having their household gods on the spot; but there are
others not so bound, who linger on the heather till the last moment,
determined to obtain their pound of flesh, so that on the 9th of
December, and on the 10th as well, farewell shots will be fired by
keen sportsmen ere they find it in their hearts to bid a reluctant
adieu to the scenes of their enjoyment. After the 10th, then,
the moors will be left to the remorseless rains and snows of December
and January for a few months; after which date, the vast stretches
of Scottish heather, untenanted, except here and there by a solitary
shepherd sheltered in his lonely shieling, will be silent, except when
some noisy wind-storm with maddening force dashes across them, in

wild and fitful gusts. So be it: Nature will exert her all-pervading sway, man being unable to control her terrible power. It is well, too, that the birds should be allowed a period of rest; were the sport of August's latter days to be continued in its intensity for the full tale of weeks during which it is legal to shoot Scottish moorfowl, not a single bird would be left to repeat in the future the story of its birth!

I have entitled this article 'The Grouse Harvest,' but the title must be taken *cum grano salis*; although it is my intention to bring into focus as much information as I can regarding the supply of moorfowl, especially in Scotland, which country being 'the land of the mountain and the flood,' is *par excellence* the home of that bird the killing of which excites the ambition of our greatest sportsmen; I have likewise one or two cognate topics to illustrate, the introduction of which in these pages will not be out of place. The grouse harvest, as we all know, is the product of a great number of guns—how many cannot, perhaps, be told in anything like correct figures; for the shooting *venue* is so vast, and so accessible even where it is remotest, that a population of a few thousands can scarcely be seen, in the long clear days of August, in that far north where the sun lingers in the distant horizon as if reluctant to leave the scene. The gathering of the grouse harvest can be best traced by dwelling, with an open and observant eye, at some hospitable shooting lodge, where sport, for a time, is the sole business on hand; where the ideas, however, are liberal, and where it is not thought to be a duty to 'harry' the moors, and then hurry away south, to return to that particular locality no more, because for years to come the heather will undoubtedly be barren. Let me, in imagination, carry those readers of 'Baily' who have not this year had a foot upon the heather, to the hospitable Highland home of my friend Claythorne, there to see and note the progress of the grouse harvest. Claythorne has been already introduced to the patrons of this Magazine, as the lessee of Skene Dhu Castle and the 'Glen Sporrán Shootings.' What they eat and drink in that highland residence I have already told;* and what they do in order to earn their 'commons,' I will now try to relate.

We are all early risers in Glen Sporrán, for we go early to bed, feeling that each day as it comes round cannot be too early begun. I like myself to see the heather stained with the blood of my first brace before ten o'clock; and to attain that pleasure, one has to tub it and be down to breakfast before half-past eight o'clock, seeing that a few miles must be traversed before a shot can be fired. At Skene Dhu there is no formal breakfasting, in the sense of every one waiting for his neighbour. We breakfast in twos and threes, or, at the most, fours. I am in the breakfast-room myself sharp at 8.15, and then I breakfast—breakfast in such a way as only men in the Highlands can breakfast; but—I need not recur again to the commissariat

* See article 'Sportsman's Commissariat,' in 'Baily's Magazine' for September last.

department. As a rule at Glen Sporrán, those who intend to do a day's work on the heather divide into two parties, one going one way, and one another, arranging to meet at a given place at 1.30 for luncheon; as we go in a circle, each moiety of the party thus in turn traverses some portion of the ground of the other, making a round of twelve or fourteen miles daily, and sometimes covering more space with suddenly arranged little detours when grouse become ill to find. I do not require to say what we do: we of course shoot all the birds we can raise, each man doing his best to contribute to the Castle bag—and grouse being plentiful, that bag bulks on the whole pretty largely in the calendar of the local journals, although the figures to be found in these chronicles of sport are not always reliable, as the chroniclers do not scruple at times to draw the long bow a bit in honour of the county. How many brace of grouse ought to be a fair day's work for eleven men, three keepers, two ghillies, and a couple of boys? That is the question; and as truth stands longest, I shall tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, so far as I know it. When we met at luncheon—I speak of one of the first days of the season—the men were able to lay out for the inspection of the party 199 grouse, as well as a few odd birds of all kinds, not to speak of a hare or two; and when, at about half-past five o'clock, we arrived at the keeper's house close to the Castle, we were able to display before the ladies 228 brace of birds, all told, and 60 head of what Sandy Bell, one of the keepers, calls 'miscellaneous brutes'—that was his way of designating the hares, rabbits, and various birds which we used to pick up on our rounds; not a bad day's work. Sport cannot, however, be kept up at that rate. The birds as they are hunted day by day become knowing, or they 'pack,' or they sulk, or—in fact they become scarce for a time. Men, too, become tired of tramping the heather day after day, so that some in time seek the sea, and some take rod in hand and try to lure the speckled trout from his liquid home. I have calculated that the shooting-party at Skene Dhu Castle contributed from the moors of Glen Sporrán to the national game-bag, within a period of forty days, during which the shooting was carried on by an average number of six guns, not less in all, sold or presented, than 2400 brace of birds—but in considering this quantity, it must be taken into account that the shootings of Glen Sporrán extend over thousands of acres, and that the tenant, having a lease, is particular about leaving on all his wide expanse of heather a liberal stock of grouse to breed from. It would be too much to expect that all moors should be equally prolific, although I dare say there will be a few still richer in birds than Glen Sporrán; but estimating that there are about seven hundred grouse moors in Scotland, on which the kill will average seven hundred grouse, that gives us a supply of about a quarter of a million brace of birds, which number I shall by-and-by compare with other figures in my possession pertaining to the Scottish grouse harvest. But, speaking generally, we just need to add the produce of the various moors together to find out

the total riches of the heather. On a moor in the next county to that where my friend Claythorne has his shooting, upwards of 3600 birds were killed by one party in a few days, mostly by 'driving.' We never *drive* in Glen Sperran. Claythorne says: 'No, let us seek the birds. I hate to have them driven up to the muzzle of my gun—that mode of sport is not in accordance with my feelings at all; in fact "driving" is only fit for pot-shooters. It is a German invention, and I hate it.'

Leaving for a time the consideration of individual shootings, I will next say a few words about the aspects presented during the closing season, as well as the prospects for 1879. As was anticipated, the birds this year were numerous enough to afford plenty of sport, and they were so matured by 'the 12th, that shooting might have been begun on the 1st of August. The best-stocked moors by far were those in the northern districts of Scotland; Perthshire, Invernesshire, Argyllshire, and Caithness-shire proved as productive as ever they were in the days of yore. The southern moors, again, were as nearly as possible barren. Last year the Duke of Hamilton and his friends could easily have killed three or four thousand brace on his shootings of Avondale, and had his Grace done so, his sport this year might have proved better than it did; for I do not suppose that his Lanarkshire heather has yielded more than six or seven hundred brace, nor have I heard that he has set foot on his Avondale shootings this year. Happily, he had the prolific heather of Arran to fall back upon, and there he and his friends found solace for their disappointment, three thousand brace of birds having fallen to the guns of the duke and his friends within the space of eight days' shooting; but then Arran is a choice preserve. Why the supply of grouse should have failed in the southern counties of Scotland no man can tell; the cause is a mystery of which I should like to obtain a solution. Not only have grouse become scarce, but partridges also. The Earl of Galloway writes to the newspapers complaining that his are all gone, and even that hares are anything but plentiful. A large dealer informs me that the stock of birds he received this year from the great grouse county of Perth was more wonderful than ever. 'The more the birds are shot,' he says, 'the more they seem to multiply.' And a Lanarkshire laird whom I know seems to be of the same opinion, for he maintains that, if the Avondale moors had been sufficiently shot over last year, grouse would have been as numerous this season as ever. The recuperative power of the bird of the moors is remarkable. But a year or two ago some of the most valuable shootings in Scotland were rendered barren by the plague, and yet this year they have been as productive as ever, more so indeed if that be possible. This power of the bird is remarkable. Some people say that we are 'over-shooting'; I don't believe it, seeing that the market annually tells quite a different story. There would seem to be a never-ending demand for grouse, and at a fair price too; upon occasions of a

glutted market prices may fall to three or four shillings a brace, but it is not often that really good birds can be bought under half-a-crown each. 'Over-shooting' was at one time a cry, but the idea has, I think, been killed by the facts of the case. This much, at any rate, is certain, that ten times the number of grouse are shot now that were killed half a century ago, and this in face of the fact that land reclamation is annually decreasing the expanse of Scottish moor ground. The bird is the bird of solitude; as man intrudes on its wild domains it recedes from him, and the fair inference would be that with a diminishing *venue*, the supply would fall off, yet the contrary is the fact! Let the heather be scourged with disease, let particular moors be shot over till they are exhausted, and 'the cry is still they come.' To-day on the moors of Northern Scotland there is a larger stock of breeding grouse than there probably ever was in any previous year.

Whilst the greatest number of grouse came this season, as in many previous seasons, from Perthshire, the best birds were, as usual, those received from Campbeltown and from Caithness-shire, those of the latter county by preference. My friend the dealer, before referred to, who is a capital judge, tells me that, in his opinion, 'the grouse of Campbeltown and Caithness are remarkable for their size, fine dark colour, and rich glossy plumage, and in comparison with the birds of other counties, these particular birds feel as if they had been *stall-fed*, they handle so plump and heavy.' They cook to perfection, these John o' Groat grouse, when about eight days old. Caithness birds should never be wasted in the soup pot, nor even in pies, except in the case of grouse 'blown to bits'; they should always form a course of themselves; two Caithness birds are almost equal to three of any other county. My friend is somewhat at a loss to account for the superiority of the birds of these counties, and thinks it must arise from superior food and greater attention being paid to the *habitat* of the grouse; and so do I. There is one feature of a grouse moor which, as a general rule, is not well attended to, and that is the periodical burning of the heather. Proper heather burning is one of the secrets of a good grouse moor. If on most of the Scottish moors a third or even a fourth of the heather surface was to be annually burned in several *distinct* patches, well spread over the moor, I feel that great good would result. Careless keepers allow the heather to grow for seven or eight seasons without burning it or pruning it in any way, which is a culpable blunder: no season ought to pass without a portion of the old heather being set a-fire. Keepers too, are not so careful during the nesting season as they ought to be. During that period the moors should be watched day and night, especially in the districts where there is a large head of sheep. Shepherds, knowing their power, have become greedy and have increased their demand for perquisites to quite a prohibitive degree, and—as both lairds and lessees know—one or two shepherds on a moor can do more damage than all the other enemies

of the grouse ; an ill-natured shepherd can wreck a score of nests in a week, and that sort of work is ultimately bound to tell on the grouse harvest.

Here is a consensus of opinion as to the value of the birds of the season which is now closing : I am indebted for the information which I have summarised below to one or two men whose opinion is of considerable value. As to quality, grouse, as a rule, have turned out well, and with the exception of a stretch of heather in Perthshire, the young birds of the 12th were all of full size. The moor in question ought not to be shot over sooner than the 1st of September, as it is always late, while the birds are small, half and three-quarter size only, although in capital condition, which is, to say the least of it, curious, seeing that on moors in the immediate neighbourhood the birds were so strong and wild, that some of them could not be shot with the dogs, and as the lessees do not condescend to driving, a full half of the birds that might be killed are left amid the heather. The birds sent to a dealer from this 'late moor' were accounted for at a reduction in price, being only from half to three-quarters the usual size. As to money value at wholesale rates, I am able to present the following information. During the first ten days of the season, on four thousand brace of grouse sent to London by a Scottish dealer, a loss of 25*l.* was sustained, the dealer having contracted to give half-a-crown for each bird, with the privilege of a *cast*, that is, with the understanding that small, thin, unmatured birds should be cast out of the lot and be paid for on their merits by the dealer. The prices realized on some of the consignments in the Leadenhall Market were only 3*s.* 9*d.* per brace, and sometimes a trifle less, from which sum carriage and commission fell to be deducted ; when the price rose the loss sustained on the first hampers was all recouped, and a profit earned besides. On the 12th, in London—at six o'clock in the morning—well-grown young grouse realised 10*s.* each ! These must, I think, have been poached grouse, as I cannot conceive how birds killed even within a ten miles' stretch of the great metropolis could be in Leadenhall Street on the morning of the day. Happily, as a general rule, poaching is not so prevalent as it used to be ; although it is, I believe, the fact that birds quite ready for the spit may be obtained on the afternoon of the 12th, in all large cities. On the 13th, in London, the price of grouse ranged from 6*s.* to 8*s.* for each bird, but on the 14th (I am of course speaking of the month of August) the figure had fallen to an average of 7*s.* per brace ; on the 15th, a further reduction took place, the best birds being offered at 3*s.* each, commoner kinds being 6*d.* and 9*d.* less. In the beginning of September the supplies—from the fact of many sportsmen going south—began to grow scarce and the price to rise, till single birds in fair condition were sold at 5*s.*, 6*s.*, and 6*s.* 6*d.* each for as many as could be sent to the London markets.

I must be allowed to mention here a matter of primary importance in dealing with the birds after they are shot. To send them to

market in the best possible condition, so that they may realize the biggest prices which are quoted, it is essential that the birds should be very neatly packed, and the packing is often enough very carelessly performed by some thoughtless keepers, who pitch the birds into the hampers as if they were so much dirty linen going to the laundress. Grouse, and all other game birds going to a dealer, after being properly *cooled*, should be laid into the hamper on their backs; after carefully placing the first layer in the bottom of the hamper, a layer of dry heather or clean dry straw should be placed over the birds, and then another row of birds and another layer of straw or heather should follow, till the hamper is full, but not too full so that the contents would be liable to be squeezed, as young birds being tender they are easily damaged. Keepers ought on no account to put the heads of the grouse under the wing, because many of them bleed from the mouth, which spoils their appearance for market. The layers of heather are useful in equalising the pressure, as when a large number of heavy birds are loaded upon the younger and more tender animals, the latter sustain a great deal of damage during a long transit by railway. Another 'point' which all good keepers should study is to know at a glance an old bird from a young one—the latter being, of course, the most saleable, or at all events, bringing the best prices. In repacking for London, a Scottish dealer is most careful in this matter, and a man accustomed to the handling of grouse knows almost intuitively which is which; in repacking, too, a careful Scottish dealer is careful in separating the clean from the heavy shot birds, knowing that it is better in the end that his London agent should have as little trouble as possible with his consignments. These may seem small matters to put in print, but I can assure all sportsmen, from long experience, that they are worthy of attention; indeed, such *trifles* as they may be called never escape the attention of sportsmen of the higher class, and all really good keepers make a point of seeing personally to the judicious packing of their birds.

Harking back in search of a clue to figures which will denote the extent of the grouse harvest, what I have already said being somewhat in the nature of a preliminary canter, it will be remembered that, building on what we did at Glen Sporrán as a basis, I calculated that about a quarter of a million brace of grouse was contributed by Scotland to the national commissariat. Some persons will probably think the number exaggerated, and I feel myself, that when deliberately set down on paper, it looks very large; 245,000 brace of birds being certainly a vast number for one country to produce; but when we take into account that the annual sporting rental of Scotland (shooting and fishing) amounts to about 300,000*l.*, five-sixths of the amount being for grouse moors and deer forests, we are brought face to face with the old story of each bird costing him who shoots it one pound! I am not exaggerating the sporting rental of Scotland. There is in that country an enormous, a vast acreage, in fact, upon which nothing but heather will grow, and which has only the value that is conferred upon it by the circumstance of its

affording a home to the grouse, and feeding also a few thousand sheep. Although, over all, the grouse-shooting and deer-stalking grounds of Scotland are let at about one shilling and sixpence an acre, some lairds derive a handsome rental from their stretches of heather, simply because they are extensive ; it takes many shillings and a large number of sixpences to make five hundred pounds, and it takes many miles of country to produce in rent seven thousand pounds per annum as a deer forest.

It has proved a happy circumstance for Scottish grouse lairds that shooting has become a fashion, and they may thank Walter Scott for what he has done for them ; he was the wizard who threw a charm over the great ozone land that posterity will never let die ; he sang of the beauties of Scotland, he depicted the wonderful scenery of the country in his immortal books, he painted the people, as they live even to-day, in his novels, he *made* Scotland, as a land of pictorial beauty, and instigated the residents of other countries to climb its mountains, to sail upon its waters, and to tread its heather. Scotland, had it not previously had the name, might have been called 'the land of Scott,' after the great 'Wizard of the 'North.' It was he who conjured the wealthy Southron to its lone Highland glens and streams, and taught him how to shoot its black-cock, capture its salmon, and spend his superfluous cash ; and no churl is that same Southron, who travels twelve hundred miles to spend his twelve hundred pounds, in pursuit of a month's manly recreation : to lend a hand, as we may put it, in gathering the grouse harvest. In the days when Walter Scott lived and wrote, 'tis sixty years since' and more ; the Scottish moor-fowl was only possessed of a local value, nor was the man then living, not even Scott himself, who could have predicted that within thirty or forty years after the death of the distinguished novelist the wild bird of the Scottish moorlands would bring additional vitality and fortune to those who thought they were cursed because of the barrenness of their territory. The railway power, which was to carry men from Cornwall to Caithness within a day and a night, was then undreamed of ; nor was it ever thought that the humble bird of the purple heather would draw to the poverty-stricken Highlands the annual thousands of the gold-bestowing Sassenach.

After this little flight into the region of days long past I must come back to my muttons. Here is how I make up my estimate of the grouse harvest ; and let it be understood that it is a difficult matter to form an estimate of any kind, from the fact that the birds on their way to the markets pass through a great number of hands, and thus present the danger of being counted twice over. Gentlemen who rent a very large moor have no alternative but to sell their birds ; they therefore contract, we shall say, with a dealer in Perth, and that dealer again sends a portion of what he receives to Glasgow and Edinburgh, while from those cities the same birds find their way to London or Manchester, consigned to dealers to be sold for what

they will bring. It used to be calculated some thirty years ago that the resident population of London alone consumed more than 100,000 grouse during the season ; but the resident population being now a fourth more, and the wealth of the city having increased by at least a third, the demand for grouse and other luxuries of the table has become of late much greater than it was at the period I have indicated ; the consumption of grouse in the great metropolis will to-day have increased by at least a half. In the large cities and towns of England, too, the demand is annually increasing ; and, it is not too much to say, that Manchester and a dozen other towns, with a population equal to that of London, will eat quite as many grouse ; so that, for England alone, can be made out a consumption of far more than half the number I have estimated as the total grouse production of Scotland ; and I leave the remainder to be consumed in Scotland itself, or to be sent to the continent of Europe, where the bird is warmly welcomed ; and I know, also, that thousands of birds are cooked and canned to be sent away for the use of Scotchmen in India and Australia, where the bitter back-bone of the grouse is more relished than it is even at home. But after all, perhaps, the best way of arriving at a conclusion is to take the rental and allow a brace of birds for every pound that is required to make up the total sum. A very large number of grouse are killed on the English moors, not less, probably, in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and in Cumberland, than forty thousand brace, and I throw these into the bargain, as it is with the grouse harvest of Scotland alone that I am competent to deal. My foot has not for many long years pressed the English heather, nor have I means at hand to find out the grouse rental of that portion of the United Kingdom.

This year few symptoms of disease have been observed. In one or two places, however, it looked as if at one time the plague had evinced itself, and then been suddenly checked ; but experienced sportsmen feel pretty sanguine that we shall be free from the dreaded visitation for yet a couple of years. Next season, it is anticipated, if an open spring should be experienced on the moors, there will be a plentiful supply of birds, although it is not expected that any great reduction will take place in rents, unless, indeed, trade and business of all kinds should go still more to the bad than of late. Leaving the moors, then, to the depressing mists and driving rains of drear December, we shall for a season leave the bird of the heather to its native solitudes. Such is the fascination which attaches to the sport of grouse-shooting, that the recreation of one season is no sooner exhausted than some enthusiasts begin to talk of the next ; not being contented with what they have just realized, they pass the winter in a dream of what they will achieve next autumn ; and, perhaps, there is even more joy in looking forward and dwelling on delights to come than when we are in unrestrained possession of those to which we have been so long looking forward.

ABOUT SOME FUTURE WELLINGTONS.

THE questions are: 1. What did they do? 2. Who are they? 3. When and where did they do it? The exordium reads almost as dry as a sermon with 'three heads,' my favourite aversion. All three questions are answered by a supposititious case—as not knowing 'the Rugby game,' though by no means unfamiliar with the old Winchester charging game—I should muddle it if I described a late football match at the Oval between Woolwich and Sandhurst on November 23, 1878; so let me put the case my own way. The scene shall be supposed to be in your house, Mr. Bailly, in Cornhill, and the spacious areas in the neighbourhood shall be the *locus in quo*; you are discovered sitting quietly down to a mutton chop, which I, having a hankering for, seize out of your plate, roll you over on your back, and run away with. Amphion meets me at the door, seizes the chop, and throws me down; he again is grabbed by the 'Van' driver, opposite to the Exchange, who purls Amphion, and is bolting with the chop, when the beadle of the Royal Exchange serves the 'Van' driver as he had just served Amphion; the beadle of the Bank of England comes on the scene and collars the beadle of the Royal Exchange, and a miscellaneous crowd, consisting of your neighbours, Mr. Bailly, such as Billy Burrup from over the way, and his twin brother, and gentlemen from Lloyd's and the Stock Exchange join in the *mêlée*, all attracted by your chop, each seizing it and running with it, and pitching one another over, much like a 'hurry' in a pantomime with the policeman's hat, and then you and I, and Amphion, and the 'Van' driver, and the beadle of the Royal Exchange, and the beadle of the Bank of England, and Billy Burrup and his twin brother, and the gentlemen from Lloyd's, and the gentlemen from the Stock Exchange—one-half of us being attired in yellow and black stockings and jerseys, which make us look like wasps, and the other half being attired in dark red and blue jerseys and stockings, which make us look like bumble bees—all get into a crowd with our heads down round the mutton chop, and rush, and push, and shout, in a most insane manner, each side trying to run home with the much-coveted piece of mutton. Substitute a football for the mutton chop, and let the crowd be composed of even numbers of students at Woolwich and Sandhurst, and there is a pretty fair description of the annual football match which was played at Kennington Oval on Saturday, November 23, 1878, before a ring consisting mostly of the colleagues of either side, who shouted and roared, and went clean mad with excitement. The thing which puzzles us outsiders is that kicking the ball seems to be the last thing which anyone desires to do as a general rule. It don't much matter to you and me, Mr. Bailly, what the rules of the game are; but it does very much matter to you and me to know that our future officers, who were the combatants, were as fine and manly a set of young fellows as could be seen on any day, and that

a display of courage, temper, and endurance was made that, but for that 'villainous saltpetre,' no one could doubt that a few hundreds composed of the competitors on both sides, and their friends, would not have much trouble in forcing the Khyber Pass, and bringing Shere Ali to London; for I don't believe that any nation in the world can surpass the athletic young England of to-day for pluck and endurance. There must be some rare fun in these mimic wars, so different from the old Winchester charging game, which was all kicking and running—no carrying the ball—as one fine young fellow, whose nose was barked from top to bottom, with a good coating of carmine outside, declared that he never enjoyed himself more in his life. The excellence of the attack and defence was proved by the fact that the only advantage to the victors was, according to the 'Sportsman,' three tries to one, no goal being scored by either side in an hour and a half. The secret of the wonderful interest in this match was, that the players were all very young men who had not passed the football age, and they played with the life and spirit of boys.

ROOK HAWKING.

WE are a strange people; we rush away north, south, east, and west, in the search for sport, and often completely overlook what lies, as it were, ready to our hand. Big notions, I fear, have been the undoing of us, as far as sport is concerned; we must slay Behemoth, or grapple with a man-eating tiger, or we are nothing; we must slaughter our grouse and pheasants by the thousand; we must have five-and-twenty horses at Melton or Market Harborough, and a stud groom at three hundred a-year, who probably gets a great deal more fun out of them than we do; we must have a couple of teams at least for the London season, our yacht at Cowes, perhaps our theatre, with its accessories; and then, after a time, we turn round and agree with Solomon that all is vanity, the world a dry bone, from which there is no pleasure to be gained, and grumble at our fate. We forget the old story of Colonel Mellish—the Colonel Mellish who, when racing and dice had left him with only a small income, was fain to content himself with farming and a couple of hunters; and being asked how he got on by a friend, replied, 'Very well. 'When I had a dozen horses I seldom had one to ride; for this one 'was in physic, that wanted rest, and what I did not lame my stud-groom or his helpers did. Now I have a couple; a countryman 'looks after them, and each hunts as often as he can in his turn. 'Should I ask my man, "Is so-and-so fit to go to-day?" "Yes, "'master; he has plenty to eat and drink, and good grooming; why "'shouldn't he be?" is the response. And I have more real fun 'than ever I did before.'

No doubt this is somewhat exaggerated; but still I take leave to think, that in striving after what is nearly unattainable, many of us

overlook sports and pleasures which are really ready to our hand, and to be enjoyed with a very small expenditure of time or money. Amongst the objects of pursuit which might give us a great deal of air, exercise, and out-door amusement, yet is altogether overlooked or neglected, is our old friend the rook. We all know 'the gentleman in black'; there is not a country house or mansion in England around which he has not established a colony (if there is, you may be sure it is a very *new* affair indeed); and we all welcome him, though we know that he is not strictly an honest member of society. His thefts of corn we will not bring harshly against him, because we truly believe he earns his wage, and earns it well, by the havoc he commits amongst grubs, vermin, and such enemies to the farmer. He is an enemy to old ricks, I admit; but then old ricks are an anomaly, and should ere this have long been out of date; for there is no doubt the sooner a farmer, whether rich or poor, 'realizes' after harvest the better it will be for him. If the sons of the soil could only assure themselves of this, they would starve half the vermin in England to death in twelve months. So we will excuse him on that score; he is a sociable bird, and we like to hear his cawings around our homes; but that is no reason why he should not moderately and in reason pay for board and lodging.

Some say he makes a toothsome pie; but, unless very deftly disguised in the form of pigeon, I would rather avoid him; and I have always connected a lady who was said to have a partiality for *boiled* rook with certain women in Samaria when provisions ran short. I am not much in love with those who go out with guns against him, and think it but ignoble sport to 'pot' the hapless innocents when they are just able to flutter to the edge of their nests, or, perchance, a neighbouring bough.

Yet all will admit that our dark neighbours must be kept within due bounds, beneficial as they are. We may have too much, even of a good thing; and why should we not combine a fine healthy sport with the thinning of their ranks, when the chance is in our favour?

Let me endeavour to paint a very enjoyable day I had, during the late spring, while on a visit to an old friend in one of those fine down countries which so abound in the south of England. The exact locality does not matter now, suffice it to say that it was eminently calculated for the sport.

'You must come down to me on Tuesday next,' wrote my host. 'Captain Dugmore has lent me some falcons, with Barr to attend on them, for that week, and I think we shall see some good flights; so do not fail.' Being enthusiastically fond of all sport, and especially of such as has the halo of antiquity thrown over it, I was not very likely to fail, more especially as I had previously made more than one endeavour to see some falconry, and had never succeeded in so doing to my entire satisfaction. That is, I had seen pigeons flown at the Welsh Harp, with about as little satisfaction as I should have seen them shot at Hurlingham. Indeed I am not sure that, in the minds of many, the advent of the then claimant

(who now, as Castro or Arthur Orton, is reaping his well-merited reward in durance vile) to shoot a match at the same place as Sir Roger, did not create more interest than Barr and his falcons. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at; he must have been a bold man who reckoned on the love of Londoners and their immediate neighbours for a fine old sport (*with no gambling hanging thereto*), to make a public exhibition of falconry pay through the medium of gate-money; and this was neither more nor less than such an attempt. Of course it failed. Your Londoner is a sportsman in a certain sense; that is, as far as you give him a personal interest in the business in hand, he will back horse, man, or greyhound for any conceivable thing; he will ride, shoot, or fish, because in each there is the stimulus of personal achievement or mercenary gain. When you come to an appreciation of sport in which neither money nor fame comes to himself, he stops short. Consequently, had Barr's speculation had the aid of real wild quarry, I don't believe it could ever have been a success, in the way it was attempted to be carried out. On another occasion, after travelling nearly one hundred and fifty miles, I succeeded in seeing *one flight*, luckily it was a magnificent one; and with that I had to be contented. Another effort was, from adverse circumstances, still less favourable; hence it was with somewhat hopeless forebodings that I got into the train which was to bear me into the neighbourhood where I was to try my fortune once more.

'Not a very promising day,' we mutually exclaimed, as my friend met me at the station; and in truth it was not, for a bright still morning had turned to somewhat wild noon, with storms in the air, and far more breeze than falconers, as a rule, care about for their sport. Neither did things materially improve when my friend's fireside was reached, and a hail-storm that would have done honour to the roughest meeting of March and April that was ever known, came rattling down, as much as to say, 'You may do what you like, but there is no fun to be had to-day.' However, summer storms do not last long. Then there was a luncheon, somewhat of the choicest, to be eaten, the calumet of reflection to be smoked; for my friend, Indian-like, could start on no enterprise without a previous interview with such an important assistant in weighing the pros and cons of the matter in hand; and I should be reluctant to make oath that a due proportion of rare old whisky, properly tempered, did not add dignity to the solemn council of two which was then and there held.

Discussions of this kind cannot be hurried; and whatever might have been the arguments for or against a start, it is sufficient to say, that by the time we were deep in the mysteries of the first brew, a clear sky proclaimed that the storm was over, at least for a time. There was yet the wind to contend with; but Barr (not the man who was at the Welsh Harp, but his brother), who was in charge of the hawks, thought we might risk a flight or two, and a start was accordingly made; not, however, before we had called for another detachment, who had assembled under a neighbouring roof,

which, to do them justice, they appeared reluctant enough to leave, even to witness what was to most of them a novel sport. However, the sight of three casts of falcons on the cadge before the window stimulated them to exertion; and as jolly a lot of men as ever met were quickly on the march to some mysterious place called the Six Gates, I verily believe each and all wondering what manner of sport they had come out to see. Others joined them on the road; amongst them a worthy keeper, who came, I am persuaded, in a sceptical humour, and I hope left us a converted man, fully impressed with the beauties of the fine old sport of falconry. 'This will do,' says Barr, as he espies a lot of rooks in a fallow up wind. 'Now, gentlemen stand at this gate and you will see the flight.' And taking a falcon ('not the best, but the quickest at this present time') from the cadge he creeps slowly into the field. Rooks are wary birds, and somehow or the other appear to have a natural and intuitive knowledge when harm is likely to befall them. Up they fly *en masse* with much cawing and clamouring, and in another instant the falcon is slipped. Away she goes apparently embarrassed by the number of victims to select from, and soars a fair pitch, so that many fancy she will 'check' at her game and do nothing, while I am not very sure that all were quite able to follow this first flight through its intricacies. In fact, from the number of birds in the air together, it was not altogether an easy matter to one not accustomed to it. 'Whoohoop,' cried Barr, stooping down and shading his eyes with his hands, to get a clearer view, as the falcon, neglecting those nearer, selected a young rook that had gone nearly into the eye of the wind, made a good stoop some half a mile away and killed. Then laying down to his work like another Kincsem, he made across fallow and wheat to secure his hawk. This was bad for the field, especially the old and heavy, and somewhat hard after waiting down wind in the most orthodox style, but then we know

'The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley.'

Ours had done so with a vengeance, and there was much unbuttoning of waistcoats, puffing, and perspiring, as we made our way to where we supposed the kill to have been, for truth compels me to admit that very few of us saw it. However, a kill it was, and each plumed himself on it, as much as if he had captured and trained the triumphant falcon, by which it was accomplished. A piece of new-sown ground brought us into the vicinity of more game, and Barr, selecting another falcon, again went in advance. This time we were rewarded by a flight which all could watch. A few rooks rose, the falcon was slipped, but instead of soaring raked after them until one began to rise, when, as if shot from a trap ball, she trussed with and bore him to the ground.

Then an unsuccessful flight, in which the game was not sighted and the hawk had to be 'lured' again to the fist. More rain drove us all to the shelter of a lone barn and outbuildings, where we were

joined by some ladies, and several of those jolly fellows the parsons, who like a bit of sport, when they can join in it without giving offence to those who look with strict (sometimes over-strict) eyes on the requirements and obligations of their office. By the way, tobacco in this country cannot be one of the pleasures that are debarred the church, if so our friends offended wofully, for, of a truth, they were potent men with their pipes, and smoked like very furnaces, as did their lay brethren; but I could have backed the church for raising a cloud decidedly. However, another hawk is on Barr's glove, and as the storm a little slackens he creeps forward to the end of the yard wall, and making a gesture that a rook is coming, we all go forward just in time to see him slip his falcon right on a rook's back, as they would say in fox-hunting phrase. It seemed unfair at first for swoop after swoop was made, as the game went best pace down wind, but Jack was as good as his master, and quarry dodged, like a hare hard pressed before greyhounds, twisting and turning, until it got so much law that a long distance was traversed, and those who followed had their legs well stretched ere the whoohoop was sounded. It was a rare working flight, but as yet no grand stoop had been shown; and for aught that was seen, goshawks might have flown as well.

The cream, however, was to come. A return to the lone barn gave us another chance for a long slip, and the falcon at once rising to a splendid pitch, in doing which it seemed at times that she was flying directly away from her quarry, came down like a flash of lightning. A twist just saves it, and almost ere the eye has recovered the line of flight, she is up again, higher, higher, until she seems lost in the clouds. Another flash, a dull thud, which reaches our ear at a distance, and the rook falls as if struck with a bullet, the falcon quickly following it to earth. One and all exclaim, 'What a grand flight!' and so it was.

So ended our first day's sport, but the morrow found us again at the old spot, and other capital flights, which, perhaps, it would be only tiresome to describe, ensued. Presently, however, came along an old rook, a good slip was made, but, alas for the spectators, it proved a stern chase. We all ran stoutly, or rather I should say, would have done so, had our condition permitted; but what is a being with only two legs, fat, and moreover having lunched, to do in pursuit of fowls of the air? (horses were tabooed, on account of the forward state of the corn). Barr ran a good one, but hill and valley were passed, and he had nothing more than his knowledge of the sport and the habits of his game to guide him, until cresting a hill he saw some ploughmen waving their hats, and shouting as only rustics in a great state of excitement can shout, and going on found that his falcon had killed, after a flight that must have covered a couple of miles at least.

So we ended our sport; some of us, as we wended homeward, thinking what fine fun it would have been a month or six weeks earlier, when March winds had made the ground ride light, and the corn would not have been injured by tread of horse, to have ridden that same long flight, inwardly hoping, no doubt, that

another season may give us our wish, and that we may rattle away across the open after hawk and rook, as if a stout hill fox was before us. Yet, and I noted it with satisfaction, there were those amongst us, men who had never seen a flight before, who set more store on the perfect training and obedience of the falcons after being slipped unsuccessfully, their readiness to come to the lure, or glove, than in the most dashing flights, and I could not help thinking that therein lay the germ of the resuscitation of the sport (if anywhere). I knew we were, as a party, average Englishmen, and when this came out so strongly, as it did in our little party, I reflected how many thousands a few good flights, could they only see them, would transform into real lovers of the sport.

May they have the chance given them far and wide through the formation of the Falconry Club, under Captain Dugmore's auspices, and when they are out again for a day's rook hawking, in that locality at any rate, may I be there to see.

N.

CRICKET.

THE SCHOOL AVERAGES.

THE season of 1878 is not likely to evoke particularly gratifying reminiscences from any class of cricketers. 'Water, water, everywhere' was the cry that haunted the batsman throughout the four months that constitute the cricket year. Grounds hardly ever able to recover the soakings of almost interminable rain, treacherous for the batsman, slippery for the fieldsmen, and only beneficial to the slower bowlers, who do not require such a firm foothold as those of greater force, truly it was anything but a 'glad summer' for those who look forward to a long enjoyment of the pleasures of our national sport. Considering that the months of May and June were generally wet and uncongenial, it is hardly a surprise that school cricket shows figures very much inferior on the whole to those of previous years. It is evident that there were no players of such exceptional merit as Mr. W. F. Forbes, the Eton Captain of 1876, or Mr. A. G. Steel of Marlborough, perhaps the best all-round cricketer any public school has ever produced; but still with weather so cheerless as that which prevailed during May and during most of June, the schools were especially placed at a disadvantage in not being able to get anything like the amount of practice necessary to bring them to their best form. The Eton and Harrow match suggested strongly the idea of cricket anything but matured, and from what we saw of the school elevens, there was everywhere the same evidence of imperfect preparation, caused by the difficulties under which the authorities had had to labour in consequence of the unfavourable weather. That the batsmen should suffer greatly by a comparison with previous years was a necessary consequence, and on the whole the aggregates are much below the standard of former

seasons. In 1877 Mr. A. G. Steel, the Captain of the Marlborough College eleven, was able to show the large average of more than 42 runs for each innings; but in 1878 Mr. C. F. Leslie was far in advance of any other public school bat, and his summary of 586 for twenty-two innings was, under the circumstances, a very creditable performance. At Westminster Mr. A. M. Hemsley is credited with 513 runs for twenty-two innings; but as these figures would appear to include scores made in school matches such as those of eleven against twenty-two, first seven *v.* next eleven, with two professionals, they are not of such intrinsic value as those furnished by other schools. The same remarks will apply to the bowling statistics of Westminster, and, indeed, it is a matter for regret that this principle of arranging the averages, in force nowhere but at Vincent Square, should prevent the institution of a comparison between the representatives of Westminster and other schools. Rugby had two good bowlers in F. D. Gaddum and C. A. S. Leggatt; and Charterhouse was fortunate in possessing F. C. Morrison, who can show a very respectable summary of sixty-three wickets at an average of the merest trifle over 9 runs per wicket. C. V. Wilks's figures, even allowing for the method of arranging of statistics at Westminster, must have bowled right well throughout the season, and in A. M. Hemsley the school possessed a very fair all-round cricketer. Marlborough was not likely to find, without some trouble, a worthy successor to A. G. Steel; but Gostenhofer seems to have been very useful to the eleven throughout the year, and, for a slow bowler, his summary of fifty-eight wickets for an average of not quite 11 runs per wicket, must be classed as a highly satisfactory result. Clifton could not boast two such useful bowlers as it had in 1877 in A. H. Evans and R. L. Knight, and the statistics do not come out as well by any means. A. J. C. Newton and A. J. Forrest were credited with 112 out of 143 wickets taken by Cheltenham College throughout the season, and Forrest and Gostenhofer of Marlborough, were prominent if only for one peculiarity, that the former delivered as many as twelve, the latter fifteen no-balls. Neither Eton nor Harrow had any bright particular star in the bowling department; but Winchester seems to have had a very promising bowler in C. L. Hickley, who took twenty-five wickets at an average cost of under 9 runs, and the same school could point to a notoriety in G. F. W. Cole, who for sixteen wickets bowled twenty-four wides, or an average of a wide for every seventeen balls.

Glancing at the performances of the various school elevens during the season, it is impossible to argue that there were any individuals in any way up to the form of such recent celebrities as W. S. Patterson and A. P. Lucas of Uppingham, W. F. Forbes of Eton, or A. G. Steel of Marlborough. Winchester had a good working eleven, with uniformly good batting, very fair bowling, and excellent fielding; and if the figures of school cricket, played in many cases under such widely different circumstances, can be regarded as a reliable test, the Wykehamists could have met any public school eleven of the year with a good chance of success. Their victory over Eton was

won by sterling, steady, all-round cricket, and was a creditable win, though the Etonians as an eleven were undoubtedly below the standard of recent years. Eton had a very useful all-round player in C. T. Studd—as a bowler a ridiculous reproduction in style of W. S. Patterson—and in G. B. Studd a batsman who is likely to make his mark at Cambridge; but in bowling the team was decidedly weak, and it was more perhaps the very bad fielding shown by the eleven at Lord's against Harrow than anything else that caused them to lose the great public school match of 1878. Harrow had a very fair working eleven at all points, with a painstaking captain in C. J. E. Jarvis, four moderately good bowlers in T. G. H. Moncrieffe, P. J. T. Henery, M. F. Ramsay, and E. M. Lawson, a sure wicket-keeper in F. C. Rowe, and a smart fielding side. All round, perhaps Henery and Lawson were the best players, and as the eleven, one and all, played up well, they would have beaten a majority of the school elevens last year. Rugby had a splendid hitter in C. F. Leslie, and two very effective bowlers in F. D. Gaddum and C. A. S. Leggatt, and they had a very easy victory over Marlborough at Lord's, though the Marlburians had been showing promising form early in the season, and had defeated Cheltenham easily. Cheltenham had a fairly good batting eleven, but there was a noticeable weakness in bowling, and the latter, with weak fielding, chiefly contributed to the double defeat by Marlborough and Clifton. The latter school, if not quite up to the standard of previous years, had a steady batting team, noticeably good bowling, and an excellent fielding side, so that it had a fair average eleven at all points. Charterhouse defeated Westminster easily enough by 279 runs, but neither of these schools could point to any particular feature of strength. With these introductory remarks we shall proceed to deal with the averages of the different elevens, thanking those correspondents who have kindly furnished us with the information necessary for the preparation of our annual summary.

THE ETON ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Runs.	Innings.	Times not out.	Highest Score.	Most in a Match.	Average.
C. M. Smith (Capt.)	150	16	1	30	33	10·0
G. B. Studd	341	18	1	78	82	20·0
C. T. Studd	264	15	0	74	76	17·6
E. K. Douglas	125	11	1	53	54	12·5
Hon. M. Hawke	177	16	1	32	33	11·8
S. Cattley	104	6	0	54	54	17·3
P. de Paravicini	83	16	4	15	23	6·9
A. C. Cattley	87	17	3	13*	23	6·2
G. Polhill-Turner	103	11	1	33*	41	10·3
R. W. Byass	50	16	1	12*	12	3·3
R. Durant	18	11	3	9	9	2·25

* Signifies not out.

THE ETON ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Wides.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.
C. M. Smith (Capt.).	0	201-4	85	269	23	13'0
C. T. Studd	4	229-4	85	372	20	18'6
P. de Paravicini	2	131-3	47	243	17	14'29
A. C. Cattley	6	59-0	18	151	6	25'15
R. Durant	0	78-3	17	162	10	16'5
R. W. Byass	1	137	57	252	24	10'5

There were no no-balls throughout the year.

Eton was singularly unfortunate in losing eight of its eleven of 1877, so that the team of last year had to consist almost entirely of new choices. The brothers Studd were both good bats, and G. Studd will not only be a very useful captain next year, but is also likely to be one of the very best public school players. E. K. Douglas and S. Cattley were both steady bats, and the latter, with more strength and hit, is sure to be a great acquisition to the team. C. M. Smith and C. T. Studd, both slow round-arm, were the most successful bowlers; but in this respect the eleven were very weak, and at Lord's there was no one to bowl a straight fast ball with the slightest success. No doubt the want of so much new material was very prejudicial, in consequence of the rain during May and early June, and it is only charitable to suppose that they were really a better team than they appeared to be at Lord's, and judging from their exceeding ill success throughout the season. The fielding at Lord's was worse than any we have ever seen in a public school match, and this was the more noticeable as it appeared to proceed from carelessness and lack of energy, two of the most fatal possible vices for a cricketer.

THE HARROW ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Number of Times not out.	Total Number of Runs.	Most in Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
C. J. E. Jarvis	13	0	207	42	45	15'9
E. M. Lawson	8	0	121	66	74	15'1
P. J. T. Henery	13	1	158	45	48	13'1
T. G. H. Moncrieffe	12	0	113	49	49	9'4
W. H. Heale	10	0	86	30	30	8'6
H. F. de Paravicini	13	0	100	26	30	7'6
R. Spencer	8	0	57	21	24	7'1
M. F. Ramsay	9	0	67	31	31	7'4
J. H. Stirling	12	0	83	30	46	6'9
F. C. C. Rowe	13	0	82	21	21	6'3
F. W. Leaf	6	1	23	19	19	4'6

THE HARROW ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Balls.	Number of Runs.	Number of Maidens.	Number of Wickets.	Wide Balls.	Runs per Wicket.
T. G. H. Moncrieffe	235	117	14	10	0	11'7
P. J. T. Henery	864	229	64	18	1	12'7
M. F. Ramsay	419	159	32	13	0	12'2
E. M. Lawson	772	224	67	15	0	14'9
R. Spencer	393	110	34	8	0	13'7
C. J. E. Jarvis	162	86	6	4	1	21'5
W. H. Heale	92	39	10	1	0	39'0

Harrow was able to claim last season eight of its eleven of the previous year, and throughout the cricket was well managed, though the victory at Lord's was the one success. F. C. Rowe, the left-handed batsman, whose fine hitting in the Eton match of 1877 had led to the greatest expectations of his play, proved a great disappointment with the bat, but he kept wicket well, and the eleven were a good lot to the last. E. M. Lawson did much to win the match at Lord's by his effective batting in the second innings, but he was hardly such a sound player as P. Henery. C. J. E. Jarvis, a brilliant field and a moderate change bowler, had the best batting average, and T. G. H. Moncrieffe, Henery, and M. F. Ramsay were all fairly successful with the ball. In fielding the Harrovians were quite up to the average of public schools, and with better weather in the early part of the year they might have proved to be a very good all-round eleven, as they all worked well, took plenty of pains, and could not be accused in any way of want of pluck.

THE WINCHESTER ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Total Innings.	Times not out.	Total Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average Runs.
J. A. Fort*	12	1	166	51	51	15'1
J. Eyre*	12	0	121	31	31	10'1
A. W. Moon*	12	3	204	73	73	22'2
P. C. Parr*	12	2	136	32	32	13'3
G. G. Guttes*	12	0	234	64	64	19'6
C. J. Weatherby	12	0	175	34	65	14'7
H. L. Webb*	9	0	49	16	16	5'4
G. F. W. Cole	8	1	47	15	15	6'5
J. L. Kaye	4	0	48	21	27	12'0
E. J. C. Savory	5	3	28	11	11	14'0
C. L. Hickley	6	1	17	6	6	3'2
A. T. Thring	1	3	3	3	3	1'1

* Signifies "have left."

THE WINCHESTER ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Average Runs per Wicket.
J. Eyre	163	11	53	5	4	10·3
A. W. Moon	210	12	77	11	1	0·7
P. C. Parr	555	33	242	12	6	20·2
H. L. Webb	360	16	163	8	0	20·3
G. F. W. Cole	417	29	178	16	4	11·2
E. J. C. Savory	214	17	80	11	26	7·3
C. L. Hickley	574	37	216	25	1	8·16
A. T. Thring	241	18	83	9	0	9·2

Eyre bowled 1 no-ball, Parr 7, Cole 1.

Winchester lost five of their eleven of 1877, but they found some very useful youngsters to take their places, and all round they not only played the game, but proved themselves a difficult team to beat. Their number of matches was not particularly large, but they were more than ordinarily successful, and they had certainly a better eleven than they have had for some years. A. W. Moon was certainly the most useful man in the team, as in addition to being a good free-hitting bat, he could bowl as a change with effect. Gutters is a very promising bat, with defence as well as hitting powers, and in the field he is most brilliant. C. J. Weatherby, who is to be captain next season, will be useful with the bat, and C. L. Hickley, a medium-pace left-hand round-arm bowler, promises to train on and be really good with the ball. Winchester, like Harrow, had a thoroughly hard-working eleven, without any phenomenon, and in fielding the eleven was one of the very best that we have ever seen.

THE RUGBY SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Most in one Innings.	Total.	Average.
F. L. Evelyn	15	1	48	225	16·1
C. F. Leslie	22	2	98	586	29·6
F. W. Capron	22	2	32	200	10·0
A. J. Baily	19	0	52	204	10·7
F. D. Gaddum	17	1	15	164	4·0
B. Fitzgerald	22	1	34	324	15·9
C. A. S. Leggatt	18	2	29	176	11·0
J. H. Fletcher	17	5	21	84	7·0
J. L. Smith	6	0	56	116	19·2
C. E. Cobb	20	2	33	179	9·9
F. A. Prevost	13	5	11*	27	3·3
F. Bowden-Smith	3	1	28*	29	14·1

* Not out.

THE RUGBY SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wides.	Wickets.	Average.
C. F. H. Leslie	80	36	134	3	10	13'4
F. D. Gaddum	580	221	849	9	74	11'35
C. A. S. Leggatt	497	126	861	4	73	11'58
J. H. Fletcher	174	47	282	1	14	20'2

Seven of the Rugby eleven of 1877 remained for last season, and their easy win over the Marlborough at Lord's proved them to be strong, though the Marlburians had by that time trained off, and certainly did not show the form that had won them the match against Cheltenham. Unfortunately C. F. Evelyn, the captain, had to leave during the season, in consequence of illness, and this proved a great loss to the team. In C. F. Leslie Rugby had certainly one of the best school bats of the year, and as he will be captain next season, the opponents of Rugby will have a very dangerous batsman, as he has great powers of punishment, with very fair defence. F. D. Gaddum and C. A. S. Leggatt were above the average of public school bowlers, and the eleven would have fared badly without them, as the figures will show. Gaddum was left slow round-arm, with a spin from leg, and Leggatt fast round-arm, also with plenty of spin. Capron, Fitzgerald, and J. L. Smith were three fine bats, likely to improve, and all round the eleven were a useful, if not very brilliant, lot.

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Times not out.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
E. G. Colvin	16	0	250	52	55	15'6
E. F. Growse	15	0	227	39	49	15'1
O. Evan-Thomas	15	1	331	81	81	23'6
H. Somers Cocks	16	0	220	36	36	13'6
J. Wakefield	15	2	98	36	36	7'5
E. O. Powell	14	2	144	31*	31	12'0
C. E. Keith-Falconer	15	1	212	103	103	15'1
T. N. G. Pollock	14	0	87	16	19	6'2
H. M. Hull	11	1	148	54	54	14'8
F. C. Morrison	14	6	45	11	11	5'6
W. A. Evelyn	8	0	61	48	48	7'6

* Not out.

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	Average.
F. C. Morrison	1665	568	94	63	1	9 $\frac{2}{3}$
J. Wakefield	1088	389	66	35	15	11 $\frac{1}{3}$
C. E. Keith-Falconer	773	324	35	25	10	13 $\frac{1}{3}$
E. F. Growse	542	192	34	17	12	12
O. Evan-Thomas	233	143	7	15	1	9 $\frac{1}{2}$

Characters of the Eleven.

- E. G. Colvin* (Captain). A good bat, combining free hitting powers with a good defence. Was very unlucky at the beginning of the season. As captain did all in his power to ensure success, and set his team a good example.
- E. F. Growse*. A good bat, with a fair defence and plenty of style. A quick run-getter off loose bowling. Good field. Has greatly improved since last year.
- O. G. Evan-Thomas*. At times a most brilliant bat, and when once set, very hard to get rid of. Too careless in practice. Excellent field. Has sometimes been successful with his slow underhands. Has the best batting average for the season.
- H. Somers-Cocks*. A steady bat as a rule, with a very good defence. Has no hitting powers, and has consequently often spoilt a good innings by attempting to "slog." Keeps wicket for the Eleven.
- J. Wakefield*. Has bowled extremely well the latter part of the season. Has occasionally made runs. A very fair field.
- E. O. Powell*. A steady bat, but is too short to be able to hit hard, and is consequently slow in making runs. A very sharp field. Will probably be captain next year.
- C. E. Keith-Falconer*. A good bat, with very pretty style. Has been unlucky the greater part of the season, but on one or two occasions has done extremely good service. A fair change bowler.
- J. N. G. Pollock*. A fair bat, with good style. Though good on the leg side is too fond of hitting to leg. Fields extremely well.
- H. M. Hull*. By no means a pretty bat, but most useful. Has a long reach—a good eye—and hits hard. Fair field.
- F. C. Morrison*. Has bowled extremely well and steadily throughout the season. A poor bat, but will improve with practice.
- W. A. Evelyn*. A very neat bat, especially on the off side. Has played well since he was put in the Eleven, and fields very fairly at point.

It is difficult to write with any amount of satisfaction on cricket at Charterhouse School of late years. It may be that the ground is not of the very best, and that the Eleven have not the same advantages in tuition as some of the more favoured schools. They gained a decisive victory over Westminster, it is true, but still they could not be called a strong team, and there was certainly no star of very great brilliance. O. Evan-Thomas, a dangerous bat if allowed to get set, had by far the best batting average, and E. G. Colvin, the captain, was also fairly successful. The bowling seems to have been uniformly good, and in F. C. Morrison Charterhouse had one of the most effective school bowlers of the year. Six of the old choices

were left, though E. F. Growse, who bowled so well in 1877, does not seem to have been tried so much last season.

THE WESTMINSTER ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Not outs.	Average.
A. M. Hemsley	22	513	68	5	30'3
H. C. Benbow	21	201	63	0	9'2
J. Abernethy	22	139	32	0	6'7
C. V. Wilks	21	305	82	5	19'1
W. F. G. Sandwith	16	112	29	1	7'7
R. S. Owen	13	86	24	0	6'7
G. Dale	21	189	43	0	9'0
F. W. Janson	21	184	34	1	9'4
H. S. Westmorland	20	120	21	1	6'6
E. A. Eddis	17	73	16*	4	5'8
E. P. Guest	14	131	26*	3	11'1

* Not out.

THE WESTMINSTER ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Overs.	Maldens.	Runs.	Wides.	Wickets.	Average.
C. V. Wilks	330	125	718	5	106	6'82
A. M. Hemsley	215	67	443	2	53	8'19
E. A. Eddis	70	11	183	2	24	7'15
F. W. Janson	53	11	116	1	11	10'6
R. S. Owen	72	15	190	3	16	10'14

To judge by the statistics furnished us from Westminster, we might be led to believe that the school was quite up to the average at least in bowling. For reasons before enumerated, however, the statistics do not allow a just comparison with those of the other seven schools treated herein, and it is only reasonable to suppose that with the exception perhaps of C. V. Wilks and A. M. Hemsley, they were a weak team. Five of the eleven of 1877 remained, but the new choices seem to have been of little value, and the hollow defeat by Charterhouse does not make Westminster out to be very formidable. A. M. Hemsley bats in neat style, with good powers of hitting, and is a useful straight round-arm pace bowler. C. V. Wilks is a bowler of the slinging style, with a break back, and at times he proved effective with the bat. With these exceptions, Westminster could only boast a very inferior lot, and some great improvement will have to be made in the cricket arrangement of the school before it is likely to turn out an Oliver, a Winter, a Marshall, or a Bray.

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Total Number of Runs.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Highest Score in an Innings.	Average.
*J. R. Napier	214	13	1	47†	17 $\frac{8}{6}$
*S. H. Hayes	146	12	0	71	12 $\frac{1}{6}$
*D. Womersley	144	12	1	42	13 $\frac{1}{11}$
H. Leach	137	10	1	59	15 $\frac{3}{8}$
*G. Gostenhofer	134	10	1	59	14 $\frac{8}{9}$
C. W. A. Law	222	14	1	83†	17 $\frac{1}{13}$
*O. F. Jacson	171	11	2	74	19
*G. S. Rogers	190	8	0	112	23 $\frac{3}{4}$
H. E. Stanton	89	9	2	26	12 $\frac{5}{7}$
E. Peake,	59	12	2	18	5 $\frac{8}{11}$
*O. R. Armstrong	3	4	0	2	$\frac{3}{4}$

* Have left.

† Not out.

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Averages.
J. R. Napier	1502	115	627	58	8	10 $\frac{3}{4}$
G. Gostenhofer	996	72	366	39	0	9 $\frac{8}{13}$
E. Peake	729	57	313	24	1	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
C. W. A. Law	220	19	105	7	2	15
O. R. Armstrong	32	2	25	1	0	25

Gostenhofer bowled 15 no-balls.

The average ball was gained by G. Gostenhofer with the average of 9 $\frac{8}{13}$.

J. R. Napier. A very good captain, especially as he succeeded such a captain as A. G. Steel. A good fast bowler on his day; a pretty bat, with capital hitting powers; excellent field.

S. H. Hayes. Has played some good innings, notably that against Cheltenham, but unaccountably fell off at end of season. Fair field, and has been known to bowl.

D. Womersley. Rather shaky at first, but dangerous when well set. Capital field, with straight throw in.

H. Leach. Showed great form at beginning of season, but owing to illness and accidents was unable to play during a great part of it. Good field.

G. Gostenhofer. Capital slow bowler, plenty of break both ways. Improved greatly as a bat all through the season. Sharp field. Winner of average ball for 1878.

C. W. A. Law. Steady bat, rather stiff, outs remarkably well. A very fair change bowler, and an excellent field.

O. F. Jacson. A most promising bat, can keep up his wicket, and knows how to hit. A fair wicket-keep.

G. S. Rogers. By constant practising has made himself a good bat, drives with great freedom. A dashing field. Average bat for 1878.

H. E. Stanton. Can hit hard, but has very little defence. Poor field.

E. Peake. Can punish loose bowling, but does not play with a straight enough bat. Good medium bowler. Poor field. (Captain for 1879.)

O. R. Armstrong. A very fair bat, with great hitting powers. Fair change bowler, but does not attend to his pitch enough. Good field.

C. L. Booth. Would soon be a good bat, if he practised enough. Ought to be a good wicket-keep next year.

It was hardly likely that Marlborough cricket would show an immediate revival after the departure of such a boy-wonder as Mr. A. G. Steel. Only four members of the eleven of 1877 were left last year, but in spite of this very important drawback in the middle of the season, it seemed as if they were likely to train on into a useful all-round team. Their victory over Cheltenham led to the belief that they would make something of a fight with Rugby at Lord's, but they failed altogether to come up to general expectation there, and their play showed a great want of life. J. R. Napier was not only a good captain, but he was the most successful of the eleven, taking batting and bowling together, and all round he proved a useful player. G. S. Rogers won the prize for highest batting average, but of the rest G. Gostenhofer was the best at all points, as he was a very effective slow, round-arm bowler, with plenty of break, an improving bat, and a smart field.

THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Times not out.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
A. J. Forrest	16	1	114	24	30	7 $\frac{3}{8}$
F. G. Oliver	17	3	323	61	106	23 $\frac{1}{4}$
A. J. E. Newton	13	0	139	30	30	10 $\frac{1}{3}$
A. S. Jackson	18	5	333	64*	96*	25 $\frac{1}{3}$
G. Francis	17	0	361	65	108	21 $\frac{1}{3}$
W. C. Tonge	17	1	310	73	73	19 $\frac{1}{2}$
H. B. Brownlow	16	2	156	26*	26	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
H. Calley	13	0	145	35	35	11 $\frac{1}{3}$
R. A. Glass	12	7	54	15*	15	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
E. Clowes	4	0	10	8	8	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. D. S. Hamilton	2	0	31	18	31	15 $\frac{1}{2}$
H. C. Wilson	9	1	55	16*	16	6 $\frac{1}{2}$

* Not out.

THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Average Runs per Wicket.
A. J. E. Newton	1566	144	634	56	0	11 $\frac{0}{24}$
A. J. Forrest	1839	139	742	56	1	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
H. B. Brownlow	384	14	316	19	0	16 $\frac{1}{2}$
R. A. Glass	473	37	196	6	0	32 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. C. Tonge	365	23	240	6	0	40

Forrest bowled 12 no-balls.

H. Calley and G. Francis bowled without taking a wicket.

Cheltenham had six of its eleven of 1877 remaining last season, but it cannot be said that the cricket there for the last few seasons has been in any way up to the high standard that one ought to expect. The double defeat by Marlborough and Clifton was anything but satisfactory, and it seems difficult to account for the poor show the Cheltonians made on more than one occasion. Taken altogether they were a very fair batting team, with four really good players in F. G. Oliver, A. S. Jackson, G. Francis, and W. C. Tonge; but there was very little bowling of any value, and except A. J. Forrest and A. J. E. Newton, there was apparently no change worth anything. Cheltenham's fielding has been usually regarded as a synonym for perfection in this department, but last season it was lifeless and weak to a degree, and barring the batting there was really not a promising feature in Cheltenham cricket of 1878. We understand that G. McCanlis has just been appointed coach in place of James Lillywhite, who has retired after a long and honourable career, and with a new master it is to be hoped that the energy they so sadly wanted last season will be instilled into the Cheltonians.

CLIFTON COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Times not out.	Average.
H. W. R. Gribble	14	312	67	1	24'0
G. C. Harrison	13	121	53	0	9'4
E. W. Lyon	12	209	87	0	17'5
S. A. Noon	14	230	86	1	17'9
E. L. Richardson	16	253	55*	2	18'1
W. E. Dunsford	13	300	195	2	27'3
W. C. Johnston	13	160	53	2	14'6
F. M. Reynolds	10	24	16*	3	3'3
C. M. Nelson	13	67	26	2	6'1
J. I. Williamson	13	163	36*	2	14'9
J. W. Causton	14	67	12	3	6'1

CLIFTON COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Average.
C. M. Nelson	507	174	59	15	11 $\frac{2}{3}$
G. C. Harrison	1667	560	150	42	13 $\frac{2}{3}$
E. W. Lyon	98	58	6	4	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
C. W. Johnston	533	208	53	13	16
F. M. Reynolds	1069	377	91	22	17 $\frac{3}{8}$

Clifton was singularly unfortunate in having actually one of its eleven of 1877 remaining from last season, and it is most creditable to the relic, H. W. R. Gribble, that he should have been able to mould such a quantity of new material so well into shape. Gribble

and W. E. Dunsford were the highest scorers of the year, but the former was the more reliable bat, and he also proved possessed of excellent judgment as a captain. In Noon, Richardson, Lyon, and Williamson were four useful bats, and if the bowling could hardly be described as formidable, the fielding was so good that it was always fairly effective. G. C. Harrison, a slow, round-arm bowler, with a very strong twist, did good service with the ball throughout the season, and Reynolds, medium pace round, was also effective at times. There was certainly no great amount of change, but with moderately good batting and bowling and fine fielding they managed to make at least a respectable show in 1878.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—November Notes.

Town has come home again. That infinitesimal, but at times important portion of the world that lies between Tyburnia and Belgravia on the one hand, and Pall Mall and Kensington on the other, is again inhabited; and though my Lady is still at her place in the country, and my Lord is either at Melton or among his preserves, yet are 'people of fashion,' as they used to be called, to be seen in Bond Street, while on a fine day Regent Street is as impassable as it is in June. The Clubs have done their cleaning; Belgrave and Eaton Squares have partially opened their shutters. The members of the United Growlers no longer inflict their presence on the United Grumblers, but have returned to their own place, and clubdom is at peace. Her Majesty's Theatre looks very like a return of the season on the nights when Trebelli charms us in 'Carmen,' and Marimon adds yet another Margherita to the many we know; and, despite the *dictum* of a Solon of the Metropolitan Bench, the Criterion is as thronged as ever. What some other theatres have been doing we propose to show, merely remarking here that not only has London come back to town, but, more important still, Messrs. James and Thorne have returned to the Vaudeville.

One drawback to the great joy with which London welcomes back her children has been the approaching closing of the Argyle. That sad event, while it has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, has not made more respectable Waterloo Place and the Haymarket. The labours of the A Division are doubled, and they remember Major Lyon and the Middlesex magistrates in their prayers. Dragooned, as it were, into virtue by Act of Parliament, we have the proud satisfaction of knowing that our capital is the most openly licentious in Europe. The straining at gnats and the swallowing of camels has been an amusement to which a certain class of Englishmen have always been much addicted, but really the Waterloo Place camel has got such a very big animal—and will, when the Argyle is closed, get so much bigger—that how it is to be dealt with will be a trying problem for Sir Edmund Henderson. We are old enough to remember the Haymarket at its worst, and we think that now, supposing those old times could return, it would not be in the handicap with Waterloo Place at or about midnight.

But let us change this unsavoury theme. Talking of old times reminds us

that there is a pleasanter meaning of the phrase to be seen any morning in Piccadilly. There the rattle of bar and pole chains are to be heard, and there, from the time-honoured Cellar, starts at 10.30 what the advertisements of our younger days used to call 'a well-appointed coach,' bound for St. Albans, which it reaches at 1 o'clock, and at 2.30 starts on its return journey. We need not expatiate here on the road to the town that has been at different epochs celebrated for many things: in days of old, for the faith of our English protomartyrs; in more recent times, for the incorruptibility of its citizens; at the present juncture, for the excellence of its sausages. There is a bathos in this latter circumstance, but still we feel bound to mention it. Of course there is the grand old abbey always, and that is more worth seeing now than ever, before the hand of the restorer shall have completed its work. 'The Old Times' is well horsed and well driven. 'Sir Henry' is the most genial of companions, and can talk of anything and everything under the sun; 'The Major,' if more taciturn on the box, will come out at the luncheon-table; and if you want information about places, horses, and men and women within a thirty-mile radius, Selby is there to give it you. What more can you desire?

And besides coaching, there have been other things wherewith to while away the afternoons of dark and drear November. How popular what are called 'morning performances' have become need not be told. A morning performance at most of our theatres means a crowd of carriages at the doors, a box-office besieged, and an *avis* that there is no room in boxes or stalls. We believe that among some worthy and excellent people an impression exists that a theatre in an afternoon and a theatre in an evening are distinct things, and Mrs. Perkins, from Upper Clapton, takes the Misses Perkins to see 'Les Cloches de Corneville,' and to hear and see the 'Look at this,' &c., at 3.30 P.M., when the same lively entertainment would be an abomination some few hours later. We do not pretend to explain this, but so it is we verily believe, and the managers of theatres have reaped a good reward therefrom.

The Aquarium Theatre goes in for this business to a greater extent than other houses, and is, indeed, the Afternoon Theatre of the Metropolis. Mr. Wybrow Robertson is now giving us a series of performances of old comedies, some not so very old, as, for instance, 'Grandfather Whitehead,' in which many of this generation remember the elder Farren in the part now played by his son. We can recall the figure of the father to our memories, with the stooped head and the rounded shoulders, with all the infirmity of old age about him, and the son's copy of the original is so exact as to be almost startling. Very painstaking and excellent is Mr. Farren's performance in many ways, and yet we felt there was something wanting; what it was we could hardly say. We must not be hypercritical on an actor who has with so much careful study won his way into the favour of the public, but we should be inclined to say, judged by the high standard of his father, that his Grandfather Whitehead is lacking in pathos. Pathetic it is, but not the pathos that touches the feelings. In the more cheerful side of the character, the old man's love for his grandchild and the happy content in which he lives, Mr. Farren was quite at home, and acted like a true artist. Perhaps it is not in him to quite touch the deeper feelings of the heart. He goes very near to doing so; once or twice he did in Dr. Primrose, we remember, but stopped short just as the point was being reached.

In 'The Liar,' which Mr. Farren plays after 'Grandfather Whitehead,' there was also something wanting, very good though the performance was. In the part of Young Wilding Mr. Farren lacks *abandon*, lacks that levity

of character which distinguished poor Charles Mathews's interpretation of the part. Mr. Farren does not give us the picture of an 'agreeable Rattle.' His lies appear too much like business lies, and they are delivered with an undue solemnity. We certainly prefer him in 'Grandfather Whitehead,' and if we had not seen Farren the elder in that part, perhaps we should not have discovered the few touches wanting in his son. Miss Litton ably supports Mr. Farren as Miss Grantham. That lady, as we shall have to repeat further on, shows a genuine appreciation of the spirit of the old comedies. She is always charming in those of the modern school, but in the former she catches the trick of manner with the trick of costume, and moves and talks as a lady of that day would have done. The other performers were entirely satisfactory, and if we must take exception, it is to the ultra low comedy of Mr. Fawn in 'Grandfather Whitehead.' We presume there were some traditions for the absurd dress that Mr. Fawn assumes; also for the way in which the costume was acted up to. It certainly was an exhibition of low comedy calculated to make the judicious grieve.

And there is another old comedy that under some interpretations is always fresh and new, and which as now seen at the Haymarket is a treat to old playgoers. *Place aux dames*, so we must first congratulate Miss Litton on as charming a Lydia Languish as it has been our lot to meet. The actress is gifted with a keen sense of humour. The absurd side of the young lady's character is seized hold of by her and presented to us with a solemnity of manner and demeanour that is wonderfully amusing. Miss Litton makes us see that Lydia believes fully in herself, and her sentimentalism and her deliverance of the heroics of the *rôle* is done with infinite cleverness. We consider she has given to the character a force and prominence which we never remember to have seen any artist invest it with; and to see that and Mr. John S. Clarke's Bob Acres is alone worth a visit to the Haymarket. We saw this gentleman in the character during a short season at the Folly Theatre two or three years ago, and when, we remember, Mr. Walter Lacy was a capital Sir Anthony; but Mr. Clarke has improved on that performance. The slightest tendency to facial exaggeration has been suppressed, while a richer humour has been developed. In the duel scene Mr. Clarke depicted the terrors of Acres in a way that was something beyond the ludicrous. One laughed, of course, but at the same time felt that the terrors depicted had something of the tragic in them, and a step or two further the boundary between laughter and tears would have been passed. This showed consummate art. Mr. Howe is an excellent Sir Anthony. He perpetuates the traditions of the part and plays with more unction than some of his predecessors displayed. Mr. Terriss is a very agreeable Captain Absolute; and when we say that Mr. Kelly undertakes the ungracious part of Falkland and contrives to interest his audience in that not very lovable person, we think we have said enough to show that the Haymarket cast is exceptionally good. We could have wished for a better Sir Lucius, but in other respects no fault can be found.

A new dramatic author, Mrs. Holford, has made a successful bid for public favour with a play that reminds us alternately of Claude Melnotte, Ruy Blas, and 'Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge,' of Dumas. How love is the great leveller as well as the great teacher, is indeed no new theme, but yet has Mrs. Holford infused some novelty into the treatment, though it may be questioned if the *dénouement* helps out the theory of love the leveller, and for this reason, that the supposed man of low degree, whom the heroine, a lady, at last loves for his own sake, turns out to be an aristocrat in disguise, who has been con-

cealing his identity for reasons not very clear, unless for the somewhat romantic one, a desire to be loved for himself alone. Ruy Blas was only a valet, and Claude Melnotte a gardener's son, but yet they were loved. Mrs. Holford seems to have wished to apologize, as it were, for the weakness of her sex, and by showing that, after all, her heroine was not forgetful of her station, and that some innate feeling showed her the gentleman under the mechanic's dress. Still has she given us an interesting play, and has afforded Miss Marion Terry—that gifted member of a gifted family—an opportunity of showing that she too, like her sister, can depict love kept and restrained under bounds as a delicate and cultured woman would show it in real life. Nothing more charming has ever been seen on the stage than the exhibition of the dawn of passion as shown by this young artist. Like her sister, Mrs. Henry Kelly, her actions are most suggestive. The simple motion of the hands tells a tale. In the play 'A Republican Marriage,' in the scene where her supposed low-born husband, suddenly unable longer to bear the restraint he has imposed upon himself, flings his arms round her, the way in which Miss Terry unclasps them, half indignantly, half reluctantly, disclosing the dawn of a love of which she was perhaps scarcely conscious, was a most refined and subtle piece of acting. She was well supported by Mr. Neville as the masquerading mechanic—and we do not mean by this phrase anything derogatory to the author's conception, but we really do not see what else to call him. In the impassioned scenes where the aristocratic husband breaks through the veil of concealment, Mr. Neville was very good. The drama requires condensation, and perhaps alteration, but it has the makings of a success in it if properly treated.

The racing season died unusually hard, keeping up the game more or less merrily up to the last day allowed by law, and as November was on the whole a well-behaved month, neither freezing nor flooding us out, the work was got through. No grass was allowed to grow under the feet of those who from duty or inclination went the round of meetings after the Houghton. The only puzzle was where to go—should the cutting air of Brighton downs, the raw damp atmosphere of Lincoln, or the snug-lying and easy-going of Worcester, tempt us? We pondered on these things, and then, from an old affection for the old city and its inhabitants, chose Worcester, and were rewarded by some fair sport, and some good liquor, the latter a *sine quâ non* at Worcester in November, if not at other times. There is mirth and melody too to be found at that good hostelry 'The Crown,' in addition to the liquor, also a host and hostess who study the comfort of their guests in a fashion that is now getting, we are sorry to say, a little old-fashioned. Despite the counter attractions of Brighton and Lincoln, Worcester held its own, and we are convinced that a very good meeting there might be, both in July and November, especially in the latter month, if the sinews of war were better provided. Mr. Barnett, who is now the only member of the old Race Committee left, does what he can, we feel sure, but somehow there is not a very hearty response to his appeal, and there were complaints this time of a want of liberality in the business arrangements of the meeting, which we must ascribe, we suppose, to want of funds. Everybody likes Worcester, its pretty course, comfortable stand, from which such a good view of the racing is to be obtained, and its worthy citizens, male and female. We remember in former times thinking the female citizens were very nice, in these halcyon days,

When all the world was young, lad,
And all the trees were green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen.

There are plenty of Worcester lasses about as 'proud and pretty' as of yore doubtless, and there are plenty of lads, we hope, who think them 'queens,' but, alas! *we* saw very few. Still, it is cheering to come to the old place, though many of the lads we knew are dead, and, worse still, many of the lasses have grown old; but as Captain Morris sings, we will yet find a reason fair to fill our glass (Crowe Perrier Jouet) again to the new generation, the lads and lasses born since our time. May their lives and their loves prosper.

Liverpool next claimed the wandering feet of racing men, but we propose to touch very slightly on the sport provided by the Messrs. Topham on that most charming of spots, Aintree, and that for a reason—we were not there to see. Not that that would prevent us writing an exceedingly graphic and interesting account for the 'Van,' culled from the pages of our contemporaries, a Bleyssian, Paronian, Hotspurian, and Meteoric article, that uniting the grace and intelligence of several distinguished pens, would very much astonish 'Baily' readers. But we will spare them. In the first place, Liverpool is now an old story, the win of Belphebe and all the rest of it has become history, and while we feel confident that any stray leaves of the 'Van' will in the days of the New Zealander be eagerly sought for, we hope it will not be done for the racing contained therein. So we will let Liverpool slide, the sport, the turtle, and the cocktails, and take up our story on the morning of the 12th ultimo, when, within hearing of Shrewsbury clock and under the shadow of its venerable Town Hall, we looked out upon the square covered with snow and the statue of the great Clive in powdered wig, white coat and ruffles, looking, profane idea, very like a Christy Minstrel in Court dress. The snow was lying on the course an inch or two thick in places, and things looked bad. But when did the heart of John Frail fail him if difficulties had to be overcome? The well-known C. C. of Shrewsbury is now its honoured Chief Magistrate, an office he was asked to take some two or three years back, but from the duties and responsibilities of which he got himself excused at the time. But now Shrewsbury will not be denied, and there is a sort of official look this morning as we exchange greetings, in his worship's fur-lined coat bespeaking of the sables of authority. That authority had to be invoked later in the day, and well and firmly was it exercised. The sport was very good, and Mr. Frail having had men at work from an early hour, sweeping the snow from as much of the straight mile as was possible, we were able to get through the card. The steeplechase was postponed for a couple of hours to allow of the sun having some effect on the snow on the country, so we commenced with a Nursery in which Mr. Crawford commenced a series of wins for the scarlet jacket, which were both novel and pleasing. The Rub-a-dub filly was the first good thing, and Malay in the Cleveland Handicap the second, Gallon riding the winner in both events. Again had the light weight a turn in the Groby Cup, the result of which wrought confusion in the ranks of backers, for the winner, the Bobbin Around colt, was hardly mentioned in the betting, the money being on Dominica, Coriander II., and Ramsbury, and the outsider came with a rush opposite the enclosure, and won very easily. There were only three runners for the Autumn Steeplechase, but they were good class, Juggler, Chilblain, and High Priest (late The Rabbi). Juggler was favourite with his Worcester penalty, and he is such a good horse that if he had not bolted out of the course before they had gone a mile, he must have won. As it was he made up his lost ground in a surprising manner, but of course could not win, and High Priest cantered in.

And now commenced a riot that, at first arising out of some welshing

transaction, assumed before its close a very ugly aspect. Somebody had been welsshed, and the victim and his friends had taken their revenge by smashing the temporary stands of the ready-money bookmakers outside the enclosure, and, while their hands were in, upsetting some of the refreshment stalls, breaking up the woodwork, and flinging the sticks about in a manner that recalled the traditions of Donnybrook Fair. However the riot began there were dangerous elements in the mob, who meant going for something much heavier than breaking up booths. Ex-Sergeant Ham, formerly of the Detective Force, is now employed by many clerks of the course to guard Tattersall's Ring from the thieves and scoundrels that follow racing. A very zealous man, of undaunted courage, knowing well, and well known of, the aforesaid scoundrels, he has necessarily made himself very obnoxious to the fraternity, and there is no doubt that, in the more serious form of riot that ensued, they 'went' for him. Just after the last race a rush was made from the course into the enclosure, headed by some well-known London thieves, aided by some friends from Birmingham. The gate-keepers were overpowered and Tattersall's Ring invaded. Blows were freely exchanged, and Ham was severely hit. For a moment or two there was something like a panic among the bookmakers, and small wonder, for most of them had large sums of money in their note-cases, and the invaders were not averse to a little robbery in addition to a murder. But some of the gentlemen came to the rescue, and the bookmakers recovering their self-possession, the ruffians were at last ejected. Lord Marcus Beresford—when or where was there a Beresford who did not enjoy a little fighting?—left his mark, we believe, on one or two of them, and the small force of local constabulary did what they could, which was not much. Mr. Frail at once acted with that promptitude and decision which have always been his characteristics. There was every probability that the riot might be renewed on the morrow, and Mr. Frail immediately telegraphed to Birmingham for additional constables. 'From the Mayor of Shrewsbury to the Chief Constable of Birmingham' was a wire sure to receive prompt attention, and when we were at breakfast next morning the sight of thirty stalwart policemen under the immediate command of the chief, Major Bond—a very determined-looking soldier—paraded in front of the Town Hall, was very reassuring. The roughs had had their day on Tuesday. Law and order were going to have the best of it to-day. Some villainous-looking ruffians we saw in the streets were evidently of this opinion, and looked cowed and defeated. It was very satisfactory to hear in the course of the afternoon that all the ringleaders, one a notorious burglar only recently liberated, were in custody, with some half-dozen of their followers, and so ended what, but for Mr. Frail's prompt action, might have been a very nasty affair.

Too much praise cannot be given to the Mayor for his conduct. Of course the aid he asked for entailed considerable expense, but that has never been a consideration with Mr. Frail when the well-being of his meeting and the comforts of his visitors were to be considered. Further on our readers will find some comments on the incident apart from local considerations; for the present we must briefly refer to the racing. It was not very nice for backers. Woodquest won the Wilton Welter on the second day without any one being on, and 'Mr. Cameron' took the Foregate Stakes with Misenus, and not a sixpence did the black and blue carry. There were two very riling circumstances to begin with, and they required the wins of Strathavon, Censer and Avontes to balance matters. The magician that lives at Russley and

makes new horses out of old ones was not so successful as he formerly has been here, and though one of the noble supporters of the stable was to the fore now and then, the yellow jacket never came to the front. Avontes was the hero of the second day, and the Great Shropshire the beginning of a series of wins for Mr. Stirling Crawford with this horse that we trust has compensated him for many disappointments. An undoubted good horse is this son of Distin, and the way he squandered his field was a caution. Eminence was the only other backed in reality, and we heard some strange stories about him and his supporters. In the first place his starting four-and-twenty hours before the race was far from certain, and after all 'difficulties' had been surmounted and he went to the post, he was stated to carry much more of the confidence, *i.e.* the money of the Fyfield stable, than Avontes. This, judged by the result, was curious, but then racing is a curious game at which the cleverest of us get beaten. Eminence was in front at the bend, and flattered his backers for a moment or two afterwards, but directly Avontes drew out the race was over, and the good-looking chestnut leaving his field standing still won hands down by some ten or a dozen lengths. The win was a popular one with the public, and we need scarcely say with the worthy C.C., for Mr. Crawford has been one of the firmest supporters of Shrewsbury ever since he has been racing, and though his jacket is scarlet his colours are 'true blue.'

Some good racing on Thursday, and Drumhead upset the long-expected Quicksilver and showed himself a good useful horse. Strathavon won again too, but there was no fun in laying 9 to 4 on him, certainly though it was. An outsider who ran badly at Liverpool—Lutestring—won the Tankerville Nursery, and again did the Russley Claymore cut up very badly. He was said not to have got off on the previous day, but here he was well in front at the bend, but could not, or would not, keep his place. We should imagine he was a bit of a rogue. Lutestring reversed his Liverpool form in a very surprising way, and Newhouse won a thousand on her; so do our jockeys bet nowadays. Ramsbury was to have retrieved the Russley fortunes in the Anglesey Nursery, but the top-weight Remorse, very unexpectedly to Mr. Gretton, landed the stake by half a length in front of Helena, Lemaire bringing the latter with a grand rush opposite the Stand, but failing to get up. Of course the Severn Cup was only a canter for Belphebe, and the concluding day saw, at last, 'The Squire' and Wadlow's stable get a pull with Sunshade, who has been a sadly disappointing horse to them. Even now Mr. Drake did not dare to have much on him, for they had put the money down both on the Cesarewitch and Great Shropshire, and though he was second in the latter race, the general impression was that Suttly was second best. Lord Clive was the favourite, but he did not run at all well, and Archer, being disappointed when he tried to come through at the six-furlong part, did not persevere with him. Mr. Crawford and the stable had some pieces on the Makeshift filly again, and she made a run of it with Sunshade coming up the straight, but the latter got the best of it within the distance and won easily, we think, at the finish. The Hawkstone Welter Cup was fatal to backers, for Victorious, who had been much fancied by his stable for the Great Shropshire, jumped away with the lead, was never headed, and won in a canter from Helena and Singleton, the latter with Tower and Sword being the favourites. Paramette was another animal that brought backers to grief, for she was beaten by Templar in the Castle Stakes, and though the odds were landed on Ambergris in the Newport, Julius Cæsar, who was

giving him 22 lbs., held him for a bit more than was pleasant to his backers, and showing what a great horse the former is when he chooses to try. The meeting, only marred by the riot on the first day that we have referred to, was a very successful one, and both the senior and the junior members of the firm may be heartily congratulated thereon.

Racing began at Warwick on a Monday, which is an abominable system, and ought to be suppressed by Act of Turf Parliament. It necessitates in a great measure travelling on Sunday, with all the horrors of Sunday trains, at which, be it said, the G. W. R. is *facile princeps*—it involves no settling, or next to none, which at this time of year, by the way, becomes a chronic complaint, and, moreover, commencing on a Monday means six days' racing, which we venture to call cruelty at all times, but particularly in the days of dark November. Mr. Sheldon, however, was obliged in some way to do what he did with his fixture, as Kempton Park occupied the same week. He wisely determined not to clash with the new venture, so the week was divided between them, while for the northern division there were four days' racing at Manchester. Wonderful vitality indeed, and that our popular sport died hard nobody can deny. The new C. C. at Warwick had a very good meeting in point of sport, but bad in the way of company. It is a curious circumstance to reflect what some of our race meetings would be but for Londoners. On Warwick Common that week, beyond a handful of people, inhabitants of the town and Leamington, and some gaping rustics, the rest was all London and Birmingham. Of Warwickshire county families there was scarcely a representative, and yet but three or four years ago the Stand was well occupied by them, and there was also a good show from Leamington. Why this change of things? Had Warwickshire become religious, and was racing an abomination, or was the fair county hard up? Both explanations were offered us; and a combination of the two causes was suggested. We do not know which to pity Warwickshire for most, supposing this to be true, its puritanism or its poverty. We can only hope for its reformation and better times.

The sport opened pleasantly enough, with the good thing Roundhead in the Tally-Ho Hurdle Race, and Manna in the Hunt Cup Steeple Chase. Good things were said too about the last-named winner, at least the utterers thought so, though some of the bookmakers appeared puzzled by references to the Wilderness of Sin, and were inclined to think the remarks personal. There were plenty of turns up, however, *à la mode de Warwick*, to console them. That rogue Beddington, who tries only once in a blue moon, came and upset all the favourites in the Spa Nursery, and Citoyenne, after a slashing race, beat The Cellarer by a head in a Selling Plate. All of which was bad, and more remained when Suffolk Lad got much the best of Fair Lyonesse and Bancks in the Mid-Weight Handicap. There was something satisfactory in backing Boyne Water for the Steeple Chase the next day, because you can't well stop him over his own distance—two miles—whatever you put on him, and he carried his 12st. 7lb. to the front like a bird. There was a good field, as there always is at Warwick, for the Hunters' Plate, in which the favourite, Huntingfield, made an example of his horses; and on the last day Avontes proved himself a real good horse in the Welter Cup by giving Singleton 20 lbs., and we should say almost another 20 lbs. beating. Mr. Gretton's horse, at all events, could not make Avontes gallop, and the former is a fair horse at a mile too. The Leamington Grand Annual brought out a fair field, considering what steeple-chasing is coming to, and the Irish

horse, Victor II., running a *little* better than he did at Liverpool, beat Chilblain, after a fine race, by a head. He must be a game one, for he looked in difficulties below the distance, and a good one to boot, for Lord Marcus Beresford did not think any four-year old could beat Chilblain at even weights. There were some doubts expressed before the race whether it was Victor II.'s day, but we saw all the clever people backing him, and that was enough for us.

We have not much time to linger in the pleasant pastures of Kempton Park, where, considering it was November, the weather was very well behaved. The course was in splendid order, verifying what we had heard, that in the wettest season you might always run here, and that you would never see a pool of water. The fields were good, and the attendance on the Saturday immense. Saturday racing has taken wonderfully with Londoners, and, both at Sandown and Kempton, that day is both select and popular. The flat season went out in a blaze of triumph, and Avontes scored yet another good mark, by the way in which he won the Kempton Park Handicap, on the closing day. The fields were wonderful on that afternoon, eighty-two horses running in the different events, and a field of nineteen for a Nursery, being only what we are accustomed to see at Newmarket. Captain Machell wound up the season well by taking the two last events with Breadfinder and Citoyenne; and Sir William Throckmorton had the proud satisfaction of beating the hitherto invincible Quits with his Thais horse—and we hope this time he backed him.

Every impartial person who reads and reflects on the following illegal proceedings must see that public opinion, after what has occurred, will never allow the stewards of the Jockey Club, or of the National Hunt Committee, to inflict the Draconian punishment of *perpetual disqualification* on horses for running at meetings not properly advertised. Indeed, so extravagant is the penalty that there is very little chance of getting either of those bodies to convict any one, no matter how clearly guilty of the offence to which it attaches. And we do not blame them. Did not juries, by steadily refusing to find wretches guilty of crimes which did not deserve *capital* punishment, cure English law of its brutality and barbarism? We hope, therefore, the 'Van' Driver will not be set down as a 'pestilent fellow and mover of sedition' if he appeal to racing and steeplechasing owners to study the rules of their favourite sport, and to *insist* on those rules being revised in accordance with reason, and properly *enforced*. In the 'Rules of Racing,' made by the Jockey Club at Newmarket, Part I., Section 2, says, (1) 'These rules apply to all meetings held under the control of the Jockey Club, or advertised in the "Racing Calendar," to be held subject to these rules; (2) If a horse run in any race at any meeting in Great Britain which is *not so advertised*, he is 'perpetually disqualified for all races to which these rules apply.' Part II., on the management of meetings and the powers of stewards, says, (1) 'Every meeting must be advertised in the "Racing Calendar." (3) No meeting shall be advertised in the "Racing Calendar" unless the money added be not less than 300*l.* per day, 150*l.* of which at least shall be added to races of a mile and upwards, and the minimum so required to be added shall be given, notwithstanding any condition to the contrary, if there be *five* entries, and *three* horses, the property of different owners, start.' For the Thursday of the First October Meeting, 1878, three races of a mile and upwards, with added money, were 'advertised,' viz., (1) The Cesarewitch Trial Handicap with 200*l.* added, *five* to start or no race, Cesarewitch Course; (2) A Third Class Welter Handicap, D.M., with 100*l.* added, if *four* start; and (3)—the

only one which filled—a Welter Handicap, D.M., with 100*l.* added, *ten* entries or no race.

For the second day of Ripon St. Wilfrid, 1878, but one race of a mile and upwards, with added money, was 'advertised,' viz., the Members' Handicap Plate of 145 sovs.

For the first day of Liverpool Autumn, 1878, but one race of a mile and upwards, with added money, was 'advertised,' viz., the Westmorland Welter Plate of 145 sovs.; and for the following day, but one, viz., the Aintree Feather Plate of 145 sovs.

Part III. (of the Rules of Racing) says, 'No horse shall carry extra weight 'for having run second, or in any lower place, in any race or races.' Yet the conditions of Free Handicap, A.F., run on the Thursday of the Newmarket, Houghton Meeting, 1878, ordered 'The second for the Derby, or St. Leger, 'the Grand Prix, or Champion Stakes, if handicapped below 8 st. 7 lbs. to 'be raised to that weight; the second in the Oaks, or Prix du Jockey Club, 'to carry 8 st. if handicapped lower.'

Rule 15 of the Grand National Hunt Rules says, 'If a horse run at any 'Steeplechase, Hurdle Race, or Hunters' Flat Race Meeting in Great 'Britain, not advertised to be under the National Hunt Rules, he is *perpetually* 'disqualified for all races to which these Rules apply.' The yeomanry meetings at Musselburgh on July 20, and at Hamilton, May 7, 1878, were *not advertised to be under* the National Hunt Rules, yet the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee recently decided 'that horses which ran at those 'meetings shall not be disqualified from running at race meetings held under 'the Grand National Rules.'

The first day of regular fox-hunting in the Midlands, when war-paint is put on and hunting becomes once more a full-dress parade, was Monday, the 4th of November. By the first of the month all the rooms at the hotels, private lodgings in Melton, and hunting boxes in the neighbourhood were taken and occupied, so that the meet at Kirby Gate was the largest that had been seen for years, and amongst others present were Mr. Coupland, the Master, and Miss Evelyn Webster, Lord and Lady Grey de Wilton, the Earl of Bradford, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Lord Wicklow, Lord Melgund, Lord Aylesford, Lord Hastings, Sir John Lister Kaye, Lady Lonsdale, Hon. Hugh Lowther, Hon. A. Pennington, Lord Rossmore, Sir Frederick Fowke of Lowesby, Sir Archdale Palmer, Captain Barclay of Scraftoft, Captain Digby Wingfield, Captain Middleton, Captain Boyce, Captain Longstaffe, Mr. Julius Behrens, Mr. and Mrs. Adair, Mr. Younger, Mr. Pryor, Mr. Lubbock, Captain and Miss Hartopp, Mr. Brooks of Barkby Hall, Mr. Pochin, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Pennell-Elmhirst, Mr. Harter of Ashfordby Hall, Captain Turner-Farley, Mr. E. Cheney, Mr. Cradock, Mr. Flower, Mr. Gleadow, Mr. Simpkin of Hoby, Mr. Carver of Ingarsby, Mr. Burbidge of Thorpe, on wheels, Custance from Manton, and many others.

Tom Firr was, unfortunately, absent, not having recovered from a fall he had near Baggrave on the previous Friday, so Mr. Coupland had to hunt the hounds himself, no easy task for so large and thrusting a field, all eager for a gallop. They found at Gartree Hill, but there was little or no scent, ran slowly up to Dalby plantation, back by Burdett's Gorse, by the mill to Adam's Gorse, where they changed, and got on the line of a fox which had stolen away and did nothing; but they wound up the day with a good gallop from Brooksby, going by Rearsby up to Queniborough Spinnies, where the hounds were whipped off.

The Atherstone, according to custom, met at Bosworth Park on the first Monday, and as it was a beautiful bright morning a good field assembled, amongst whom were Mr. Oakeley the Master, the Hon. Mrs. Oakeley, and Miss Oakeley from Cliff House, Mr. C. Newdegate, M.P. (who it is said forgets all about the Pope as soon as ever the hounds begin to run hard), Lord de Clifford, Hon. C. Russell, Captain Hon. F. Curzon, Captain Townshend and his son from Caldicott Hall, Mr. Gerard Leigh from Amington Hall, Mr. George Moore of Appleby, Mr. Dyson Moore of Sketchley Hall, Mr. Crawley, Captain and Mrs. Henniker, Mr. H. P. Cunliffe Shawe of Weddington Hall, who is acting as secretary in Mr. Blackwood's absence, General Phillips from Pipe Grange, who was very full of a good thing he had seen with the South Staffordshire on the previous Friday, when they ran into the Atherstone country, Major Worswick of Normanton Hall, Mr. Leith of Ashby, Mr. Brooks of Ansty, Mr. Bourne of Camp Hill, Captain Barwell of High Cross, Mr. D. S. Perkins, Mr. Nuttall, and a Mr. 'Tumulus' in the same pair of breeches we were told that he has worn to the first meet at Bosworth for the last forty-three years, and several others whose names we could not learn. Castleman and his whips, Sam Hayes and Will Whiting, were well mounted on three well-bred, good-looking, weight-carrying hunters, fit for any sort of country, by Mr. Oakeley's own horse Watchman. They first drew Spring Wood, and soon found a fox who tried to face the open, but was headed by the foot people, who were all over the country, and run into. Another was found by the side of the pool, who tried to go to Sutton, but he was headed back into covert by the carriages which lined the road, where he was nearly caught by one hound who had hold of his brush, which made him fly over the grass into Spring Wood, by Cadeby, towards Osbaston and Newbold Verdon, back to Botany Bay Spinnies, then pointed for Brascote and the Lindridge Coverts, where he beat them, after a very good forty-five minutes. After this they had another very good run from the Osiers near Bosworth Station, over the railway, where the field pressed so hard on the hounds as to spoil what looked like being a very good run, which brought them to slow hunting on the plough, until they lost near Sibson Vales, and went home after a very fair day's sport for the first day.

The Billesdon, or Sir Bache Cunard's, Hounds were on the same day at Gumley, and a large field assembled, amongst whom was a lot of young England our correspondent did not know. Everybody warmly greeted the new Master, and Mr. Tailby, who is going still in his old form, was also very heartily received. Among others present were Sir Henry and Lady Halford from Wistow, Captain and Mrs. Whitmore, Hon. Mr. O'Brien, Colonel and Mrs. Arthur of Beauchamp Grange, Captain Baillie of Illston Grange, Mr. and Mrs. Bigge of Carlton Curlieu Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Simson of Glenn House, Miss Aspinall of Newton Harcourt, Major Bethune of Burton Overy, Mr. and Mrs. Douglass of Market Harboro', Mr. and Mrs. Kennard of Talbot House (late The Barn), Mr. Laing, M.P., Mr. Logan of Langton, the Messrs. Gosling brothers, Mr. Henry Lloyd of Kibworth, Captain T. Fetherstonhaugh, Mr. Adrian Hope, the Misses Mackenzie from Great Bowden Hall, Mr. W. Block, Miss Davey, the Countess Stockau, Captain Riddell, Captain Davidson, Colonel Clifton, Captain Laing, Captain Hunt, Mr. Hazelhurst, Mr. Braithwaite, Mr. and Mrs. Franklyn, Mr. Cochrane, Mr. Holford, Mr. George Coleman, Mr. John Bennett, Mr. Tom Miles, Mr. John Paulett, Mr. Oldacre, Dr. Crane, and Mr. Grimsdick, &c. Summers and his

men were very smart in their new coats and buckskins, and mounted on rare good-looking horses which looked like money. They found a lot of foxes, but, as usual on a Monday, the foot people were all over the place, the scent was as bad as it could be, and they ran from the Court to the Laughton Hills and back again three or four times, but the foxes only laughed at us. We are sorry to say that there was a good deal of wire still up, much more so than there was last season.

With the Pytchley the first Wednesday is considered the opening or show day, when the meet is in some part of their best country, rather than the Monday, which this year was at Sywell Wood, in and round which they spent the greater part of the day. On Wednesday, the 6th, they met at Misterton, the residence of Mr. Hazlehurst, than whom there is no better preserver of foxes in the whole Pytchley country, where, in spite of a very cold, dull March-like day, a good many came, yet not nearly so many as we have seen there, amongst whom were Mr. Herbert Langham, the new Master, and his brother Mr. F. Langham, Sir Henry Halford, Mr. Foster, Captain Davidson, Major Jary, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gillespie-Stainton of Bitteswell, Captain R. Soames, Mrs. Thursby, Mr. H. Gebhardt, Mr. J. T. Mills, Major Pearson, Mr. Marriott of Cotesbach, Captain Barwell, Mr. C. G. Graves of Newbold. From Rugby, which is very full this season, came Captain Sapte, Captain Hunter, Count Almásy, Captain Osborne, Mr. A. Benn, Mr. W. N. Heysham, Mr. J. Sheil, Mr. C. Rome; and there were also several well-known hunting farmers. They found directly in Thornborough Spinney, before a great many had crossed the bridge over the brook leading to the covert, and after running up and down for some time went away over some very stiff fences to the back of Lutterworth and on to Bitteswell, where he went to ground. Then they trotted back to the osier-bed at Misterton, which was full of foxes. After a good deal of dodging about one went away by Walcot, round Mr. Daniel's covert, towards Gilmorton, but the scent here was very bad, then turned and came round by Caldecott Spinney on to Swinford Corner, near which they probably changed foxes, for the pace at once improved, and they ran hard past Swinford on to Mr. Morrice's house at Catthorpe, and then very fast up the valley to Swinford old covert, where they lost. The last part was greatly appreciated by the few who saw it and did not come to grief, and, of course, underrated by those who came down or were altogether out of it.

On Wednesday, the 13th, they had a good hunting run from Lilbourne over a very fine line of country, going at first towards Stanford Hall, then turning to the right by Crick covert, nearly down to the village, and up to Watford Gap, past the covert, on to Vanderplank, and killed in Long Buckby, to the great delight of a crowd of shoemakers. Whether it was the same fox found at Lilbourne it is impossible to say; but it was very far from being a good scenting day. Great credit is due to both Goodall and the hounds.

On Saturday, the 16th, after meeting at Welton Place they found at Braunston, had a first-rate run as hard as hounds could go up to the hill at Shuckborough, where, the earths being open, the fox went to ground.

On Tuesday, the 5th of November, the North Warwickshire, according to time-honoured custom, met at Stoneleigh Abbey, where Lord Leigh, as on previous occasions, extended his hospitality with equal liberality to all comers. Some little law, as is customary, was granted, and as Wheatley eat on his compact little bay, supported by Jack Press and Walter Dale, and surrounded

by the good-looking pack awaiting orders, we could not help remarking how faultless was the turn-out generally, and how much credit was in particular due to Wheatley for the excellent condition in which the hounds appeared after the unusually good though severe cubbing season which had just terminated, and as we jogged towards Bericote we noted down some few of the familiar faces in our midst. Besides Lord Leigh, Mr. R. Lant, the Master, and his brother, Mr. John Lant, we noticed that excellent sportsman Mr. John Arkwright of Hatton House, Mr. Graves of Bericote, Generals Cureton and Bloomfield, Colonel and Mrs. Greenway, Colonel and Mrs. Ruck-Keene, Colonel Dunne, and Messrs. Ind and Healey from Coventry, Mr. Muntz of Birdingbury Hall, Mr. George Rennie, Captain Jennings, Mr. Oswald Milne, Mr. F. L. Wedge, Captain Frank Osborne, Mr. Baker, Mr. Edward Petre of Whitley Abbey, Mr. Graham, Messrs. Sydney and E. Hobson, Beck, Shenston, Dalglish, Holyoake, Singlehurst, Wilkinson, Kennedy, Lane, Robins, Robert Lancaster, and also Miss Barker and Miss Hunt. We must not overlook no end of hunting farmers, amongst whom we remarked the Messrs. Jenaway, Thompson, Swinerton, Hands, Grimes, Hough, Ledbrooke, Hammerton, Minette, Limber, Webb, George Lee, Catterns, Corbett, and Eales, all good men and friends to fox-hunting. We need hardly say that there were also the usual number of carriages, every available vehicle in Leamington having been chartered for the occasion, and the sport-loving pedestrians were innumerable. As we approach Bericote we experience no anxiety as to finding, for Lord Leigh's keepers clearly understand that his coverts are above all else *fox* coverts. It is none the less cheering to hear reliable voices proclaim a find, and we have not long now to wait ere the muttered opinion of one old hound is endorsed by the ringing chorus of the remainder. But alas! the covert is too completely surrounded to give much hope of sport, and although one of the several foxes on foot boldly essays to break, he has scarcely traversed a field before he is headed back, and shortly afterwards falls a victim to the hounds in covert. His last ceremonies are quickly concluded, and a brisk trot back past the Abbey ensues to Glasshouse Wood, where almost immediately another fox was found, who quickly slipped away, and took them at a fair pace over the Stoneleigh and Kenilworth road to Wainbody, from which covert he retraced his steps to Glasshouse, but was, with little delay, again forced to take to the open. For a short distance he ran much the same line as previously, but then went within a field of Stiviehall Wood and on over the Coventry railway to the main road beyond, alongside of which he ran once more on to Wainbody, in which covert the hounds pulled him down, after a good hunting run of upwards of two hours. He is then broken up in the field adjoining the covert, and Mr. Lant having given the order 'Home,' we, one and all, jogged back to our respective quarters, much indebted to him for, and thoroughly satisfied with, a most enjoyable day's sport.

On Tuesday, the 11th, they met at Offchurch, found at Welch's Gorse, ran to Print Hill, thence to Hunningham Coppice, slowly on through Eathorpe Spinnies to Birdingbury, then on at a slapping pace through Lester's Piece to Thurlaston village, where a check ensued; but the line was soon recovered, and Wheatley hunted his fox steadily on nearly to Bunker's Hill and back to Lester's Piece, where he went to ground. From find to finish the run was over three hours. The twenty minutes between Birdingbury and Thurlaston was very good, but no doubt they changed foxes on the way. Wheatley hunted the hounds this day with a broken rib, from a fall on the

previous Thursday near Dunchurch, of which he was not then aware, and which has since incapacitated him.

From a Hampshire correspondent we hear that the Vine had a very good cub-hunting season, and Jack West, at the end of October, killed the biggest fox in Wherwell Wood he had ever handled in all his life. Their regular opening day was on the 2nd, at Oakley Hall, where Mr. and Mrs. Beach provided a capital breakfast for all comers. The appearance of the men and hounds gave great satisfaction, and it was said to have been one of the largest meets that had been seen with the Vine for some years, but we cannot say much for the day's sport, as the scent was very bad. They first found in Bulls Bushes, and had a pretty twenty minutes, but the rest of the day was devoted to mere cub-hunting. Amongst those who were out were Mr. Beach the Master, and Miss Beach, Sir Nelson Rycroft of Kempshot Park, the Messrs. Alfred and H. W. Thornton from Beaurepaire, Mr. and Miss Walker from Wolverton Park, Mr. and Mrs. Pain from The Grove, Colonel Hardinge, Colonel Bickerstaff, Captain Morant, Mr. Edward St. John, who, his old Leicestershire friends will be glad to hear, was looking as well as ever and quite as keen for sport, Mr. George Brooks of Sherbone, Mr. Thoys of Ash, Mr. Chute of the Vine, Mr. W. Portal of Malshanger, Mr. H. Allen the Mayor of Basingstoke, Mr. Ramsay of Oakley, the Messrs. Twitchen, Dick Stracey the late huntsman, and no end of soldiers from Aldershot.

A new correspondent, from whom we hope to hear again, tells us that Lord Radnor's hounds had as fine a hunting run, from Speery Well on October 28th, as ever was seen. After rather a long draw they found an old dog-fox about one o'clock in Bunny's Coppice, ran to Black Pits on to Saine Coppice, through Cadbury and on towards the Dunbridge station, where he was headed, and then turned short back through Dummers and went on to the old bar gate at Speery Well, then ran the road nearly to Bentley Farm to Clapgate, over the open to Pebbleworth, down to Queen Mead, then over the Test into the Hursley country, up Brookdown Hill, from which he was viewed into Umbers Wood, where they got on better terms with him, through which they pushed him to Furze Down Farm, when he headed back through the wood and went out at the lower end to the old toll-gate at King's Somborne, where he bore to the left by the Horsebridge station, crossed the Andover railway, down into the meadows again, where the hounds had it all to themselves for two miles, and right well did they stick to him; they re-crossed the Test, and went straight for Pebbleworth, when he headed slowly back towards the meadows for the last time, as the gallant pack here pulled him down in the water, after hunting him in first-rate style for rather over four hours. There were seventeen couples of hounds, and all well up at the finish. Those who crossed the Test, besides John Dale and his two whips, were the Hon. Robert Grimston, Mr. Sandiman of Roche Court, Mr. Bailey of Tytherley, and Mr. Aylward of Horbury. These hounds had also another first-class day's sport on the 22nd. They ran from Treasurer's Dean over the railway and the Downs to Batchcroft and pointed for Barford, left the Downton station to the right, over the Southampton Road, and went to ground at Mr. Gough's at Hale, after a famous five-and-forty minutes; then after a long trot they found another, with which they had a good five-and-thirty minutes, with a kill in the open. So his lordship and John Dale both went home delighted.

We have often called the attention of the readers of 'Bailey' to the nuisance created in the hunting-field by a lot of horses ridden by stable-boys being

sent out to qualify for hunters' races. We are glad to hear that with the Southdown at least there is a chance of its being abated, as Mr. Streatfield, the Master, has decided not to give certificates to horses the property of non-subscribers sent out with trainers or servants. We suspect that this edict will have the effect of clearing the field of these kicking weeds, or there will be a sudden increase in the number of subscribers: in either case it will do good, though we could have wished that subscribers, as well as non-subscribers, were to be debarred from sending out horses in this way. A horse is not a hunter if he is not fit for his master to ride.

The announcement that hydrophobia has broken out in the Royal Kennels has excited, of course, some consternation and much more regret. A very sad affair indeed, for the pack had had such wonderfully good sport during the past month, and Goodall, who had undergone a painful operation in the summer, had thoroughly got over its effects and was going strong and well. The blow to him will be a severe one, and while we sympathize with Lord Hardwicke and all the *real* sportsmen who hunt with the Royal Hounds, we confess we feel most for Goodall, for he loved his hounds as only those who know him can tell. We hear the calamity has well-nigh distracted him, and we feel sure he will be sincerely consoled with by all who know his worth and high character. We were much pleased in reading the other day Lord Hardwicke's speech at the Windsor dinner to the farmers, on the occasion of the toast of 'The Huntsman and Whips.' Bravely did the noble Master, like a fine English gentleman as he is, defend Goodall from the unmanly abuse that for the last three or four years has been poured out on him in the columns of certain journals. Very severe was he on the cowardice of these writers who abuse those who could not defend themselves. 'With regard to Goodall,' said his lordship, 'I cannot but say in his presence that I owe to him personally an attachment which few Masters of Hounds owe to huntsmen. I hunted with him during the whole of the time that he was in the zenith of his career in the finest county in England. He served the county—he served the Master—I will not say better, but I will say as well, as ever country or Master was served during the time he hunted Mr. Tailby's hounds in Leicestershire. . . . Anybody may abuse me as much as he pleases. I am perfectly able to take care of myself; but when I see, as I have seen during the last five years, abuse poured out on servants who are not in a position to answer, I say, as a Master of Hounds, that it is wrong, and to be reprobated in the strongest manner possible.' Bravo, Lord Hardwicke! Probably some of the galloping snobs who write to the papers were at the dinner, and we hope they were. We remember when Goodall was promoted to the office he now holds, fears were expressed that he had become so accustomed to gentlemen in Leicestershire that he would not get on so well in the neighbourhood of London. Still there are many gentlemen who hunt with Her Majesty's Hounds, and Goodall has, we are sure, their sympathy and good wishes under the annoyances to which he has been exposed. For this last calamity even the writers to the papers, we should think, would feel some pity—but perhaps we are handicapping them too favourably. At all events he has that of all good sportsmen.

Does any one of our readers want a horse or two to carry him well this season? Let him repair to the Ranelagh Club at Fulham, where he will find some twenty well-seasoned hunters to make a selection from, and moreover will find a cross-country course on which to try them. We do not think if he pays the Ranelagh a visit that he will go empty away.

Bob Ward, the veteran huntsman to the Hertfordshire, met with an accident on the 1st of November. While casting his hounds in Bramfield Wood, his horse was walking over a ditch, and fell into another, running at right angles to it, which, though deep, was so covered with brambles that neither saw it. His left leg was so severely crushed under the horse that, though no bones were broken, he was obliged to lay up for some time; but his friends will be pleased to hear that he is about again, and hopes soon to be out hunting. Meanwhile, Charles Harris, the first whip, has been hunting the hounds, and, notwithstanding the difficulties which beset him—for everyone who understands hounds and hunting knows how hard it is to drop the whip and take the horn at such short notice—he has given pretty good evidence that he has not been following Ward all these years without picking up some of his knowledge, for he has shown capital sport, and accounted for a good many foxes; while his quiet, civil manner has given great satisfaction in the hunting field.

It is with sincere regret that we record the death of the Father of the Stage. Samuel Phelps, full of years and honours, died on the 6th ultimo, and in common with all lovers of high comedy—for it was as 'Justice Shallow,' 'Sir Peter,' 'Job Thornberry,' 'Dr. Cantwell,' and 'Sir Pertinax,' rather than as 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth' or 'Lear,' that Mr. Phelps so pre-eminently excelled—we cannot refrain from expressing our sense of the loss sustained by the profession in the decease of so brilliant a member. From the days of the elder Kean, through the glorious era of Farren, Young, and Macready, he maintained that high position which we of a later generation have been wont to associate with his name, and his long career has been one of unqualified and deserved success. For many a year will his welcome face be missed behind the footlights of old Drury. *Requiescat in pace.*

'Wykehamica,' by the Rev. H. C. Adams (J. Parker & Co., Oxford and London, and Iwells, Winchester). The author, an old Winchester boy, ex-fellow of Magdalen, and ex-undermaster of Winchester, has written a book of about five hundred pages about Winchester, its founder, its history, its masters, its scholars, its sports, its fagging, its bullying and rough life, its past and its future. Moreover, he has done his work well, as it contains a great deal of information, a great deal of amusement, and a fund of anecdotes of Wykehamists past and present, including Arnold, Sydney Smith, Dr. Buckland, and numberless others. The tone is manly, and much in it is humorous, and not dictatorial in any way; and it is a rare good book to give to a boy or young man; and not a bad book for an old man to read either. Old Wykehamists cannot fail to be pleased with it, and it thoroughly deserves success in every way.

Now that the curtain has really fallen upon the Turf stage, and the illegitimate is to take the place of the legitimate, the 'Van' driver may be permitted to turn round on his box and take one little look on the road by which he has travelled, to the amusement, he hopes, of some readers, and to the improvement of others. How has the past season compared with its fellows on those vital points which affect the true interests of the Turf? Well, upon the whole, we think 1878 will have been found to hold its own. On the credit side of the account we have to place the increased popularity of the

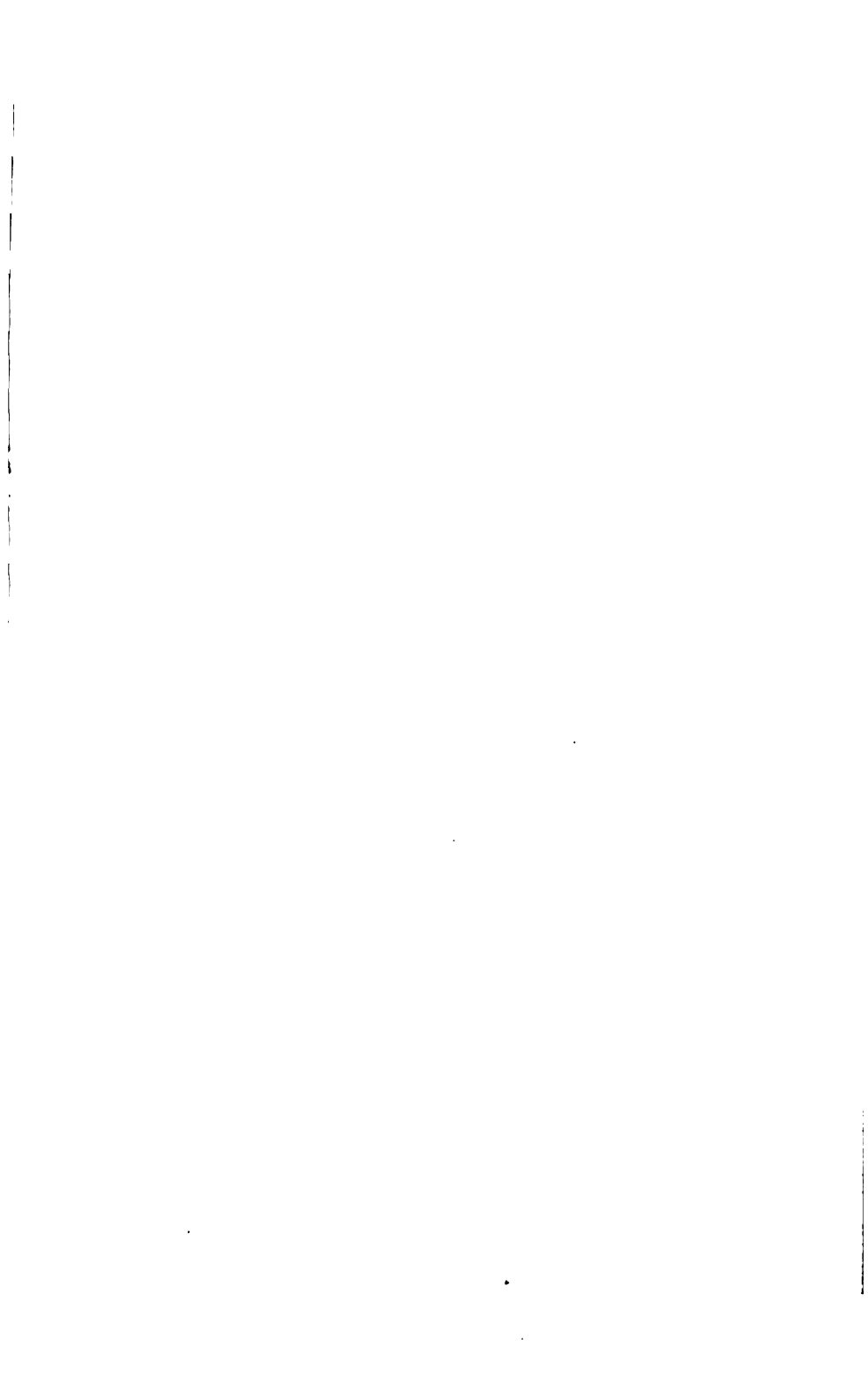
sport, as evinced by the large number of horses in training, and by the magnitude of the prizes now offered for competition to owners of the thoroughbred. But alas! there is a debit side to every account, and it would be a piece of ill-advised sentimentalism if we were to be silent upon a few points which tend to drag down the noble sport from its legitimate position, and threaten to diminish the number of its best supporters. To begin with, it has often struck us that the cause of failure in many of our meetings rests with the stewards themselves. Too often they are wholly unrepresented on the course at all. It was only a fortnight since that a starter's complaint of the conduct of certain jockeys was practically useless, as not a single steward was on the ground, nor any person delegated by them to act in such an emergency. This is an unpardonable *laches* on the part of those in authority, and the grievance has lasted so long that it behoves every lessee to *secure* the presence of one or more stewards; or, if that be impossible, to have their authority to appoint two or more gentlemen present to do the work of the absentees. Then again, we must have our say against one of the very worst features of Turf life, we mean the heavy betting that exists among the jockeys themselves. Never, we believe, has this crying evil reached to such a pitch as in 1878. Many of our jockeys are notorious for constantly having from 50*l.* to 300*l.* or 400*l.* upon a race, and it is to this cause that we attribute the majority of the foul riding which disgraces the English racecourse at the present day; and be it remembered, this foul riding is not to be found so often among the young and inexperienced, as among the elder and more successful jockeys. Could Robinson or Flatman be among us once more, and take part in a five-furlong handicap on one of our modern courses, of what a desecration of the noble art of horsemanship would they be witnesses! Now the cure for this disease lies pretty much in the hands of owners. Good jockeys are scarce enough, Heaven knows, but still, in making permanent engagements, or giving occasional mounts, *let our owners eschew the jockey that bets*, and we shall soon find the evil cease.

Then, again, as to the suspicious running of certain horses, we cannot think that the stewards are sufficiently on the alert. When, as was lately actually the case, a horse goes from 3 to 1 to 30 to 1 in a field of three runners, we say that it is time for the stewards to watch narrowly the riding of his jockey in the race, and if apparent ground of complaint exists, to summon such jockey before them immediately after he weighs in. It may be difficult, and often impossible to prove fraud, but the very fact of the investigation will act as a warning for the future, both to the delinquent and his brother professionals.

We are also tempted to refer to a few lines which appeared in 'Our Van' of July this year, upon the subject of backing jockeys' mounts. The 'moral' which we then endeavoured to 'point' has lately received the most significant illustration by the disappearance from among the rank of backers of one who, we do not hesitate to say, proved himself alike the enemy of the book-makers, whom he deceived, of the owners whom he forestalled, and of the jockeys whom he delighted to 'honour.' Often as we have heard the subject discussed, we have never heard one word of sympathy expressed for this defaulter; and we can only congratulate the Turf upon having got rid of a man whose selfish greed worked alike to the ill-being of his neighbour, and to his own downfall. We trust, nevertheless, that his example may not be lost upon that section of the community who persistently forestall owners of horses, because they happen to be ridden by certain jockeys. Such conduct,

as we wrote in July last, offers a premium on wrong-doing in many ways, and is therefore wholly indefensible.

And, lastly, another, and perhaps the worst that remains to be noticed. Our account of the riot on Shrewsbury racecourse will have told our readers what we mean. Where is the strong arm that is to cope with the flood of ruffianism that now 'comes racing?' How are we to be protected from a 'scum,' whose trade is robbery, and who hardly hesitate at murder? We do not believe that any of those in authority, from the Stewards of the Jockey Club downwards, quite realise the present state of things. The once comparative quiet of Newmarket Heath is now invaded by the roughs of Whitechapel, and a handful of the local constabulary are expected to preserve order there. As a rule, the police arrangements on our racecourses, except at Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster, &c., are miserably deficient, and at most of what are called country meetings, a few determined roughs, backed up by a crowd of idle vagabonds, would be masters of any situation they chose to create. The question of law and order is a question, we are sorry to say, of *£. s. d.*, but it will have to be met. The Jockey Club will be compelled to call in the Metropolitan Police at Newmarket, and clerks of the course and others will have to secure the most efficient force that money can command. For year after year does the evil increase. The released convict, the idle burglar, the petty larcener of the London streets turns to the racecourse as their most profitable hunting ground. They are for the nonce 'betting men,' and plunder is their main object. The example of Shrewsbury shows us that they are capable of going in for higher things, and as out of evil comes good, the broken heads and broken stools of that day may have inaugurated a future reign of law and order. At all events, things cannot go on as they now are, and we look to public opinion to find the remedy.





Portrait of Mr. J. H. H. H.

Portrait of Mr. J. H. H. H.

J. H. H. H.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SIR BACHE CUNARD, BART.

THE name of the most recent addition to the list of Masters of Hounds is almost as much a household word this side the Atlantic as it is on the other. The grandson of the founder of the celebrated line of ocean steamers called after him has pitched his tent among us, and found among the Billesdon pastures a habitation, and already made for himself a name that promises to endure.

Sir Bache Cunard, who was born in New York in 1851, is the eldest son of Sir Edward Cunard, second baronet, and was sent to Rugby in 1867, from whence he passed to Cambridge, and, the University course finished, settled in Leicestershire at Hallaton Hall, once the residence of Mr. Studd, of steeplechase fame, and hunted regularly with Mr. Tailby and the Pytchley. On Mr. Tailby relinquishing the management of the Billesdon country last season, Sir Bache Cunard bought his hounds for 2000 guineas, and succeeded him as Master, retaining Richard Summers as his huntsman. He removed the hounds from Skeffington to Medbourne, a much more convenient situation, and resides himself at Nevill Holt, not far from his kennels.

With the regular Leicestershire residents, the Market Harborough 'Young England' division, and the farmers, Sir Bache is deservedly popular. He is not a light weight, but rides boldly to hounds on very good horses, and he shows tact and firmness mixed with courtesy in the management of his field. He is an all-round sportsman, but next to horse and hound polo has, or rather had, his chief affections. Up to 1877, when his brother lost his life at it, Sir Bache Cunard, we believe, had played in every match, not purely a military one, since the game was first started at Lillie Bridge some eight or nine years ago. He was a tower of strength to his side, as Hurlingham records will show. Always admirably mounted, wonderfully quick, and very keen, the qualities that served him over the Pytchley and the Billesdon countries stood him in good stead here. He is a good shot and a very fair coachman, and is often seen at the meets of the C.C. He has a future before him as a Master of Hounds which there is no doubt he will successfully fill.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

A MELLOW morning in the season's dawn,
 Glimpses of scarlet by the covert side,
 A deep note ringing o'er the upland lawn,
 A tawny flash across the sylvan ride,
 A cheery challenge : one with sweeping stride
 O'er plough and fallow first, as ever flying—
 And then, as if his eagerness to chide,
 A plunge, a fall—rider and steed low lying,
 And he, so loved, so honoured, in a furrow dying !

'Twas ever thus—the soldier old and grey,
 Through battles pitched on many a gory plain
 Passes, to perish in a hill foray
 Mid foemen held in chivalrous disdain :
 The sailor seared and buffeted in vain
 By fires that hurtle in the track of war,
 And storms that lash the melancholy main,
 Dies tamely, flouted by his lucky star,
 Sunk by a puff of wind behind the harbour-bar.

Oh ! seat of grace, and confidence and skill,
 That shamed a counterfeited art uncouth :
 Oh ! hand, that bent to thine unbending will
 The fretful wild intemperance of youth,
 And headstrong impulse of maturer growth ;
 Thine was the quick intelligence to gain
 A subtle mastery o'er heart and mouth ;
 Untaught, unteachable—and now the rain
 Beats on thy grave with tears of pity all in vain !

Thine, Melville, was the love for horse and hound
 Less often felt than feign'd ; and hunting lore
 A ' sacred storehouse ' in thy memory found :
 And as beneath Pygmalion's hand of yore
 Diviner forms the glowing marble wore,
 So, cherish'd idol of thy fancy, grew
 The horse to nobler, grander than before,
 By every line thine inspiration drew,
 Charmed into higher life, and glorified anew.

Nor less thou knew'st on Sport's behalf to weld
 The tale that sparkled with descriptive grace,
 And thine the all-controlling art that held
 In hand the harmonies of Time and Place ;
 Nor less, acknowledged Laureate of the Chase,
 Thy facile pen a glamour half sublime
 Could shed around it, all its story trace,
 And wed its glories to immortal rhyme,
 Not of a passing day, but written for all time.

By thee depicted, to a purer air,
 Sport from the thrall of baser uses rose,
 Ceasing with men of low estate to share
 Her habitation ; palaces she chose,
 Raised to a pinnacle of calm repose
 By one who wrought and wrote her fame to save
 From busy life's beginning to its close,
 Who sought the sterling metal's glowing wave
 To show beneath the dross of charlatan and knave.
 And thou art gone !—like him who tuned his reed
 To chant of shipwrecks on the rolling flood,*
 And met the melancholy death decreed
 For those who tempt its wild uncertain mood :
 So might the Genius of the wold and wood
 Pronounce the doom of him whose hunter-lay
 Could charm the envious spirit when he stood ;
 'Thou hast proclaimed our power, be thou our prey'—
 And lo ! the lethal work of that December day !
 But as the brave in heart and pure in soul
 Have dared to pray, and oftentimes not in vain,
 For sudden death in harness—kindly dole
 To minds that brook not slow distemper's chain—
 So may his seeming loss be counted gain,
 And we, by fond imagination sway'd,
 May deem he died like warrior battle-slain,
 Mid sights and sounds of war's 'dim image' laid
 To sigh his soul away beneath the covert shade.
 Howe'er it be, on their behalf and mine,
 Workers with him in these green leaves, perchance
 Unworthy of his fellowship—I twine
 A votive wreath, could such his worth enhance ;
 If vain regrets could break thy peaceful trance,
 What joy to wake thee !—but for thee the Vale
 No longer spreads its bountiful expanse,
 Nor song inspires, nor wakes the hunter's tale,
 As merry note of horn comes floating down the gale.
 Farewell—in silent sympathy the snow
 Falls fleecy light, as if it feared to wake
 The lov'd one newly laid to rest below ;
 And nature's self goes mourning for the sake
 Of her dead darling, sealing gorse and brake
 'Gainst the hound's music. O'er his flowery bier
 A solemn last farewell we bend to take :
 'What limit to our grief for one so dear,
 'What shame for him to pour the tributary tear ?'†

AMPHION.

* Falconer.

† 'Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
 Tam cari capitis ?'

DOWN OR WOODLAND.

Down or woodland, which shall it be? is a question that with another hunting season upon us we may well ask ourselves, at least those of us who live in countries where downs and woodlands abound, as an example of which let us take for instance Sussex, Hants, and Wiltshire. Easy as it may appear to solve it, the question is, in our mind, worth some little investigation, and not one to be dismissed in such an off-hand manner as we may imagine.

Down or woodland—in other words, fox or hare—to which will it pay us as dwellers in such parts to turn our attention? Let us first strip the subject of all illusion and sentiment by acknowledging that it is not fox-hunting, as carried out in the more favoured localities, with which we are making the comparison, but fox-hunting such as is to be had in those counties named. It is not the land of spreading pastures and small gorse coverts, where hounds are in the open and under the eye of those who can ride up to them for the greater part of the day, but districts which abound in deep, dark coverts, almost forests we may term them, where you may hunt hours and never see daylight, where your horse may be ridden to a stand-still in heavy ridings and completely beaten, ere a fox can be induced to break covert, and as to seeing a hound, save a stray one or skirter, you may as well be in the next county as in the covert with them. We remember once a youngster returning from a day's hunting in such a locality being asked what sport he had had. 'Oh, very good,' was his answer. 'I galloped about all day and saw a couple and a half of hounds cross a ride once.' To those who do not mind that kind of thing we should say, By all means stick to the woodlands, and if you are satisfied with such meagre fare there is no need for any one else to complain. There are others, though, amongst whom we must rank ourselves, who go hunting for the express purpose of seeing hounds work in the open, and prefer a fair view of what they are doing to hunting all day long as it were by ear, and for such there can be no question but that the downs and a good pack of harriers afford far the most amusement. We say harriers, not because hunting the fox would not be equally good fun in those localities, could he be induced to run over them, but because it so seldom happens that where large woods abound he can be induced to face a line of open country. Having hunted for the best part of a lifetime in the three counties named, we can call to mind but very few instances, certainly not one in a season on an average, in which a fox has chosen to give us a gallop over these tempting-looking uplands. As a rule, men who hunt want something more in the shape of sport than one gallop per season, and we say to them, If your lot has been cast in a country of that sort, and your pocket, your business, or any other circumstance will not allow you to migrate to happier hunting grounds, make the best of matters, put your dignity in your pocket, your saddle on your best horse, and go out with the harriers. Never mind being called slow, or thought

slow. Which is slowest—trotting round and round all day long in a three-thousand-acre covert in rides up to your horse's hocks and knees in sloughs, or having a brisk gallop where every hit and turn made by the hounds can be seen and appreciated? It is a well-known fact that where hare-hunting is at its best, fox-hunting is generally at its worst, and by the same rule that we would prefer good mutton to bad venison, we would in such places hunt hare rather than fox.

On the other hand, where fox-hunting flourishes, it is very little use to go out with harriers any better mounted than with a thick stick and a pair of shooting boots; strange as it may appear, the large grass grounds of 'the shires' offer no temptation to the hare to stretch away and make wide points as she will on the downs. If there is a hundred acres or so of arable land to be found she will rather stick to it, and run in small circles until killed or lost. It is strange that it should be so, but so it is. Here the harrier man stands on a very different footing, and if those who stick to fox-hounds look on him and his sport with a certain amount of contempt, it is not altogether to be wondered at. In the down countries the tables are turned, and the owner of a pack of hare hounds may well wonder at the infatuation of men who are satisfied with the name of fox-hunting, while the sport they follow is no more like the real thing carried out at its best than elder wine is like fine old port.

We are advancing no new theory in what is here asserted, but simply calling attention once more to a fact that has been acknowledged by some of the best judges of hunting any time during the present century, and as we trust that 'Baily' is found pretty generally in the hands of the rising generation, it may perhaps save some of them, who have not, like ourselves, had the experience of nearly half a century, from being led away by empty sound, or for fashion's sake to forsake the substance of sport for the shadow. Some of the most noted Masters of Hounds have said that when no longer able to ride up to foxhounds across Leicestershire or Northamptonshire, they would go to the downs and hunt with harriers, for that there the hares were so wild, and ran so straight, that it was the nearest resemblance to fox-hunting in the grass countries that could be found. Yet we never heard that any one of them ever sought the recesses of the deep woodlands which are always close at hand. We did know one, however, who refused to enter these same woodlands even if he was fox-hunting, and preferred to take his chance of losing the hounds by staying outside sooner than enter their dreary wastes.

There are few of our readers, we presume, who have not at one time or another hunted over what many consider the finest hare-hunting country in the world, that round Brighton, and having their horses in the locality, have not also taken a turn with the foxhounds 'below the hill' in the weald of Sussex. What a change it is? For although Sussex is a far better county for fox-hunting than others we shall presently treat of, its most ardent admirers must admit that

it is afflicted with very big woods, heavy clays, small fields, and blind cramped fences, which, however useful they may be for the purpose of making a hunter, are at times singularly unpleasant to ride over; moreover, they are often of such a nature, that unless actually in the same field with the hounds—and remember the fields are not usually hundred-acre ones there—you cannot see them. Again, by the time the field has got well out of one wood, the hounds are very often entering another, so that unless luck is on your side and you get a very good start indeed, your glimpses of them may be few and far between. How different is a day with the Brookside or the Brighton! There, if you are well mounted, and ain't afraid to gallop, you may see everything the hounds do from start to finish. The hills are rather a bore, it is true, but if you will only follow Mr. Beard, it is not difficult to acquire the trick of going up and down them, and if you do not choose to risk your horse's neck and your own, there are several men in the field who will initiate you into the knack of getting well enough about on them to see all the hunting without committing yourself to any great extent in that way. What a cheering sight it is on an October morning to see the Brookside rattle their hare along over the sound old maiden turf of the front hills; what buoyancy the springy feel of your horse's stride and the keen sea air give to the spirits, or to note the dash and bustle with which Mr. Dewe's dwarf foxhounds throw themselves on the line on the Brighton side, where, by the way, the hills are not so bad. We always like to feel turf beneath our horse's feet, then, given an open sweep of country before us, we get something of the sensation of the sailor, with a tight craft, a sailing breeze, and plenty of sea room. What a difference to sticky ridings and holding fallows. A friend of ours says that so far from a day with hounds in deep and dense woodlands doing him any good, it actually has a depressing effect, and sends him home in worse spirits than when he went out. We are by no means sure that he is not right, and that perhaps accounts for the solemn demeanour of a gentleman who must have passed very nearly half his life in the recesses of some of the most dismal woods in England, for he is there all the winter, of whom we have heard it observed that he appeared to look upon hunting as a sort of religious duty, and went through it in the same sedate manner that he would take part in an impressive service. Truly he does go to the meet with as grave a visage as he would to a funeral, and perchance the woods have something to do with it.

Let us now change the scene from Sussex to Hants, and ask any one who has ever been quartered in the fine old city of Winchester, whether he prefers the open country round its immediate vicinity, or the forest tracts, for literally and truly they are little else, which are to be found between Otterbourne and Southampton. Does he know Ampfield? And if so, doth not his bosom heave with a sigh of relief when he thinks that in all probability he shall never go there again? Has he struggled girth deep in mire up that dreary ride in Strowdens, and can he call to mind the floundering, laboured stride of

his sobbing steed, the mud bath he underwent from the heels of those in front, and then just as the open was, as he fondly imagined, in view, has not his heart sickened at the terrible words 'Tallyho 'back,' and the prospect of undergoing that dreadful ordeal again? Verily he must be a brave man and a bold if it has not. What is true of those coverts is true in a more or less degree of the whole line of woodlands bordering the south coast of Hampshire; for things are inverted here, and as in Sussex, the Brighton part at least, the downs are on the coast and the woods inland; when Hampshire is reached, the woods are towards the sea and the downs some few miles away from it.

Round Winchester is a great hare-hunting country, and Mr. Dear makes the most of it. We admit it is not so good as it was, for the plough has so trespassed on the downs that, taken literally, they are things of the past; and here you have not the elastic turf of the Southdown hills; but then to many there is a great comfort in the reflection that you have not the hills themselves. When the little ones run (and they do run without any shadow of a doubt), you may gallop your hardest without any fear of coming to a place like the side of a house, and for those who like a little mild excitement in a very safe way, there is an occasional leap, as the country is in places fenced, which the Southdowns are not. In autumn, before the lay-fields and stubbles are ploughed up, hare-hunting here is as near perfection as can be, and we are sure that any one who has had a gallop from the Racecourse, Norton Farm, or on the Twyford side, will look back on it with cheery and pleasant recollections. As the winter advances and the country comes more under fallow it compares less favourably with other parts in a hare-hunting sense, but in October and November it is first-rate, and many good sportsmen, some years ago, who had hunted in the best countries, liked it so much that they used to come to Winchester with the sole purpose to hunt with Mr. Dear regularly season after season; but unfortunately most of them have joined the majority now. Doubtless others would come now, if better stabling could be found. This country affords another strong proof of the truth of the axiom we have advanced, that a good hare-hunting country is a bad fox-hunting one, for, leaving on one side the coverts we have mentioned, there is scarcely a meet within a reasonable distance of Winchester, that, in a fox-hunting sense, is not wretched in the extreme. Large woods and sloughs in the low countries, are varied by large woods and deep beds of flints in the up, for it appears to be a peculiar characteristic of Hampshire, that although flints are abundant enough all over it, they are peculiarly so between the coverts in the uplands; find any valley you like between two coverts or near to them, and it is more than even betting that the flints are so thick that the soil can scarcely be seen. As the foxes naturally hang to the coverts, of course, in hunting them, you derive the full benefit of this arrangement of Dame Nature. We have seen good runs with foxhounds over it, as good runs have been seen everywhere

at one time or another, but they are like angel's visits, few and far between. Let us move another stride and take a look at the twin sports (though, as Beckford says, there are no two kinds of hunting more dissimilar) in Wiltshire, and here we find a distinction from either of the other counties. Round Salisbury is a country that would compare favourably with the open fields of Winchester or the hills of Brighton for hare-hunting, and a few years ago when in the hands of Mr. Walter Flower the Netton harriers, whether for appearance or work, were second to none in England. The country they hunt, for they still go on in the hands of Lord Pembroke, is very open and wild, and when last we were there had still a fair portion of maiden turf left, so that it carried a better scent than the arable of Hants, while on the Salisbury Plain side it is quite as free from hills, and at that time we believe the hounds did not often meet to the south of Salisbury. Here, however, the fox-hunting and hare-hunting approximate more closely to each other, as there is an absence of large woods in what we may call the up country, and the Tedworth, finding their foxes in the gorse patches on the down or in the ozier holts in the valleys which intersect the plain, get some of those short, sharp, and decisive gallops over it in which Mr. Smith so much delighted. When you get into the strongholds of Clarendon and Houndwood, which, by the way, must be on the borders of if not in Hants, it is as bad as any of the rest of the woodlands we have described, while as to French Moor, another woodland which, with those named, the Tedworth made over to Lord Radnor a few years ago, a man deserves to have a handsome legacy left him every time he goes there, such an abominable place is it. If we go north again we shall find the hill coverts with the same surroundings as those before mentioned, so that in reality it is only on the plain itself that the chase of hare and fox can be said to yield equal gratification to its votaries. Nay, even there we doubt if many men would allow that fox-hunting was anything like at its best, though hare-hunting may be perfect, for, as a rule, foxes found there are so pressed at first, hounds often getting away almost in view, that they seldom stand long and are run into too quickly even for the taste of the present age. It may be asked what is the difference between finding a fox here and in the gorse coverts of the shires, and it is this: in the Midlands when a fox breaks, one field generally serves to hide him from view by aid of the fence. On the downs there is nothing to hide him save the irregularities of the ground, perhaps for miles, and if he is not in view of the hounds he often is of the huntsmen, which really is almost as bad for him. It is true the same holds good with the hare, but not to the same extent, as she is smaller and less easily seen from a distance; moreover, the first piece of rape or turnip she can reach serves to hide her, which it often does not the fox. Nevertheless, we have ere now here seen hares ridden down with very little aid from the pack. That, however, was the fault of the huntsman, not of the country.

Now we may conclude by saying that in these remarks we have no

wish to disparage one sport at the expense of another, but simply to show, as we believe we have done, that certain localities are more favourable for seeing one in perfection than the other, and that in very few instances are places to be found where both will afford an equal fund of amusement to the man who really knows what hunting is. There may be such countries, if so we have never seen them, and we speak only of what we know. At the same time we would advise all who wish to make the most of the circumstances in which they are placed to stick to the style of hunting their country is most favourable for. No man would preserve pheasants on a treeless moor, neither would he attempt to breed red grouse in a dense woodland, but all are content to pursue each in the locality most suited to it, and the peculiar sport it affords. Such we take to be the common-sense view of hunting also, and in spite of the ridicule and contempt too often lavished on the followers of the 'currant-jelly dogs,' we would anywhere rather have good hare-hunting than bad fox-hunting, did the Fates locate us in a place favourable to the former and unfavourable to the latter sport. This we take to be a common-sense view of the matter.

ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR WHYTE-MELVILLE.

December 5, 1878.

BY R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.

IN the Vale of White Horse meeting
On a bright December day,
What means the look of triumph
Which so gladdens that array ?
It tells that morn how tidings
From the East have reach'd our shore,
How England's name on the roll of fame
Shines brilliantly once more.
There was one among the gathering
Which throng'd the covert side,
Whose heart beat high exulting
With a fellow-soldier's pride.
One whose pen of each past gallop
Could the memory prolong,
Embalm'd in pleasant story,
Or made musical in song.
His page with needful maxims
For the youthful rider fraught,
Ambitious all to follow him
And practise what he taught.

Young and old alike when speeding
 To the cover round him press'd,
 Glad to share his cheery converse,
 Or to catch some happy jest.

That morn, due honour giving
 To the brave whom Roberts led,
 Not less o'er those he sorrow'd
 Who were number'd with the dead.

The dead—how little thought he
 That day their fate to share,
 Unwarn'd when he to saddle sprang
 That Death was clinging there !

O'erthrown, as onward fearlessly
 He sped with keen delight,
 He fell, as arrow-stricken
 Falls an eagle in his flight.

Who, reading now those pages,
 Which his loss will more endear,
 His sudden fate recalling,
 Will not blot them with a tear ?

And who among his comrades,
 When they o'er that valley ride,
 Will not pause and point with sorrow
 To the spot where Melville died ?

HUNTING SONGS.*

NO. II.

MR. MOORE, when he so happily entered on the poetical and patriotic task of writing the Irish melodies, was prompted, as he himself tells us, by the following motive—he longed to express in lyrical language what the music of his native country conveyed to his feelings.

! So, doubtless, a similar constraining influence must have inspired Major Whyte-Melville, when he undertook to transpose into graceful and harmonious verse the music of hounds, the woodlands rocking with their melody, and the countless raptures of the hunting-field.

To him, indeed, no less than to the bard of Erin, the subject must have been a most congenial one, and the task itself a labour of love ; for Ulysses himself, versatile as his knowledge was of men and cities, could scarcely have seen more of them than Whyte-Melville

* ' Songs and Verses,' by G. J. Whyte-Melville.

has seen of countries and hounds. He has consequently not only brought to his work the real poetical genius with which Heaven has so bountifully blessed him, and which, in various ways, he has himself duly cultivated, but a practical acquaintance with all that pertains to those sylvan mysteries so charmingly revealed in the lyrics before us.

It is a somewhat curious incident that his 'Songs and Verses,' although with an unequal start, have been latterly running a neck-and-neck race in popular favour with those of Mr. Egerton-Warburton, both having come to the front with a sixth edition of their respective works—a pretty good proof of the appreciation accorded to them by the lovers of true minstrelsy all over the world.

In company with coachmen and guards, flint-locks and muzzle-loaders, the hunting songs of our early days, with few exceptions, have all gone the same road; and as their burden in general dwelt long and harmoniously on the Peep-o'-day doings and primitive venerie of a past age, their fate can scarcely be wondered at.

Where, it may be asked, is the sexagenarian among us whose memory will not readily recur to such songs as 'The Dusky Night rides down the Sky,' 'You all knew Tom Moody, the Whipper-in, well,' 'Bright Chanticleer,' and others of a similar strain, all more or less redolent of early morn and the fleet Towlers that, in days gone by, so musically led the cry?

Some of them are doubtless grand old ditties in their way, portraying faithfully the style of chase followed in an age less luxurious than our own; entering minutely into the details of a run, no matter how long, and contributing as they did in no small degree to that social harmony with which, after a day's hunting, the wassail of the night was generally brought to a close. Thus they are historically valuable as true pictures of the period; and with a few others, such as 'A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky,' and 'The Kilruddery Fox Chase'—a song which dates back to the days of the famous Lord Meath, the Meynell of Ireland in 1754—will hold their own as musical records of English hunting probably as long as that glorious old ballad of 'Chevy Chase,' when—

'The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take.'

But the contrast between them and Major Whyte-Melville's lyrics, as might be expected, is scarcely less distinct than between the hounds of the present day and those of the past. The latter, swinging steadily on the scent, clung to the line with the full, solemn harmony of some deep-toned bells; while the former, dashing ahead as if borne on wings, treat one to a quick march on drums and fifes, and absolutely charm the ear with their 'soul-stirring chords;' and thus, by the lyrics before us, the reader, mounted as it were on Pegasus, is carried for 'forty fair minutes,' smoothly

and brilliantly forward, without check or fall, to the end of a clinking run. It is impossible, for instance, to read the first few lines of the 'Galloping Squire,' who beyond all doubt is a portrait from life, without sticking to him from first to last, and viewing his 'jolly visage' as, first up at the finish, he dashes down the 'game 'old varmint,' to be eaten by the hounds.

But see him in the saddle ! and let the reader judge for himself—

'One wave of his arm, to the covert they throng :
 "Yoi ! wind him ! and rouse him ! By Jove ! he's away !"
 Through a gap in the oaks, see them speeding along
 O'er the open like pigeons, "They mean it to-day !
 You may jump till you're sick—you may spur till you tire !
 For it's catch 'em who can !" says the Galloping Squire.

Then he takes the old horse by the head, and he sails
 In the wake of his darlings, all ear and all eye,
 As they come in his line, o'er banks, fences, and rails,
 The cramped ones to creep, and the fair ones to fly.
 It's a very queer place that will put in the mire
 Such a rare one to ride as the Galloping Squire.

But a fallow has brought to their noses the pack,
 And the pasture beyond is with cattle-stains spread ;
 One wave of his arm, and the Squire in a crack
 Has lifted and thrown in the beauties at head.
 "On a morning like this, it's small help you require,
 But he's forward, I'll swear !" says the Galloping Squire.

So forty fair minutes they run and they race.
 'Tis a heaven to some ! 'tis a lifetime to all.
 Though the horses we ride are such gluttons for pace,
 There are stout ones that stop, there are safe ones that fall—
 But the names of the vanquished need never transpire,
 For they're all in the rear of the Galloping Squire.

Till the gamest old varmint that ever drew breath,
 All stiffened and dragged, held high for a throw,
 O'er the Squire's jolly visage, is grinning in death,
 Ere he dashes him down to be eaten below ;
 While the daws flutter out from a neighbouring spire
 At the thrilling who-whoop of the Galloping Squire.

And the labourer at work, and the lord in his hall,
 Have a jest or a smile when they hear of the sport,
 In ale or in claret he's toasted by all,
 For they never expect to see more of the sort.
 And long may it be ere he's forced to retire,
 For we breed very few like the Galloping Squire.'

Quite as spirited, and equally pleasant to the ear, is the lay of 'A rum one to follow, a bad one to beat,' but in this song, unlike the other, the thrusting rider alone rivets the attention, and all but excludes the hounds from a place in the picture. It may be an old-fashioned notion, but, to our mind, no hunting song can be perfect if the work of hounds does not form its first and most prominent feature.

A song, however, quickly follows to which no such exception

could be taken. It is entitled 'The Good Grey Mare,' and is happily dedicated to the Honourable Robert Grimston, than whom a more resolute horseman never crossed the Aylesbury Vale; indeed, it would have given some men a fit of the palsy to have heard Tom Balls describe the big jumps and almost incredible feats of horsemanship performed by him in and over that strongly fenced country.

That fine old sportsman, Mr. Frederick Brockman, of Beechborough, who himself hunted the East Kent Hounds for thirty-six years, was so charmed with 'The Good Grey Mare,' that whenever he dined with an old hunting friend who possessed a copy, it was impossible to give him a greater treat than to recite that song to him. He seemed to realise the whole scene. His eye fairly sparkled with delight, and his wine remained unheeded till he had listened to the last word.

Then he would exclaim, 'Perfect, from first to last, and the very 'best hunting song that ever was penned.' He was then in ill-health, drinking the Bath waters, and the four following lines seemed always to touch him to the quick—

'I have lived my life—I am nearly done,
I have played the game all round;
But I freely admit that the best of my fun
I owe it to horse and-hound.'

That Brockman's judgment and enthusiasm were not far wrong may be inferred from the following stanzas, which, although forming only a portion of the song, may yet, so far as the hunting goes, be considered the cream of it:—

'With the fair wide heaven above outspread
The fair wide plain to meet,
With the lark and his carol high over my head,
And the bustling pack at my feet—
I feel no fetter, I know no bounds,
I am free as a bird in the air;
While the covert resounds, in a chorus of hounds,
Right under the nose of the mare.

We are in for a gallop—away! away!
I told them my beauty could fly;
And we'll lead them a dance ere they catch us to-day,
For we *mean* it, my lass and I!
She skims the fences, she scours the plain,
Like a creature winged, I swear,
With snort, and strain on the yielding rein;
For I'm bound to humour the mare.

They have pleached it strong, they have dug it wide,
They have turned the baulk with the plough;
A horse that can cover the whole in its stride,
Is cheap at a thousand, I vow!
So I draw her together, and over we sail,
With a yard and a half to spare—
Bank, bullfinch, and rail—'tis the curse of the vale,
But I leave it all to the mare!

Away! away! they've been running to kill,
 With never a check from the find.
 Away! away! we are close to them still,
 And the field are *furlongs* behind!
 They can hardly deny they were out of the game,
 Lost half "the fun of the fair,"
 Though the envious blame and the jealous exclaim,
 "How that old fool buckets his mare!"

Who-whoop! they have him! they're round him! how
 They worry and tear when he's down!
 'Twas a stout hill-fox when they found him, now
 'Tis a hundred tatters of brown!
 And the riders arriving as best they can,
 In panting plight declare,
 That "First in the van was the old grey man,
 Who stands by his old grey mare."

I have lived my life—I am nearly done—
 I have played the game all round;
 But I freely admit that the best of my fun
 I owe it to horse and hound.
 With a hopeful heart, and a conscience clear,
 I can laugh in your face, Black Care;
 Though you're hovering near, there's no room for you here,
 On the back of my good grey mare.'

We next come to a song written in honour of a hound called Bachelor, 'The King of the Kennel,' and the distinguished leader of John Anstruther-Thomson's pack, to whom it is dedicated. To no man in Great Britain could such a compliment be more appropriately paid, for all round, as a fine horseman and a thorough houndsman, whether in kennel or out of it, in the open field or the deep woodland, few indeed are they, if any, who understand the most minute mysteries of the noble science so well as 'Jack Thomson.'

The South Devon men will never forget his bringing home a fox on the saddle before him—a dodge he adopted to lure back the hounds, all of which were strange to him, from the wilds of Dartmoor. A brace of foxes had been found in Skeriton, and the hounds separating, Boxall and the field stuck to one lot, while Thomson alone followed the other. A run and a kill, somewhere in the region of Stranger's Rocks, a *terra incognita* to him, and a queer country to ride over, even for a native moorman, eventually brought his sport to so glorious a finale, that on rejoining the field, freighted with his quarry, he was received with quite an ovation.

The last four stanzas of 'The King of the Kennel' will be ample to prove that Bachelor, the subject of it, was not only worthy of his master but of the poet's inspiration, which has embalmed his memory in so graceful and spirited a song:—

'That time in December—the best of our fun—
 Not a mile from the gorse, ere we'd hardly begun,
 Heading straight to the river—I thought we were done;
 But 'twas Bachelor's courage that made it a run.

Yooi! over Bachelor!
Yooi! over, old man!

As fierce as a torrent, as full as a tank,
That a hound ever crossed it, his stars he may thank !
While I watched how poor Benedict struggled and sank !
There was Bachelor shaking his sides on the bank.

*Forrard on, Bachelor !
Catch ye wbo can.*

From the find to the finish, the whole blessed day,
How he cut out the work ! How he showed us the way !
When our fox doubled back where the fallow-deer lay,
How he stuck to the line, and turned short with his prey !

*To-yooite, Bachelor !
Right, for a crown !*

Though so handy to cast, and so patient to stoop,
When his bristles are up, you may swear it's who-whoop !
For he'll dash at his fox like a hawk in her swoop,
And he carries the head, marching home to his soup !

*Sess ! Sess ! Bachelor !
Lap and lie down !*

If from the number and grandeur of our packs, the sport they show, and the popularity they enjoy, the present era has a fair claim to be considered the 'Golden Age' of fox-hunting in England, unhappily there are still symptoms among us which indicate that the barbarism of an 'iron age' is yet rife in the land. Nor is it without just cause that the protest of 'Ware Wire' has been included in this volume, the one bitter ingredient to the many sweets it otherwise contains. But if the landlords and 'they who live by the land' would only follow the seasonable and logical advice therein given, they and their belongings, as the argument plainly demonstrates, would be the ultimate and chief gainers.

Let any stock-owner, for instance, who doubts the fact ponder well over the inevitable daily disasters to which wire-fencing subjects him, and which are so truly and graphically painted in the following picture :—

'Let us argue the point : If the stock get astray,
If the pig in a panic sets off for the day,
If a herd leaves unfolded, lamb, heifer, or steer,
If the colt from his tackle can kick himself clear,
Your truants to capture you'd hardly desire
That their hides should be torn into ribbons with Wire !

For see ! the black bullock halts, shivers, and reels,
The handsome prize heifer is fast by the heels,
Entangled the wether, and mangled the ewe,
The pig becomes pork, as he chokes pushing through,
And the horse at two hundred to carry the Squire
Is blemished for life while he hangs on the Wire !

Moreover, and here the shoe pinches, I know !
You love to ride hunting, and most of you *go*.
When thickest the fences and quickest the burst,
'Tis a thousand to one that a farmer is first.
But, I give you my honour, it makes me perspire,
To think of my neighbour turned over by Wire !

For the yell of their war-cry is borne on the wind,
 And the ruthless pursuers are raging behind.
 He must scour his dominions, a refuge to find—
 Nor fail in the test,
 Though before him the bounds of his monarchy lie,
 Where the blue of the sea meets the blue of the sky,
 And above him the raven is hungering on high—
 For the King of the West !

Where a rent in the precipice yawns on the deep,
 Unfaltering, undaunted, he makes for the steep;
 With antlers flung back gathers breath for the leap,
 To extremity pressed;
 And launched from the brink of it, fenceless and bare,
 The fate of each element eager to dare,
 He cleaves through the wave, as he clove through the air—
 This King of the West.

Low down on the waters the sunset hath spread,
 From sky-line to shingle a pathway of red,
 Like a curtain of blood, to close over his head,
 Where he sinks to his rest.
 Pursuit and pursuers, outpaced and surpassed,
 And about him a mantle of royalty cast,
 He dies, undefeated, and game to the last—
 The King of the West !

But besides these joyous sylvan songs, inspired by the manliest of all pastimes, many others of a courtlier strain are included in this little volume, and supply a varied and dainty feast for all who delight in English lyrics of the purest and most graceful type. The cavalier's song, for instance, 'Ho ! fill me a flagon as deep as you please,' embodies the very soul of loyalty, and flows as freely as a mountain stream refreshed by rain. Then there's 'Far away in bonny Scotland,' 'Nunc est bibendum,' 'Forget me not,' and a host of others, exhibiting the truest delicacy of touch in the lyric art.

That last song, 'Forget me not,' when H.M.S. *Repulse* dropped her anchor at Esquimalt, in Vancouver Island, was found to be the favourite drawing-room song of the season. The admiral, however, like another Ulysses, foreseeing danger ahead, speedily hoisted his blue peter and stood out to sea, or in all probability not a few of his gun-room officers would have succumbed to the incantations practised by the fascinating syrens of that island.

As it was, one of them, under the influence of 'Forget me not' and other charms, left his heart behind him, as his shipmates aver, and has never since been the same man.

But as sentimental ditties do not properly come within the scope of this article, the reader's attention is again invited to a hunting song, which for smooth galloping verse and lyric elegance is not surpassed, if equalled, by any other in the whole collection.

It is briefly and significantly headed 'Tally-Ho!':—

TALLY-HO !

'There are soul-stirring chords in the fiddle and flute,
When dancing begins in the hall,
And a goddess in muslin, that's likely to suit,
Is the mate of your choice for the ball !
But the player may strain every finger in vain,
And the fiddler may resin his bow,
Nor flourish nor string such a rapture shall bring
As the music of sweet Tally-Ho !

There's a melody, too, in the whispering trees
When day has gone down in the west,
And a lullaby soft in the sigh of the breeze
That hushes the woods to their rest ;
There are madrigals fair in the voices of air,
In the stream with its ripple and flow,
But a merrier tune shall delight us at noon,
In the music of sweet Tally-Ho !

When autumn is flaunting his banner of pride
For glory that summer has fled,
Arrayed in the robes of his royalty, dyed
In tawny, and orange, and red ;
When the oak is yet rife with the vigour of life,
Though his acorns are dropping below,
Through bramble and brake shall the echoes awake,
To the ring of a clear Tally-Ho !

"A fox, for a hundred !" they know it, the pack,
Old Chorister always speaks true,
And the Whip from his cower is told to come back,
And forbid to go on for a view.
Now the varmint is spied, as he crosses the ride,
A tough old campaigner, I trow ;
Long, limber, and grey, see him stealing away—
Half a minute !—and then—Tally-Ho !

Mark Fanciful standing, all eye and all ear,
One second, ere, wild for the fun,
She is lashing along with the pace of a deer,
Her comrades to join in the run.
Your saddle you grip, gather bridle and whip,
Give your hunter the office to go,
In his rush through the air little breath is to spare
For the cheer of your wild Tally-Ho !

At the end of the wood the old farmer in brown,
On the back of his good little mare,
Shows a grin of delight and a jolly bald crown,
As he holds up his hat in the air :
Though at heart he's as keen as if youth were still green,
Yet (a secret all sportsmen should know)
Not a word will he say till the fox is away,
Then he gives you a real Tally-Ho !

There's a scent you may swear by the pace that they drive,
 You must tackle to work with a will,
 For as sure as you stand in your stirrups alive,
 It's a case of a run and a kill !
 So I wish you good speed, a good line, and a lead,
 With the luck of each fence where it's low,
 Not the last of the troupe, may you hear the Who-whoop,
 Well pleased as you heard 'Tally-Ho !'

The tone of sentiment and the rapturous language that pervade every line of his hunting lyrics reveal so ardent a love of the chase and so thorough a knowledge of its mysteries, that in them may be seen, as in a faithful mirror, not only the artistic powers of the author but the ruling passion of his life.

Alas ! while the ink is yet wet on our paper a tale of sorrow travels on lightning wings throughout the length and breadth of the land—Whyte-Melville is no more. By the fall of his horse in the hunting-field the silver cord has been loosed and the golden bowl broken. He has gone to his long home, and the spirit of the man, so loved by his friends, so admired by all, has returned 'unto God 'who gave it.'

*' Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
 Tam cari capitis ?'*

E. W. L. D.

WHEN WE MIDDLE-AGED FOGEYS WERE BOYS.

DON'T let us ask how many years ago it was, but we fogeys of the present once were boys ; were flogged, learnt impositions, went through the rugged channels of grammar navigation, had hopes and fears, fights and friendships—and, strange to say, those friendships at intervals of many decades grow again stronger than ever when old schoolfellows meet. Many sketches of school life have been written with more or less exaggeration and colour, occasionally with no little cant and goody-goody stories, in all of which the preponderance of good on the one side, and of evil on the other, are quite out of proportion to the balance of character in real life ; just as in our nursery books the wicked boy who went out sliding on a Sunday was always drowned, and his companions whom he tempted to the awful crime of sabbath-breaking were rescued by the good boy, who appeared to have been a combination of the Beckwith family, Captain Webb, an otter, a Royal Humane Society man, a Hercules, and a Low Church parson, all in one.

Public schools proper were very few and far between in the earlier half of this century, though in these days, since railways and enlightenment in all parts of England, great schools have risen up where the very best education, and everything which is manly and noble, can be acquired in small worlds of boyhood ; and the class lists at the Universities, results of contests in the cricket-field, athletics, and in competitive examinations, show that all the virtues and talent do

not by any means lie amongst the old schools. Now I am not going to write a history of Winchester, but simply mean to put forward a few tableaux of boys as they were in College some forty years ago. The full complement of the school was seventy College boys—supposed to represent the seventy disciples, though I fear the representatives hardly came up to the example—and 130 Commoners, who were the same as Oppidans at Eton, except that they lived in one large building, under the Head Master, and not with dames or tutors. I may state at once that everything is altered now, and the school, under the Public Schools Act, is very like the Irishman's knife with four new blades and a new handle. The College boys, I think, were not poor scholars, as William of Wykeham intended, but were elected by the wardens of New College and Winchester, the head masters, and two examiners, who were called 'posers,' and the result was the College to a great extent became a family party, consisting of gentlemen's sons, many of whom had rich fathers, and the same names in many instances appeared for generations. College boys, contrary to the status of Foundation boys generally, had rather the best of things as a rule, as Commoners were dependent on them for the school room and the chapel, and, in public matches in which all joined against an aggressive foe, for a cricket-ground also. Moreover, the head College boy was commander-in-chief and autocrat over the whole school whenever Commoners were inside our walls, or the school as a whole when outside college walls; whereas Commoner prefects had no power over college boys. No anecdotes about bullying. A bully was a bully; and many a good fellow who was not competent for the extraordinary power entrusted to him in boyhood, in after-life has expressed his regret for hard things done in his youth.

Fancy the following state of things for public school boys of this present day!—I am only speaking now of College.

The discipline was Spartan. Imagine yourself a junior in a chamber, and at six o'clock, on a winter morning, being aroused by a shoe-black shouting your name into the chamber, hearing which, you had to arise and let him in, call all the chamber, put on a faggot and light the fire, go into the quadrangle and fill all the prefects' washing-basins at the open conduit (for no one except prefects and seniors in chambers were allowed to perform their ablutions in-doors), and perform your own toilet there also with the snow on the ground, with the thermometer anywhere; see that everybody got up; watch for the master's coming at 'bells down,' and be in your place in chapel to answer your name. After chapel, you had to run to every prefect who called 'Junior!' and you had to do anything he wanted—send for coffee into the town, brush his clothes (but *never* black his boots—that was menial work), and be obliged generally to fag till school time; your next duty was to air your eye at a key-hole and watch for the second master's arrival, and give the 'hiss' to warn the school of his approach; then you went up to your lessons till breakfast time, 8.30, probably never having

had half time to learn them. At breakfast time you were washing butter and baking toast for your master, and waiting on him, and possibly after breakfast would have to pick up balls at fives until 9.30, having managed to get a mouthful of breakfast yourself or not, as the case might be ; you then aired your eye at a key-hole again, waiting for the head master, and you were in school for two hours and a half—possibly with a little bye-fagging, such as going round to borrow a book, or, in summer, you would be made to ‘shirk out’ to go long-stop to some fellows who were having an unlawful game of cricket. In the summer you fagged at cricket from 12 till 2 (and on holidays all day, more or less), and in the winter you would be fagging at football, kicking in the ball. At 2 o’clock you would air your eye at a key-hole for the third time to watch for a master, and then there were four hours of school before you, out of which you would be up with your class twice ; and in these four hours a junior had time to learn something, especially if he had a good boy-tutor. At six o’clock you would be carrying things into chambers for prefects ; be fagging all dinner-time from 6 o’clock till 6.30 ; get something to eat how and when you could, and be in chambers at 6.30 to put on the faggot—for we had blazing fires ; light the candles, sweep up the chamber, put things in order, and do everything that you were told till 7. Then would ensue a blessed interval of rest and quiet till 8.30, whilst the boys did their work for next day, unless you were in some bullying chambers, where fellows played cards, in which case you had to watch for a master ; then chapel ; then bed. I remember that card-playing and drinking had not many followers, and prefects who did it were not in the best set. Your chamber was like a little parish of its own, with two or three prefects in it, as the case might be, and if you had a kind fellow for head prefect, it was a very happy home, provided you were good-tempered and willing ; and many kindnesses were shown, the memories of which are pleasant to record. In a boy’s second year a junior’s position was materially improved, as he would have a lot of boys under him, and he would be promoted to fielding out at cricket, instead of being *semper* long-stop, be allowed to go off fagging if he made a catch, and if a good field, he would be chosen as a regular fag in single-wicket matches, and would probably pass into the junior eleven, which corresponded with ‘Six-penny’ at Eton ; and if he really stuck to the game, he had a prospect in view of eventually passing into the second eleven, with visions of some day being in the ‘Lord’s eleven,’ *the* ambition of all. Anyhow, a fag who made the best of matters, and tried all he could, would become popular with prefects and would not have half a bad time of it.

In his social life also a fag would have a definite status, and become valet to one of the prefects in his chamber, looking after his cricket and football things, and always in attendance on him before and after all sports ; and better still, in hall and in chambers he would be initiated into the mysteries of cooking, frying kidneys, potatoes, chops, making coffee, and coming in for the *débris*, for good fellows

always had enough for their fags, as well as themselves, and the slavery was divested of many of its hardships. So a boy had three natural protectors—his boy-tutor who was assigned to him; the prefect to whom he was valet, and also the prefect to whom he was breakfast fag; and when in trouble he could go to one or all, and they always took his part, and not unfrequently the boy who bullied the little junior got a good licking on the spot, with a promise of double allowance if he did it again.

There always was a class, mostly muffs, who, when prefects, would have six fellows to watch out at cricket, when three only were wanted, and who thrashed little boys for missing balls which they could not have stopped themselves; who would call 'Junior' for the sake of hearing their own voice, to bring them a book which was six yards off; just the same kind of fellows who in after-life make the lives of club servants unbearable, and who are a terror to those under them, in whatever station of life they may be, and make servants, clerks, governesses, and sometimes, if parsons, even curates, tremble before them. These were the kind of boys who had three fags to wait on them at breakfast; that meal consisting of college rations and a pot of jam from home, which was tied down and lasted a week; who were always finding a speck of dirt on a knife or on a cloth, for which they thrashed the unfortunate junior. Juniors delighted to be one of a number of fags who waited on a breakfast mess of three good fellows—good at football and cricket—who had a dish of kidneys, a dozen eggs, fried potatoes and chops for breakfast, with endless toast and coffee. A fag might get a flea in his ear sometimes for clumsiness or carelessness, but masters and fags formed a little family party of their own.

Then as regards the inmates of the school generally. Winchester being one of the capitals of the West was easy of access to West of England men, many of whose sons came there; and the advantage of having a boy under the discipline of one of the oldest public schools was thought more of in many cases than education, and sons of many country gentlemen would go there, and be perfectly content to remain in the lower forms until they left at seventeen or eighteen years of age. So much was this the case that one year an eleven from the three lowest forms played all Commoners at cricket and beat them. It looked funny to see big fellows in tail-coats and more than incipient whiskers standing up by the side of little fellows of twelve years old, in an awful fog over an easy passage in Ovid, which, though easy to the youngsters, was a terrible stumbling-block to them; but so it was. On the other hand, it was for nobody's good when a very young fellow with immense ability ran rapidly up the school, and became a prefect without any long apprenticeship to fagging, and possibly physically weak and practically inexperienced. These were the class, who immediately they got off fagging abandoned every sport and took to 'constitutionals' in the summer and fire-side coteries in the winter; and by these fire-side coteries much

bullying was brewed, in the absence of manly fellows who were engaged in athletics.

Now as regards our sports : cricket and football were of course the chief, and as we had no professional we learned our cricket by ourselves ; and to show that we must have learnt it pretty well, Harrow beat us for the first time in 1837 on their own ground, though they collared and headed us in after-years, the school matches having commenced in 1825. We held our own too, well, against Eton. Fielding and hard hitting were our proclivities, and the Winchester barter—named after Warden Barter, who was a giant in strength and stature—is not unknown.

To show what coaching will do, old Lillywhite in 1851—the first professional ever engaged—*ætat* 59, trained the eleven in that and in the following year, and the Winchester boys won both matches at Lord's two years running, after losing both matches for five years. Oh ! why did the Dons ever stop those glorious matches at Lord's ?

We had one great drawback at Lord's, which was, that not more than six or seven of our real eleven were ever up there, as the school broke up a fortnight before the matches. And we made one vital mistake, which was, not to make long stop, as it is now, one of the most important places in the field ; and boys who had been excellent as juniors gave it up as drudgery when they got into the eleven, and the consequence is that our list of byes at Lord's looks very bad now.

In the winter badger-hunting was a favourite sport, and we always kept a badger and a huntsman, who provided two terriers and a bull-dog during the winter. It was a sporting school, as Hampshire was a very sporting county, added to which a large number of the boys were sons of fox-hunting country gentlemen, and many of their boys hunted in the holidays.

Perhaps it would astonish the dons now to see boys going on to St. Catherine's Hill (part of the Portsmouth Downs range) in white cord breeches, brown cloth leggings, tight at the knee and falling loose over the boots, green cut-away coats and gilt basket buttons, coming out of College on a holiday morning : but such was the usual dress of many Commoners on holidays, and the big College fellows high up in the school, who wore gowns, adopted the cords and gaiters. The badger-hunting was excellent fun, though I suppose we should be fined five pounds by the magistrates now for following the sport. The badger was turned out of the sack and started up the downs, and it was a good breather, running four or five miles, mostly uphill, on a fine winter's morning. When we had had enough the bull-dog was let go to pin the badger, and after a stiffish tussle sometimes the badger went into the sack to live to fight another day. Not a few boys kept guns, and many a stray hare and partridge came to hand, and I have known such a thing as a duck or goose turn up, but it did not much matter, as when old Warden Barter was king farmers got paid for College

damages. Foot steeplechasing from the top of the downs to St. Cross, across two rivers and the water meadows, was also a favourite amusement for a change. Then there was the sporting fraternity, who took in 'Bell's Life,' got up lotteries, and had a small Tattersall's of their own, and made shilling books, and paid up too; but I never knew little boys urged to subscribe or anything of that sort, as recorded in 'Tom Brown.' Any boy trying on such a game would have been sent to Coventry by the whole school, and I fancy the betting was a very small matter.

Sometimes prisoners get restless and break out into insubordination, and it is the case too in lunatic asylums and occasionally in schools. I never can understand to this day why or wherefore a large number of boys, seventy or eighty at least, suddenly took a violent dislike to half a load of hay which was left on a canal bridge. The waggon had been overloaded, and the farmer had carted half away, and the waggon was waiting for the return of the horses. Some one suggested 'Let us pitch this waggon into 'the river.' Now the farmer was a popular man, as he never split upon us if we did any mischief, and he winked at the fellows shooting in the water meadows and on his farm. No doubt, being a tenant of the College, he took care of himself when he paid his rent. Somehow the demon of mischief was abroad, and in a few minutes the waggon, under the influence of many hands and a lever or two, toppled grandly sideways; there was a crash, the side of the bridge disappeared, and nothing was visible but four waggon wheels in the air, above the water, to the great astonishment of some bargees who were coming with a barge quick round the corner, and who with great difficulty stopped her 'way' before the barge charged the waggon, for which event we were anxiously looking. Again, one window of new Commoners—an ugly, workhouse-like building, which looked into the school quadrangle—being accidentally broken, the boys suddenly hated *all* the windows and smashed the lot, just as they did with the new slates of College Mill, the colours of which they disapproved. The curious part of their eccentric proceedings was, that all the school seemed seized with the same madness, and the steady fellows who never fell into scrapes hardly, broke out the worst. We never heard anything about that waggon-load of hay, directly, though an uncle of one of the boys who was staying with the warden, let the cat out of the bag, and told his nephew that the warden laughed heartily about it. I suppose the truth was that it was a second crop of water meadow-hay of little value, or the waggon was not hurt, and it went into the tenant's bill.

Ah, the dear old warden! he was the king of men, the greatest athlete of his day at Oxford, and the hardest hitter ever known at cricket, and the Winchester 'Barter hit,' the half volley, was named after him. He was as big as Alfred Mynn, and the kindest-hearted man in the world, though very impetuous. When in a scrape it was always best to receive his fire and let him pass sentence of death on you unheard. It was usually the same thing: you

were ruining your prospects for life, were bringing down your father's grey hair with sorrow to the grave, &c., &c. And when he had quite done, the thing was to ask to be heard, and to tell him the whole truth right out, and say you were very sorry. He was ready enough to help you over the stile,* and it usually ended with a few kind words, for any condonable offence, and a parting word 'If you are writing to your father, will you remember me very kindly to him—good-bye. Now remember what I say.'

When Freeman, the American giant, a prize-fighter, came over here with Caunt from New York and fought the Tipton Slasher, after a short London career his health broke down, and he was taken in at Winchester hospital. He stood nearer seven than six feet, and weighed twenty-one stone when in health; but the poor fellow was sadly wasted, and his brother giant, the warden, took care of him, and baptized him himself, and watched him daily through his last illness, and attended him when dying.

When the Eton boys went to Winchester to play their match, the warden entertained the two elevens and all kind of Eton dons royally at dinner, and when the warden died, and the Provost of Eton preached on him in Eton chapel, and alluded to the cricket and the warden's hospitality to the eleven, there was not a dry eye amongst the Eton boys.

We had a little world of our own, and never recorded our sports, except our cricket scores. Fighting, except amongst the little boys, was not much cultivated, as boys who had been juniors together and fellow-sufferers in early hardships grew up pretty much knowing their own powers; but occasionally there would be a real fight, with the cognisance and full concurrence of the prefects, and that was when two big fellows had a deadly feud and neither would apologize. I remember two very memorable fights, in one of which two inferiors—*i.e.*, not prefects—of eighteen years of age, who were high up in the school, and both of them in the football team, fought. They were larking with two switches, and one hit the other accidentally in the face, which was immediately returned by a left-hander. They were separated, but they both determined to fight, and fight they did at twelve o'clock in Commoners, and I went in to see it. There was little science, but awful slogging, and one was clean knocked out of time in twenty minutes, and the doctor had a hard job to get him round, as there was much threatening of blood to the brain. He had to go home after a few days. His opponent, who was a very good fellow, was in great distress about the effect of his own handiwork, and was constantly with his former foe; and they both agreed that they had been a couple of fools, and nothing but the dread of being considered cowards prevented them from shaking hands without fighting.

Another fight between a College and Commoner inferior, *etat* each about seventeen, was an equally bloodthirsty affair; and the vanquished had to be put to bed and kept in a dark room for a considerable time. No doubt these are things of the past; but boys

of that age, who have a keen sense of injured honour, and reckless as regards consequences, and without science, ought never to have been allowed to fight. It was downright dangerous. According to the legends of the prize-ring, fatal accidents were not commoner than those in the hunting-field or steeplechasing, and many other sports; but then the men were trained and scientific, and, moreover, the seconds interfered in cases of danger.

In 1824 the Hon. Mr. Ashley, brother of Lord Shaftesbury, I presume, fought two hours and a half, and was killed, at Eton; but then both boys were plied with brandy, as was admitted on the inquest.

I had only one fight of any consequence, and that was when sixteen years old. A practical joke was played on me by another boy of as nearly my own age and size as possible. I hit him straight in the face just before chapel on Sunday, and we were separated; and although mutual friends tried to pacify us, fight we would, as we hated one another, being about equals in school position and everything else, and we felt one must be master. My antagonist was, when at the Bar, the author of the 'Log of the Water Lily,' and was the pioneer who, in 1850, went up the Rhine in a four-oared boat. He was seconded by his cousin, who now is Rector of Rew in Devonshire. We fought in the schoolroom on Monday morning forty-eight rounds in an hour and a quarter, and were interrupted by school-time, and agreed to go on again at twelve o'clock. The prefects then interfered and made us shake hands, which we did most willingly, as being thrown on an oak floor was no joke, and we were both of us very stiff and tired and a good deal punished; and from that day forward he and I and his second messed together and were firm friends as long as we remained in the school; and, curiously enough, the Rector of Rew, whom I had not seen for years, came and stayed with me during the last Australian match at the Oval, by his own invitation; and my former foe, whom I had not seen for twenty years, walked into my chambers most unexpectedly *as I was writing this very article*, in October last.

It was a curious life in days past, as boys were mostly left to form their own characters; and in those days Commoners remained at school till nineteen very often, and College boys who were of the founder's kin and waited for a New College vacancy sometimes remained till twenty, and in known instances one or even two years longer. One well-known cricketer was at Lord's from the year 1839 till 1843, both inclusive, and was captain for three years, and *he* had cut all *his* teeth, as he was of the 'Founder's kin,' over twenty-two years of age, and was waiting for a fellowship at Oxford. Every Wykehamist of that era will remember that captain, Villiers Chernocke Smith, the immortal 'Podder,' so named after one of the champions in the All Muggleton and Dingley Dell match. On reference to the list of men in Church and State, I think our 'output'—to use a mining term—was equal to that of most schools. The principle was self-government without masters'

espionage. When not in school or chapel the whole discipline was left to the boys themselves. There were eighteen prefects in College and a few subordinates with limited power, and the management was very much assimilated to that of a regiment. Two things were certain—which was, that the governors and the governed amongst the boys knew what their powers and duties were, and the governed knew that what had to be done must be done, and they soon learned that willingness and good-humour saved them a great deal of trouble and annoyance, and without knowing it, they acquired habits of obedience and discipline which lasted them for life. Correspondents who know nothing about the value of school discipline write a lot of rubbish to the papers about ‘the lads having ushers.’ If instead of writing they would go down and address the boys on the subject, and the river was handy, what then? In every place, and at all hours of the day and night, some prefect was answerable for what was going on, and if he neglected his duty and countenanced things which he ought not, his power would be taken away at once, and he would practically be reduced to the ranks; and great was the downfall of that boy. In cases of this kind came out the real boy-character, and if the deposed prefect was a bully all the juniors would rejoice in his fall and not move a hand for him, but if he was a good fellow every junior would anticipate his wishes and volunteer to do everything for him as if he had the power to fag them. As regards discipline and tunding—tunding by prefects’ court-martial was a great institution properly used—abused it was positively infernal. Big fellows, tribunes of the people, were the victims generally; and if they chose to be guilty of breaches of discipline and *would* play cards, or get in spirits, or go into the town out of bounds, and a prefect who was answerable for discipline caught them, they had their choice of a dozen or so with a ground ash across their shoulders before the school or go before the authorities. In nineteen cases out of twenty the culprits took the tunding. It was soon over; all the boys knew what it was for, and if the offence was uncontaminated by anything low or sneaking or dishonourable, no one thought the worse of the prefect who did it or the boy who suffered the punishment; and you would sometimes see tunder and tundee playing in the same match at football or cricket as if nothing had happened, just as I once saw a second master who had flogged a boy in school at 12 o’clock, caught out by the culprit at 12.30 in a match. It is needless to say that both ‘smoled a smile.’ As I said before, bullying prefects belonged to the fireside coteries, who wore rings and used bear’s grease, never dirtied their boots or ruffled their hair or neckcloths, and asked one another little riddles, *ergo*, milksops.

And now perhaps, Mr. Baily, you will ask, what good did this kind of discipline ever do to me? I will tell you. It taught me a kind of rough-and-ready code of the laws of fair play and honour, and stamped out false pride; and if I had to bring a brown paper parcel to you, and could not afford a cab, I would walk through

London with it under my arm and would not be ashamed to do it. And, secondly, if you and I were in the wilds and we came across any eatable animal, I believe I could cut him up and cook him in a way which would make your mouth water, cook a pudding in a pot-lid, and could do hundreds of things for you and me which I should never be able to do but for my boyhood's apprenticeship. Why, if the Prince of Wales sent word that he would come and breakfast with me—how could I do him most honour? Would I send for a professed cook from London? Never! I would write to my old schoolfellow and former breakfast-fag, Frank Buckland, the best cook and coffee-maker in the world when a boy, and would say, 'Frank, my boy, do your best!' And I will venture to say that H.R.H. would remark, 'My mother would like to knight your 'cook.' The manly feeling generated in the little world of a public school has made it an impossibility to me ever to offer three fingers of my left hand to a man who is supposed to be below me in life; for that is the special privilege of the purse-proud snob, whom I should remarkably like to have for a fag now, and I would do what I was not fond of doing as a boy, and lick him within an inch of his life.

One word about the big idle fellows. Hear what General Shute, V.C., an ardent Wykehamist, said at the Wykehamist dinner some three years back in the presence of Wardens, Masters, Judges, and Bishops. The general was returning thanks for the army, and claimed Winchester as his first teacher in military matters, as he was there grounded in punctuality, discipline, and obedience; and he added, almost in these words: 'And if you would do away with the competitive examinations for the army, and let us have your strong, idle football-players and cricketers who cannot learn much Latin and Greek, and send them to us at seventeen years old, any good colonel or adjutant will either make good soldiers of them in twelve months, or return them on your hands, Queen's hard bargains.' General Shute was quite right; for out of the idle division of my day, many left their bones in the Crimea, India, and other foreign countries, and many, fortunately, are either good and gallant soldiers or useful in other walks of life, and would be very handy now to bring Shere Ali (whom for the convenience of memory has been christened Mr. Shire Lane) out of Cabul. How much twaddle have we not heard at school dinners about 'our gallant brothers who sleep in the Crimea and India,' not spoken by men who rode in the six hundred, or who relieved Lucknow, but by after-dinner table-thumpers, who are the very men who support the head masters in their hobby of keeping out manly backward boys who want teaching, and to whom the school discipline would be advantageous—and who used to be the material from which 'our gallant brothers' came—in favour of competitive examiners, who come in with a supply of grammar ready laid on and thereby save the masters a deal of trouble.

The late Lord Herbert, when Mr. Sydney Herbert, Secretary at

War, said, in the House of Commons, that the qualifications for a staff-officer were : 1. Knowledge of French or German. 2. A quick eye for a line of country, with power to make an intelligible sketch of it. 3. To be able *to ride well across it*—which last qualification, he said, was most important of all. And I am not singular in believing that Lord Herbert was right. I am not preaching that our discipline and manners and customs were perfect by any means, but I believe that as boys, we had to cut out our own way pretty much by ourselves, and I don't think that boys of the present day would be much hurt if some of their luxuries and expenses were curtailed.

One thing is quite certain, which is that masters of large schools have now run up the costs as high as possible, and if their predecessors, the Consuls of our boyhood, buttered their bread on one side, a good many of the present masters and school authorities take precious good care to butter it on both sides, and I think headmasters' conferences would be more valuable if paterfamilias had his hearing at them.

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SCOTLAND'S MOST FAMOUS FISH.

It is not the salmon which is Scotland's most famous fish, for it is a fish common to England and Ireland as well as Scotland ; neither is it the bull trout, which is found in the Coquet as well as in the Tweed ; nor is it the 'great lake trout' of Lochawe, nor the powan of Loch Lomond, nor the mysterious vendace of Lochmaben that is Scotland's most famous fish : no, it is none of these ; although, as all anglers know, each of them is endowed with some particular quality of its own, while the life-histories of one or two of them are seasoned with perplexities and surrounded by mysteries. The great lake trout is famed for brute strength ; the salmon and his congeners bring an ever-flowing stream of gold to the lairds who own the streams in which they are caught, while the powan and the vendace have given much anxious work to a host of naturalists ; but after all said or done, none of these fish, in my opinion, realise the title chosen for this article, and I shall proceed at once to show that Scotland's most famous fish is, undoubtedly, the matchless trout of Lochleven.

There are people, I know, who will at once exclaim, 'Oh, there are similar trout in other lakes ;' but I say, No, that is a fallacy ; the Lochleven trout, as Sir Walter Scott used to say, 'has no 'marrow ;'* it is found only in that classic loch and nowhere else, and that its home has been there for long centuries is well known, for, when the beauteous but hapless Mary Stuart was prisoned in the old Castle her attendants caught for her table daily dishes of the now much-prized trout. None of the many attempts which

* Meaning it cannot be matched.

have been made to transplant the trout of Lochleven to other waters have succeeded; partial success has been attained in some instances, and at various places throughout Scotland trout are shown which are the descendants of stock brought from Lochleven; but in time the transplanted trout lose their individuality and become as common fish. The peculiar trout of Lochleven have a peculiar home, they live on peculiar food, and unless the transplanted animals obtain surroundings similar to those from which they have been taken, as also like food, they cannot long remain in all respects equal to the parent stock from which they have been separated. Nothing so speedily becomes the creature of circumstances as a trout, or indeed a fish of any description—fish of all kinds very quickly accommodate themselves to their surroundings. I have seen in the same sheet of water trout of two different colours, one dark or almost black, inhabiting the boggy or peaty portion of the water, and difficult to distinguish from the bottom on which it lay, the other, bright, clear and speckled, like the shining gravel which formed its *habitat*: the two rivers which fed the loch alluded to were signally different in the colour and quality of the water which they brought to it; one came a long distance through a moor, whilst the other skirted a rocky hillside and was beautifully clear and crystalline; the stream of the other was black and forbidding, yet there were plenty of trout on both sides of the water. Any person who has enjoyed an opportunity of studying the appearance of fish in their native element—even in an aquarium—must have noticed that on some occasions they could not be distinguished without great difficulty from the bottom on which they lay. Those persons, for instance, who are fond of spearing flounders require a quick eye to distinguish the fish from the sand on which they are resting; so, with all other fish, they seem to be largely endowed with the property of the chameleon, taking on the hue of their immediate locality and not being easy to distinguish from their surroundings, which circumstance must, of course, largely contribute to their preservation, affording them better protection from their enemies than they would have if they were more conspicuous. For these among other reasons, I venture to think that, although its anatomical structure would remain unchanged under any circumstances, the Lochleven trout when transferred to other waters would speedily assume pretty much the aspect of the trout which inhabited its new abode, and probably lose in a great degree its peculiarities of colour and flavour.

When the writer was a youth, the weavers, on his occasional visits to Kinross, entertained him with extraordinary stories about Lochleven and its famous fish. Of the loch itself they used to say that its name arose from the circumstance of its containing eleven kinds of fish and being fed by eleven different streams; also that there were eleven islands in the loch, and that the lands of eleven different lairds bordered its waters. One or two of the more learned of the Kinross weavers were of opinion that the trout had been originally brought from foreign countries by some of the

monks of old who used to inhabit the monastery of St. Cerf. Much of what they said was doubtless mere imaginative nonsense, but such stories pleased the Scottish peasantry of the period, and they were, in consequence, zealously circulated and greedily believed. I could never make out that there were more than half-a-dozen different fishes in the lake : first of all *the* trout, as also trout of a commoner kind, likewise char, perch, eels, and pike. Lochleven abounds with the latter fish, where specimens have been found of an enormous size, veritable monsters of the deep. I remember one being caught on the shore of St. Cerf's Island by one of the Sandport weavers, which seemed to my boyish ideas a veritable giant, and, although it was never weighed, it would, I think, have turned the scales at twenty pounds. But even larger pike have been caught in the loch : Peter Whyte, one of the old fishermen of Lochleven, told me of his having taken one which weighed over forty pounds ; and my friend George Barnett, of the 'Kinross-shire Advertiser,' mentions, in his book for the 'Lochleven Angler,' that a pike was caught on March 21, 1872, weighing thirty pounds, and another in March 1874, only three pounds lighter. At present the great sheet of water is leased to a limited liability company for angling purposes only, but a few years ago it was held from the proprietor by a 'tacksman' (lessee) as a private speculation, and that gentleman, Mr. Marshall, used to take great pains to keep down the pike. Every year during the months of March and April two or three big draws were made, when large numbers of these fresh-water tyrants used to be captured, as many sometimes as five hundred in a season, and in one memorable year over three thousand were obtained. These fish vary in weight from one to about seven pounds, and they are of excellent quality, but no one need wonder at that, seeing that they live upon the finest trout in the kingdom. I cannot speak from personal knowledge of the steps which are now taken to keep down the pike, but I hear that occasional raids are still made upon them, with more or less success. Over four hundred and fifty, I am told, were caught this season as against six hundred and fifty last year ; in 1874 about fifteen hundred pike were taken out of the loch. Perch are still to be found in the loch in great numbers, and excellent eels are plentifully taken, which are forwarded direct to Billingsgate, the Scotch people objecting as a rule to eat eels because of their serpentine shape. As to the char, it has long been extinct. I fancy I saw the last char which was caught, and that is about forty years since ; it was either in 1837 or 1838, upon the occasion of my second visit to the loch ; it was taken by one of the Whytes, and was sent away to be preserved. There is no doubt that char were, at one time, found in Lochleven, the fish being locally known as the 'gellytroch,' but they were never very plentiful, and the supply was intermittent.

I need not dwell here on the common trout, *Salmo fario*, which are found in Lochleven, as all anglers know it well ; it is the *Fario levensis*, or Lochleven trout proper, which I wish to write about. They are tolerably plentiful and afford capital sport, and a few years

ago it used to be said that it was difficult to capture a trout of the true Lochleven species that weighed less than one pound. Now, unfortunately, the weight of these fine fish is decreasing, a fact to which I shall allude more fully before I am done. Traditions are preserved of some very large trout which have been caught in the loch, of one in particular that weighed eighteen pounds, and of another which pulled the scales at ten pounds. 'Big fish' are so frequently creatures of the angler's imagination that one requires to accept the reports of their capture with the proverbial grain of salt, but that some really large trout have been captured in Lochleven is certain. Mr. Barnett is in possession of one (it is preserved, of course) that weighed when caught, in 1861, ten pounds, and which measured twenty-nine inches in length and eighteen in girth. I have seen it in Mr. Barnett's house. I have also myself more than once taken a two-pounder; and this season Dr. Patterson of Glasgow killed one which weighed over four pounds. The doctor was so happy as to capture two which together weighed six pounds twelve ounces. Lochleven ought to produce big trout; there is abundance of room for them to grow and plenty of fine food on which to fatten, as the measurement of the loch, when full, gives an area of over 3,500 acres, and before it was partially drained, it was nearly 1,000 acres larger, and, of course, much deeper. The food resources of the trout have been often discussed; I have consulted nearly all the authorities who have written on the subject, but they all run like so many sheep in the same rut, and the information given by one naturalist differs so little from that given by another that it would not add to the interest of what I have to say to quote their opinions. I am always annoyed when I have to consult the professional naturalists about any particular fish; they tell you how it looks, which you can see for yourself; they count for you the number of rays in each fin and perhaps the vertebræ, but they seemingly cannot tell one that which it is most desirable he should know, namely, how long it is ere the spawn come to life, at what rate the fish grows, and when it is able to do as its parents have done, namely, 'multiply and replenish its kind,' or, as a fine writer says, 'repeat the story of its birth.' Of only one fish do we know with certainty how long it is ere the eggs burst and yield their young ones, and that fish is the salmon. As yet we are in ignorance of how old that fish becomes before it begins to seek the spawning 'redds.' Seeing that Lochleven trout are being reared artificially in thousands, it is to be hoped that those engaged in the experiment will note and publish such particulars as I have indicated. And now, having referred to the weight which is sometimes attained by the Lochleven trout, I shall proceed to say a few words about its food, and the differences which have been observed between it and the common river trout of Scotland.

For fully a century have the trout of Lochleven been held famous by anglers and epicures. Some of the Scottish nobility of the olden time used to send a special messenger from Edinburgh to the Kinross fishermen to bring them over for their social supper parties a dozen of

these famous red trout, the fame of which extended still further when quick railways could carry them fresh to London. In Edinburgh, about forty years ago, every fishmonger kept a supply of these trout, and they have only ceased to do so now because so many anglers go north to obtain them on their own account. One quaint old writer whom I have consulted says that these delicate trout must have come originally from the sea, and been landlocked by some convulsion of nature that has prevented their migration, which is a much more likely explanation than that given at one time, that they were a hybrid between the common trout and the char! The question used often to be debated long ago whether or not the Lochleven fish were a distinct kind, or only the common trout improved by peculiarly good feeding and a delightful dwelling-place. Dr. Parnell was the first professional naturalist who did something to establish an opinion on this point by pointing out many striking structural differences which exist in the two species. These are too technical to be transferred to the pages of 'Baily,' but it may be mentioned, as a point, that the cæcal appendages in *the* trout are between sixty and eighty, whilst in the common trout they never exceed forty-six. The Lochleven trout has been considered by some who have seen both to be as nearly as possible the same as the beautiful trout of the Lake of Geneva (*Fario Lemanus*). There is, however, this difference between these fish, that one, that of Geneva, spawns during the summer time, whilst the trout of Lochleven does not deposit its eggs till the winter season. There can be no doubt that the food which the trout obtains in the loch contributes much to the colour of its flesh and the richness of its flavour. As I have said already, the pike of Lochleven are excellent; so are the pike which are found in the Teviot, a tributary of the River Tweed. During the season when the salmon smolts are descending to the sea, they feed well on good food, and they are well-flavoured accordingly. All the fish which are found in the Kinross-shire loch are excellent. I have never seen fatter or tasted better eels; they are delightful when nicely roasted before the fire, being first well covered with butter, eggs, and bread crumbs. A pike, well stuffed with minced veal, and well basted with good butter, is excellent when cooked in a similar manner. There are some molluscous and crustacean animals in the loch which afford food of a peculiar kind to the fishes. There is in particular the scrow (*Gammarus*), which is a perennial delight to the trout. I shall not allude here to the large supply of insects which are at the mercy of the Lochleven fish; they are wonderfully varied and numerous. The plentifulness of their natural food makes the fish rather shy about taking artificial baits. Hungrier trout would, of course, be more greedy. It is necessary for anglers to study this fact, and to be particular about their flies. I never dictate to my brethren of the gentle art, as most anglers are very 'cocky,' thinking their own mode of fishing the best, and their own flies the only ones which will deceive the trout! Angling is one of the many things about which a great deal of nonsense is

constantly being written, and I must say that I have seen in my time many nonsensical productions about how easily the Lochleven trout can be captured. Those who chose to try will not find the taking of these trout quite so easy as certain essayists would make believe. They are game fish, and fight for their lives with great determination. To play and bring to your boat a two-pound Lochleven trout of the right sort requires a deal of tact and a good spell of hard work, whilst standing straight up in a boat that yields to every move of the water. I have seen an old and experienced fisher put as much on his mettle with a twenty-ounce Lochleven trout as if he had been handling a *dour* grilse under the auspices of Peter Marshall about Stormontfield on the River Tay. In saying all this, however, I have been led away from the food question, nor shall I now return to it. The editor of 'Baily' is jealous of allowing too much space to be occupied by one article, and, as I respect his rule, so I shall conform to it by drawing these remarks to a close.

I hope I have made it sufficiently plain to all who are ignorant of the subject that there is in Scotland a fish of fine shape, of beautiful colour, and of delicious flavour, the like of which is not to be found nearer than the Lake of Geneva! Have I also made it plain that this fish is worth the trouble of capturing, because it is able to show fight, and can contest every inch of the water, and in the end, if in good condition, probably outwit its would-be captor? If I have made all these things sufficiently plain to my readers, let me say, likewise, that the loch is open to the public for a consideration in the shape of boat hire, which, as the company pay a fair rent to the proprietor of the water, is only reasonable. If no fish be taken the day's 'outing' is usually so charming that no regret will follow. The water, if I may perpetrate a *bull*, is classic ground. Take luncheon on the Castle Island, and recall to your mind's eye the tragic life-story of Mary Stuart. Visit 'the sluices,' watch the shadow of the mountains as they deepen on the Loch, and take a glance at Michael Bruce's poem descriptive of the scene around you. It is on Lochleven that a large number of the chief angling clubs of Scotland hold their annual competitions. This year thirteen clubs held thirty-one competitions, in the course of which 12,525 trout, weighing 8,238 lbs., were killed, the largest number being taken in June, not less in that month than 5,062! These figures betoken a great success, being more than double those of last year, when only 4,852 trout, weighing 4,259 lbs., were taken. Private anglers caught a large number beside what is credited to the clubs, but I have given as many figures as will show that there are still plenty of trout in Lochleven, although it has been fished with great industry for many years. There is one regret that I have to record before saying goodbye to the subject, and that is that the trout are falling off in weight. I would therefore recommend all good anglers to throw back the small fry into the water from whence they have been taken. This is not asking a very great sacrifice if anglers would consent to it, as they will have the chance of capturing the same fish when they

are better worth having. It is because of the taking of so many little fish from our waters that the big ones have become so scarce. No trout ought to be captured till it has had at least one chance of increasing its kind. I think it would be well if no fish under one pound were to be killed. The average trout taken in Lochleven during 1877 was fully fourteen ounces; this year ten ounces and a quarter represents the average of those captured, as the reader can calculate for himself from the figures I have given. And now, for a season, fare thee weel, Lochleven, and thy far-famed fish as well.

ELLANGOWAN.

DEAL AND BACK FOR TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

IN the room where I am writing this hang three water-colour drawings: one of a forest of masts standing out of a misty London atmosphere half lit up by a foggy sun, with London Bridge in the background; the second, of a mad steamer with a black-and-green funnel tearing through an impossible sea, with a blood-red sun setting; and the third, a beautiful drawing of a single breaking wave in the foreground, with a dark stormy horizon, and as many sea-gulls as the artist could put in for the money—like Olivia's sheep, in the historical picture immortalised by Goldsmith in 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' the number of which were left to the honour of the 'limner,' who was painting by contract. The two first pictures were done by an artist, now well known, when he was twelve years of age; and are great curiosities, as developing an extraordinary appreciation of Turner's pictures when he was a boy. The third was one of his first performances after manhood, when he made a sudden and successful *début* in the London world many years ago.

The mania for marine subjects was the cause of the artist paying some two hundred pounds for a sail from Deal to London and back. 'Jack Robinson' will do for the artist's name; and his story repeated by me as I heard it from him is much better than anything drawn from my imagination. It ran thus:—

'You see, old fellow, the case was pretty much this. As you know, I was a good deal about the coast here and there in the year 186—, getting sketches for marine pictures, and at the port of Blank I came across a very boon companion, Tom Orpheus, a well-known card in the musical world—in fact, so good an amateur that he took to music as a profession. He was as fond of loafing as I was, and we used to go out sailing very often, and found it rather expensive; and one day an antient mariner, well over seventy, who was part owner of a ten-ton lugger, and who was our "crew," as he had knocked us sufficiently into shape to handle a boat in fine weather, with his aid and under his command, without any other sailors—suggested to us that his lugger was for sale. "She is not nearly as good as new, gentlemen," he explained, "as she had 'a squeeze' between two Dutch ships when we went off in a

“gale to save life—for which we never got nothing but a bronze Dutch medal—and you shall have her all standing for forty pound, which with ten pound for painting (which a friend of mine can do), and touching her up here and there will make fifty; and I say that, fond as you gents are of the sea, you would save a deal of money by buying her. I can look after her when you are away, very reasonable, and can always go with you when you require me.”

To cut a long story short, the antient mariner prevailed, and the joint owners having all agreed to the sale, with the exception of two who were temporarily absent, and who were being boarded and lodged at the county expense, owing to a little difficulty about tobacco and ship's stores which had come into their hands by mistake, and for whom a committee who “*used the parlour*” of the Wreck Ashore, appointed two trustees, for the purpose of joining in the sale, Tom Orpheus and myself “tabled the money,” as the Americans say. The bit of paint was put on her—not too much to our minds for the money—a patch here and there, the sails repaired and cleaned, and the lugger was duly made over and entered in our names as the “Tortoise,” owners Jack Robinson and Thomas Orpheus, Esqrs. Something in the nature of a second launch took place, the wife of one of the vendors dashing a bottle of wine (Query, had the crew and his friends previously *sucked the monkey*?) against the good ship's bows before she went down the slipway, the good ship being decorated with bunting, and a symposium taking place at a maritime hostelry. The antient mariner was appointed our crew, and the weather being generally fine, we had a good deal of fair sailing about the coast, and eventually made Deal our head-quarters.

The antient mariner, whom we had better now call “the crew,” dissented from our idea that the “Tortoise” could ride at anchor in fine weather, instead of being “beached” with a windlass every time of using, which practice must necessarily incur a good deal of expense and wear and tear; and other nautical hangers-on were of the same opinion, probably because the hauling up a boat generally necessitated a retirement to the Wreck Ashore, by every one who puts his hand to a rope or takes a turn at the windlass; and we were told, if the shore-men saw a “flare-pan” (a danger light at sea), and our lugger was afloat, they would take her without leave. In proof of this it came to our ears that a gang had sworn that they would take the “Tortoise” “in spite of all the organ-grinders in England.” This was said derisively, out of compliment to my friend's musical talents.

Tom Orpheus came out quite the yachting man, with glazed hat, blue jacket, flannel trousers, telescope under his arm, for all the world like “Will Rattlin,” with marlinspike in mouth and pistol in each hand, dropping from a yard-arm O.P. side at the Victoria Theatre, into the Pirate's Hoard, and rescuing injured innocence, to the sound of “Rule Britannia,” and a royal salute;

‘ whilst the comic man, with two swords, performs a combat of three, amid oaths and gunpowder.

‘ Our boat used to be a little wet in rough weather ; and in an evil moment the crew suggested that for a few pounds we could have some alterations made which would give us shelter in bad weather, and—“ Lord bless you, sir !” he added, “ in fine weather “ you needn’t go ashore at all, and we could always get a snug “ anchorage at night, and with a good mattress and a blanket or “ two you *would* enjoy yourselves just about.”

‘ The season being over, the crew’s counsel struck root, and we started with an idea that a fore-cabin would be enough ; but eventually we decided on going as far as a hundred pounds between us in having a deck, with a cabin and table in it and two or three ordinary appliances for our comfort. As the boat had to lie up for the winter, we determined to send her to London, or rather that I and the crew and a young sailor, who had a cough like a Newfoundland dog’s bark, should put her into one of the docks, and that I should consult with a ship-builder, who was an intimate friend, about the improvements. Within three or four days the “ Tortoise ” gripped the friendly shore for the last time, though we had some difficulty in getting up our moorings, which were, I was told, some valuable chain, but to my mind and belief now the expense of extra hands, friends of the crew, &c., would have bought us a new one. With a “ wet sheet and a flying sail ” we caught the last of a tide and ran into Ramsgate harbour, with the intention of starting very early next morning, so as to get to Blackwall before midnight.

‘ I dined at the hotel, and in the evening the waiter announced with much ceremony that “ my captain ” wanted to see me. The crew was “ all there ” with a promise that if I went “ aboard ” at twelve o’clock he could start at two in the morning, and then hinted at victualling the ship. In as off-hand a manner as I could, I gave him some money, and told him to get what was wanted ; and I inwardly prayed that we should have a rapid run, and that I might be quit of the “ Tortoise.”

‘ Oh, the terrors of that night !—the misery of no cabin—are beyond description ; added to which, the cold and damp, the crew’s friend’s bark, and the thump, thump, thump of the boat in a chopping sea, which disturbed my inner man, completed my wretchedness.

‘ About nine o’clock A.M. I was sea-sick and utterly wretched, and the crew, to cheer me up, produced some heavy clammy matter, wrapped up in a dirty newspaper, which on being unrolled turned out to be some half-raw, fat cold meat, from some Ramsgate cook-shop, to which he added some very crummy half-baked bread, and some very new sweet rum and water for drink. I think the crew did not lose much money by victualling the ship. Providence was very kind ; and after squalls and calms, and mists and driftings, and all imaginable inconveniences, we eventually reached Blackwall some time after midnight, and knocked in at a low water-

‘ side public, kept by a friend of the crew’s, where we got a room with a roaring fire ; and the landlord, at the crew’s instigation, brought out something fit to eat, coarse, but clean, an enormous jug of some hot compound known to mariners, some long pipes, and some good tobacco ; and, the landlord joining, we made a night of it, and slept where we were. The next morning a new trouble arose, as I had forgotten to provide myself with enough money, and I dreaded being asked for the crew’s wages or the tavern score ; so, with the courage of desperation, I proposed that I should run up and see the shipbuilders, and that the crew should remain and take the “Tortoise” into dock.

‘ I went up to London, and found my broker had a few pounds in hand, came back rejoicing, paid the crew and the landlord, had another jorum of the hot compound—possibly “bingo,” such as Pipes, Lieutenant Hatchway, and Commodore Trunnion would have enjoyed—and took the “Tortoise” into dock.

‘ My shipbuilder’s friend introduced me to his partner, an off-hand, genial man of business, who spoke fair enough, and said that if we knew all that we wanted, they could fix a price and do the work ; but if we changed our minds repairing would run into money. After a long discussion, we found that a deck sufficient for a shelter, and a few extras for rough accommodation, might be done for 50*l.* each ; and, subject to Tom Orpheus’s approval, the repairs were ordered.

‘ Tom Orpheus came to London full of our new venture ; and as I was busy painting—days being short—he very kindly took the matter off my hands. From time to time we met, and I agreed to all he suggested, in full knowledge that the cost would be somewhat increased, and was ready enough to pay another 20*l.* if required, for I quite agreed with his argument, which always was, “Think of the luxury of having our rations and our liquor on board, and being relieved of hotels.”

‘ I heard of a little change in the rigging, and a new sail or so ; and eventually, when the repairs were done, I went in the following spring to see the “Tortoise” with Tom Orpheus, who promised me a great surprise. And Tom was *quite* as good as his word, when he said, “By Jove, sir, she is fit for any lady to take a sail “now !” I looked for the “Tortoise”—where was she ? Tom stepped proudly on board what was our old lugger, then converted into a yawl, with beautifully-painted cabin, sleeping berths, mahogany table, and all modern yacht appliances—small, but neat and compact.

‘ “Tom,” I said, “what will all this cost ?”

‘ “Oh, we will go and see the shipbuilders,” said Tom ; “they are all right, as they are your friends, you know.” And go we did ; and, as I am a living man standing before you with this blessed pipe in my mouth, the total cost, including the fifty we paid at first, came to 400*l.* !—*i.e.*, 200*l.* a-piece.

‘ I had no complaint of my partner’s honesty or honour ; he had

' been carried away, without thinking, and the only thing was to pay, somehow. My friend the shipbuilder behaved like a gentleman, and told us that his partner would not reduce the amount, which was fair—and so it was for what was done—but we should not be pressed; and that he knew lots of patrons of art, and would see what he could do. Being a single man, a little money kept me afloat, and I got rid of a number of sketches which were by me; and whenever I saw a big ship drifting lazily down a moon-lit sea, or a gallant cutter breasting the waves, down it went on paper as a pot-boiler, and in a reasonable time I cut myself clean adrift from that debt, and paid all the money.

' As we had paid a lot on account, there was no lien made on the yacht until the debt was all settled; and Tom and I went down the Thames one day for Deal, not a little proud of our renovated craft, which was cheered by the boys of some training-ship in the Thames. But somehow I was sick of the "Tortoise," which had caused me so much trouble, and I never went on board her again. Tom sailed about in her for a short time, and she returned again to the same dock some ten or twelve years ago; and there she has lain ever since, at 3s. 6d. per week for a man to look after her, and a guinea a year to the Dock Company; and the authorities have given notice to have her removed, as they are afraid that she is so rotten that the ballast will sink her. As far as we can calculate, the weekly pay and dock fees amounted to over 100*l.* since she was last docked, raising the total to 500*l.*

' I went down to see her, not very long ago, and found the "Tortoise" like a dirty old barge; no paint, no shape, and so rotten that you may run a pin through her anywhere; the ship's carpenters, who are repairing yachts, appear to use her as a plumber and glazier's shop, as I found the cabin full of paint-cans, paint-pots, oil-vessels, old brushes and rubbish; and the man "in charge" (i) said—not knowing that I was owner, but suspecting that I was a friend: "Well, you see, sir, we hardly know who she belongs to: some say to a painter in London; some to a musicianer; but no one seems to care about her, and we put these things in for a time." I wonder where her mainsail (which cost 30*l.*) is?

' And so the "Tortoise" cost me 200*l.* for one trip from Deal and back; but it taught me to fight my way out of debt, and to work harder than I ever should have done otherwise, so the first loss was the cheapest!

Now, Mr. Baily, this is literally a true story, told me last December by one of the owners. I knew a good deal about it years ago, as I advised Jack Robinson professionally about getting rid of her, and selling her for what she was worth. You will not, I dare say, be sorry to know that, as times now are, many shipbuilders would be only too glad to build Jack Robinson a yacht, and to take it out in pictures, as the dealers would cash them for a very small discount.

Mitcham.

F. G.

DEER AND DEER PARKS.

AN ESSAY BY J. H. SHORTHOUSE, M.D., LL.D.

THE animals whose cause I wish to espouse, and whose further cultivation on a more extensive scale are deserving of our attention for various reasons. They are deserving of it by reason of their antiquity, their variety, and their beauty, for, with the exception of the gazelle, I know of none more graceful; nor are there many animals in a semi-wild state which are more useful, or which can be kept at so small a cost. The food which they prefer, and on which they thrive best when they can obtain it, is such as the horse, the ox, or the sheep, would despise. They are curious epicures in taste, and devour with gusto the lichens and mosses which flourish on poor, impoverished, or uncultivated land, and which our domesticated animals would not touch. In this way do they subserve the needs of the landholder, for in one sense they weed and clean his land for him. They are therefore not costly to keep, whilst their flesh is much more delicate and realises a higher price than that of our domesticated animals.

They existed in their natural state in almost every clime, and are found within limits bounded by the snows of the Arctic regions, in Lapland, in India, on the heights of our own Snowdon or South-downs, in the glens of Scotland, and in the bogs of Ireland. Even as creatures of draught they are useful to the Laplanders and Muscovites of Siberia. But it is with those which have been indigenous to England for many centuries, or which I think we might introduce and acclimatise in this country, that I am chiefly concerned.

The red deer (*corvus Elephus*), which is used for hunting, is probably the kind which is best known to the readers of this magazine, but as there are some who do not hunt, or have the opportunities of beholding the stag and hind, I may just mention that though not so graceful or handsome as the fallow deer they are much larger and possibly 'nobler' in appearance. Their horns differ in shape from those of the fallow deer, as also do their eyes. The latter might fairly rival those of Juno, which have been immortalised by our old friend Homer, who always was accustomed to go into ecstasies over eyes. Βοῶπις (heifer-eyed) was a term in which he indulged when more than usually smitten by any of his ideal beauties. The eye of the stag, like that of the owl and cat, dilates in the light and contracts in the dark, thus differing from human eyes or the eyes of other animals, but whilst the contraction and dilatation of the pupil in the stag are horizontal, they are, as is tolerably well known, vertical in the cat and owl. The antlers on the horns of the stag are round, those on the fallow buck are broad and palmated somewhat like mace. Some of the American elks have also round horns, but the antlers point the reverse way to those of

the English stag; the pointing being in the one case forwards, in the other backwards. Two fine skulls of the American elk (*alces malchis*), with the horns attached, are preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons, and will be found fixed over the doorway of that compartment of the museum which contains the articulated skeleton of the race-horse Orlando, and also of the gigantic whale (*Physeter macrocephalus*) which by some writers has been asserted to have been the identical whale which had the honour of making a mouthful of the prophet Jonah! I only record these opinions without indorsing them. But the horns of the elks are immensely interesting. The animals were fighting and the horns became so entangled or locked together by means of their points or antlers that they were incapable of liberating themselves, and in that state they were discovered starved to death, and in that position they have been preserved without any attempt being made to separate them.

I am informed by Puttick, the deer-cart driver, who has been connected with the Surrey Stag-hounds for a number of years, that in Sir Gilbert Heathcote's time two fallow bucks of Sir Gilbert's got to fighting in Normanton Park (Rutland), and became entangled in a heap of tarred rope which was in the park for some purpose or other, and from which they could not extricate themselves. They were discovered by the keepers nearly dead.

Visitors to the museum would also do well to note in the middle museum, beside the door leading to the eastern one just mentioned, the skeleton of a gigantic extinct deer (*Megaceros hibernicus*), commonly, but, according to Professor Owen, erroneously, called the Irish elk. This noble-looking skeleton makes the 'monarchs of the glen' of Scotland and the stags of England look very small pigmies indeed. This fellow resembles that of the fallow deer in the bones of the trunk, the number of ribs, and also in the form of the skull and horns, which are palmated. But to quote from the catalogue: 'The chief peculiarity of the present extinct species is the extraordinary development and the form of the antlers, the span of which, measured in a straight line between the extreme tips, is eight feet, the length of a single horn, following the curve, is seven feet three inches. The height of the skeleton to the top of the skull (not measuring the horns) is seven feet six inches, to the highest point of the antlers, ten feet four inches. The weight of the skull and both horns is seventy-six pounds. It was dug up from a bed of shell marl beneath a peat bog near the town of Limerick, and was purchased by the College in the year 1844.'

This specimen is supposed to be unique, and I dare say will continue so until Time itself shall be no longer. There are other examples of the skull and horns (though not of complete skeletons), and in the case No. 88 is the skull of a female or doe—miscalled, as I think, in the catalogue a hind—of the same extinct species (No. 127), which shows that this sex, as in most other species of *Corvus*, had no antlers, indeed, so far as I know, the reindeer

(*Tarandus Rangifer*) is the only species in which the females are adorned with horns. If any of my readers would care to inspect these noble specimens of extinct deer I will with pleasure give them an order of admission to the museum.

The muscular power of a race-horse is much greater than that of a dray-horse (who has a much larger development of muscle) for kicking purposes, indeed never in my life did I ever see such powerful kickers as Wild Dayrell and his son Buccaneer, and everything they 'landed' upon, whether a gate-post or a stone wall, seemed doomed to be shivered to pieces, so it would appear that it is the quality and not the size or bulk of the muscle which imparts the power of attack or of defence. In like manner the power of a stag—who fights with his fore limbs—is something marvellous. I once saw a young one (a brocket) which had been turned out to be hunted for the first time by the Surrey stag-hounds, after going a few hundred yards, 'stand at bay,' and refusing to budge an inch; the hounds were all yelling around him. At last one of the hounds more daring than the rest did proceed to attack, when the brocket planted one of his fore feet with terrible effect upon the head of the hound and smashed his skull to atoms. The poor hound staggered, fell, and died in about a minute. I had the curiosity to cut down upon the skull to see the amount of mischief it had sustained; it was not simply cracked, but was smashed into numerous pieces. Now the muscles of a stag's fore-legs are far from being bulky, but they have prodigious force and power. Most sportsmen are, I believe, of opinion that hinds are preferable to stags for hunting purposes. They certainly give better sport, they can run as fast and as far, and though the best ones are apt to dodge a bit they are none the worse for that; they try the mettle of the hounds, as well as the horsemen, more perfectly. The Surrey Hunt has had two 'artful dodgers.' The 'Keston Hind,' which was supposed to be unrivalled for speed. It was, I am told, her custom to start off at score as soon as uncartered and lead the hounds and horsemen a pretty dance. When she was well ahead she would lie down in a spinney or behind a hedge until the hounds approached, when she would start off again and go straight across country for nine or ten miles, then have another siesta. Though she led them such a dance she was very popular with the hunt, and vastly enjoyed the fun herself, for directly Puttick, the deer-cart driver, took his van into the park she 'came up smiling,' and jumped in of her own accord. She came to an untimely end, in anything but a sporting fashion. Somehow or other she jumped into a boggy osier bed, in which she was suffocated before the huntsman or any of the field could come up to rescue her. The grooms and livery stable keepers hated her; indeed, one horse-keeper, to whom I incidentally mentioned her name, told me that he 'was damn'd glad when she was dead, for that no horse who followed 'her for a day was fit to hunt again for a fortnight.' The late Master of the Hunt, Mr. Robinson, is of opinion that they have a hind as good if not better now in Apology—named after the winner

of the Oaks and St. Leger—who is far from easy to take, indeed about Christmas 1876 she led them such a dance that they lost sight of her altogether for months, and though they several times were apprised of her whereabouts, and appointed a ‘meet’ to search for her, she always evaded their vigilance till April of the present year, and then it took them from 11 A.M. till dark before they were successful, and only succeeded by a mere accident. It might have been supposed that in the interim of fifteen months, whilst she was on ‘the loose,’ that she would have got ‘fat inside,’ and would soon be blown; such, however, did not prove to be the case. So I suppose she must be considered a hind without a parallel, though Mr. John Shaw, the oldest member of the hunt, will not admit that she is the equal of his old flame the ‘Keston Hind.’

Of course deer which are kept for the purpose of being hunted require to be kept in parks or paddocks which are securely fenced in by tall palings or brick walls. Such fences, however, are by no means necessary to keep the next kind of deer of which I shall speak from straying from home. Indeed not many weeks ago I saw a herd of between 200 and 300 reposing quietly in a park which had very indifferent ramshackle fences, at no part more than four feet high, and at others not more than half that height, whilst at some places they were broken down almost completely, so that I could have strode through them or over them without any difficulty. The proprietor told me he had kept them for fourteen years without missing any; if they did get out they invariably came into the park again, and none strayed away from home.

I allude, of course, to the *Fallow Deer*, which are very familiar to most Englishmen, are objects of graceful beauty, are capable of being tamed even to docility, will come at call, who are not costly to keep, whose flesh is unrivalled for flavour, except of the species of which I next shall treat, I mean the Reindeer. But as the fallow deer can be kept at so little expense with so little risk, I am surprised they are not more abundant in this country. Indeed if I were a ‘swell’ and with means to keep up a park, I would make it a point to keep up an extensive herd of these beautiful creatures, and if I could not afford a big park I would cut down the hedges between a few paddocks, and vanity should designate a ‘park’ what necessity had been accustomed to use as a paddock.

It is pretty well known that bucks and stags shed their horns every year, but that they break them up and bury them in the earth or shed them in deep streams of water, is not so certain. I have many times found them whole and above ground. Waller, the poet, has some lines, which contain a happy conceit :—

ON THE HEAD OF A STAG.

‘So we some antique hero’s strength
Learn by his lance’s weight and length;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they dressed.

Such game, while yet the world was new,
 The mighty Nimrod did pursue.
 What huntsman of our feeble race,
 Or dogs, dare such a monster chase,
 Resembling, with each blow he strikes,
 The charge of a whole troop of pikes?
 O fertile head! which every year
 Could such a crop of wonder bear!
 The teeming earth did never bring
 So soon, so hard, so huge a thing;
 Which might it never have been cast
 (Each year's growth added to the last),
 These lofty branches had supplied
 The earth's bold sons' prodigious pride,
 Heaven with these engines had been scaled,
 When mountains heaped on mountains failed.'

The poet has not told us how it would have been possible for the stag's understandings to have sustained the weight of the horns.

I now come to speak of *Reindeer*, which so far as I know do not exist in this country. I am surprised at this, for their flesh surpasses in flavour that of any other animal I have ever tasted, whilst they are naturally docile, their milk is rich and abundant, of the consistence of ordinary cream, and produces butter (without any skimming) which is unapproachable for flavour even by that produced by the beautiful little Alderney cow. It also produces cheese of fine flavour, but too rich for keeping any length of time. Irrespective of these considerations, the reindeer requires but little food, and that of the poorest quality—the lichens I have previously mentioned—and which is eaten by no other animal except deer. They can also be made to draw sledges and to carry burdens. I am really surprised there are not thousands of them in this country. There are many thousands in the ungenial clime of Lapland, and every winter the Lapps take a herd of them over to St. Petersburg when the river Neva is frozen over, for the purpose of affording sport, of drawing sleighs or other vehicles over the ice, and also in contributing to the amusement of the populace. When the ice breaks up about Easter these animals are sold off at from 2*l.* to 3*l.* each. The freightage of these to this country could not be much, as they are so docile and accustomed to privations of various kinds. I throw out these hints, which I hope will be put into practice by some gentlemen who would like to see in their pastures very graceful and very useful animals. Those which were exhibited at the Aquarium last Christmas were dirty-looking creatures, as were the Lapps who were attending upon them, and no more resembled the usual specimens than a costermonger's moke does the finest specimen of a racehorse.

Concerning '*Deer Parks*' my remarks must necessarily be brief. I have not seen very many of them, but of those which I have seen Windsor Park is much the largest, Tatton Park, in Cheshire, the next, but the most picturesque and most perfect of all is one of the smallest, but it is the one with which I am most familiar. I

allude, of course, to Carshalton Park in Surrey, and as Mark Twain said when he was lecturing at the Hanover Square Rooms, that he measured every other lake or sea by Lake Tahoe, simply because he knew most about Lake Tahoe, and as I know most about Carshalton Park, having roamed all over it hundreds of times, I shall take it as a model—except for space—of what a park ought to be. Its pasturage is excellent, in the poorest part of it the lichens flourish, the shelter afforded by walnut trees, Spanish chestnuts, horse chestnuts, elms, and American oaks, is perfect, whilst it has that greatest desideratum of all, a rill of the purest water running through it. This is one of the sources of the beautiful little river Wandle, and its depth varies from a few inches up to six feet or so. This rivulet never freezes even in the severest winters, but bursts from the chalk at the same temperature, 49 degrees, and not only is it serviceable to the deer for drinking purposes every day of the year, but they wade in it till they about get up to their knees, where they stand for half an hour sipping a drop of water now and then to quench their thirst, but as much, I believe, to cool their legs after the chase. Skakespeare seems to have been acquainted with the desire of the hart for a stream of water. We read in ‘As you ‘Like it’ that the melancholy Jacques was found reposing

‘Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter’s aim had ta’en a hurt,
Did come to languish!’

But the salacious King David had anticipated Shakespeare, for in the ‘Psalms’ we read,

‘As the hart panteth after the water brooks,’ &c.

I know of no such stream as this in any deer park in England. The park is also walled round with a high brick wall, and is very quiet and undulating on its surface. I should have mentioned that the only drawback I am aware of to the keeping of deer is that they play the devil with young trees, for next to lichen they prefer the bark and twigs of young trees. The ferocity of which we sometimes hear, is, I believe, greatly exaggerated, but be that as it may it only exists in the rutting season, and intruders should keep away at such a time. My children were accustomed to go into the park and play about at all seasons, and were never molested, although there are two herds of deer in it, the red deer and fallow deer.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—December in Town and Country.

IN TOWN.—The hoar-frost hangs but lightly on the trees in the Park, and the ducks easily break the thin coating of ice on the Serpentine. It is cold, but in the beginning of the month not severely so. The frost is not "intense," as the papers tell us it is in Scotland (which by the way is very pleasant reading, for nothing is so agreeable as enjoying a moderate degree of cold and hearing other people are half frozen to death), and we can walk through Pall Mall and Piccadilly dryshod. The curtains are drawn down rather early in the afternoon at the Baccarat and the Unlimited, and we are particular about draughts—some of the elderly ones—at the Holy Poker. The conversation, or what passes for that forgotten accomplishment, is diverse, ranging from our last good thing to the last inanity in burlesque and silk stockings, and about which latter there is much energetic disputing, for the cream of inanity in this branch of art is not easily won. The metropolitan racing mind has been in a lethargic state since Sandown, the frost having utterly floored those important fixtures Bromley and the Welsh Harp; and no body of frozen-out gardeners can look more disconsolate than do our good friends Captain Armstrong, Major Fitzhawke, and Sir Shysher Doo as they moodily knock the balls about in the billiard-room. Captain Armstrong is, perhaps, the jolliest of the party, for he has just come well out, as he considers, of one of those little affairs that sometimes throw a temporary gloom across his chequered career. Unjustly suspected of pulling a horse that could not by any possibility have won, the gallant captain has, after an inquiry by the committee of The Don't-you-do-it-again and Mind-you're-never-found-out-Association, been, if not exactly honourably acquitted, at least not subjected to punishment. He is at liberty this and following years to roam our metropolitan and other fixtures fancy free, which there is not the slightest doubt he will do to his own benefit if not that of others. So the captain is jovial and inclined to take an easy view of affairs, Bromley and the Welsh Harp notwithstanding, and if some people look askance at him, why the gallant officer is fully capable of doing what his malignant enemies say he is not always good at, "coming to the front," and boldly producing his certificate of comparative innocence from the Don't-you-do-it-again, &c., Association.

Indeed, Captain Armstrong is in some sense the hero of the hour in the early days of the month, for to have brought off a successful "shunt" in the eyes of the congregation, and still to range the fields, is not given to every man. The captain's career has not been free from much suspicion of evil practices, but it has only been suspicion, and though men have whispered to each other the word "robbery," and evil-minded reporters have spoken yet more plainly, the captain's friends have rallied round him, silenced the whispers, and threatened the evil-minded reporters with actions for libel. A very triumphant warrior has been the captain, and his aged parent, who has retired on a modest competence from a small chandlery business carried on in his native village in Broadshire, weeps tears of honest pride as he hears and reads of his son's successes. For the captain, of course, is one of those mysterious units, a gentleman rider, and as such flaunts it in his way, and is the chum of plungers and the companion (in the weighing-room) of lords. He is never very easy in this company, for the traditions of the chandlery business are apt to cling to him; but sport is a great leveller, and if the plungers and

the lords don't mind the captain why should he mind them? He is a good-natured scoundrel, too, and will tell a pal little things that he knows—putting him on the cleverly managed outsider, instead of the hot and worthless favourite, and being always ready to oblige. Of course his big affairs are between his employers and himself, and no one, if they and he can help it, comes between them and the well-planned *coup*. Otherwise he is as open as the day, deservedly popular, and much respected.

But we have wandered a little away from the pleasant paths of the Baccarat, the Unlimited, and the Holy Poker, seduced by Captain Armstrong's pleasant society. Let us retrace our steps to these abodes of jolly companionship, good living, and a little play. Club-life, we will hazard the assertion, is essentially a winter life, seen at its best. The summer has so many distractions, winter to the Londoner so few, that he clings to his club as to his home. It is that in reality to many unfortunates, of course, we know, but as *they* know no better perhaps they are not so much to be pitied. Very snug is the library and smoking-room, and in a club not too large very comfortable the coffee-room, where we are a sort of family party, and talk across the room at and to each other. The Holy Poker is wonderfully good in this respect; and about 8 p.m., when the curtains are drawn and the shaded candles are throwing their light on the bright silver and glass, and a pleasant hum of talk mingles with the gentle clatter of china and the occasional popping of corks, why, there are worse places. And when you get into your easy-chair after dinner, the temptation of opera or the seduction of burlesque sometimes fail to rouse you. Some adventurous spirits are not to be restrained, however; and white ties are to be seen at the Oxford, where the appalling 'Queen of the Antilles' plays such fantastic tricks that it is wonderful Mr. John Colam has not interfered. But as ladies go there in about equal proportion to the white ties, we suppose we are old-fashioned in thinking the exhibition disgusting.

People do go to theatres when there is something worth seeing, and the revival of 'The Wedding March' at the Folly tempted us from our easy-chair. We had laughed at it at the Court under the Litton dynasty; and, by the way, what a sweet bride did the fair lessee make, and when her head went down on her cousin's shoulder, in obedience to the 'it's off' of her parent, what a sweet picture she made, and we remember we used to envy the cousin with whom she had been 'brought up from childhood.' Well, 'The Wedding March' only loses a little in its revival at the Folly. The bride is now rather commonplace, and depends principally on her stockings; but these articles of costume are the mainstay of many actresses, as we know, so we will let them pass. Mr. Brough takes the part of the father that Mr. Clifford Cooper created, and, if we may be allowed to say so of such an accomplished artist, overdoes it. With these exceptions, unless we add that we miss Mr. Bishop as the Duke of Turveytopshire, there is nothing left to be desired. Mr. Hill's Uncle Bopaddy is more rich and full of humour than ever. No comic actor on the English stage has a more telling face than Mr. Hill. It brims over with an unctuous humour that perhaps might remind old playgoers of Wright, or Buckstone in his prime, or even recall the days of John Reeve; but certainly we have not seen the like in this latter time. There is one drawback in 'The Wedding March,' which is that the fun of the two first acts kills, in some measure, the rest of the piece. The scene in the milliner's show-room, mistaken by the wedding party for the registrar's office, cannot be surpassed; but when that is over, the Marchioness of Market Harborough's drawing-room and the episode of

the shoe—needlessly drawn out by Mr. Brough—fall rather flat. Still the piece is most amusing, a genuine, bit of fun, which, in these days of forced burlesque, ought to be appreciated. The other piece at the Folly, 'Retiring,' has been written for Mr. Brough, and his rôle, that of a retired horse-dealer, he does full justice to. It is a one-character piece, and when Mr. Brough is on the stage we are amused; when he is not, we yawn. One thing we might mention, which is that the horse-dealer's daughter, when she rides in Rotten Row, wears diamond earrings and solitaires. Mr. Henderson might surely look to this.

And there is another thing that Mr. Henderson and all managers might look to, and that is the careful distribution of their 'paper.' It is a mysterious thing, 'paper,' and who gets it and why it is given has often puzzled us. But there is one stipulation that we should attach to it if we were the directors of a theatre, and that is that 'paper' should wash itself, have its boots blacked, and not bring a damp umbrella into the stalls. The 'Van' driver is not much favoured in the 'paper' line, but when he is, he begs to assure managers that he always puts on gorgeous raiment and gives the attendant, of whom at this time he stands in awe, a shilling. Now when he was laughing consumedly at 'The Wedding March,' on a certain evening a short time since, there was an individual next to him with very dirty boots and a damp umbrella, who applauded in the proper places, and read the latest edition of the 'Echo' between the acts. 'Paper' is not expected to appear in evening dress, we are aware, but we think that managers ought to insist on personal cleanliness and the absence of the umbrella. We assure Mr. Henderson what we have said is perfectly true, and we must confess we were rather surprised to see it at the Folly Theatre. 'Paper' is, no doubt, a necessary evil sometimes, though we are aware that there are managers—notably, we believe, Mrs. Bancroft and Mr. Hare—who have set their faces against it. In our humble way, we essayed to support Miss Litton when she tried to carry out the non-paper system during her management of the Court, but we believe the system was too strong for her. For it is not backed up alone by dirty boots and damp umbrellas; they might be quashed. There is swell 'paper,' the 'paper' that expects private boxes, and can show a vast expanse of shirt front, and accompanying earrings, crowned by faces representing the riches and vulgarity of Tyburnia and the Tottenham Court Road. We believe some managers have found that element not to be gainsaid. Where are the brave men and women who will fight against it, and stamp out what all real lovers of the stage hold to be an abominable thing?

'Les Fourchambault' has been produced at the Haymarket, under its English title of 'The Crisis,' with as little, perhaps, of that emasculation as must be looked for in every adaptation from the French. If we cannot congratulate Mr. Albery on his substitution of a mock marriage for M. Augier's original idea that even a good girl might fall, deluded by a promise of marriage, we must not blame the former, but rather the inexorable Mrs. Grundy, who demands these sacrifices to her feelings. This blemish apart, 'The Crisis' is an interesting play, overlaid here and there by some unnecessary talk and over-virtuous indignation, and one that bids fair to attain a high popularity. A story of self-sacrifice, of deep wrong, repaid with benefits not heaped as coals of fire on the wronger's head, may be somewhat far-fetched, but has in it much dramatic force, and, properly handled, is capable of exciting deep emotion. The wronged mother, with but one thought in the hour of her seducer's ruin, of 'the only man she ever loved,' and appealing to her son's affection for her, and his sense of duty, to help

the parent he has never known, was skilfully handled, and, as interpreted by Miss Louise Moodie and Mr. Kelly, was very telling. Mr. Kelly we have seen before in the rôle of the English merchant; cold of exterior, proud of his name and position, and yet with a depth of love and tenderness beneath the surface, and he again gave us an admirable portrait of the man. There was more pathos in his rendering of the part this time, and in the two principal scenes of the play, the one with his mother, and the other in his interview with his brother, when the latter strikes him and the blow is not returned, Mr. Kelly was alternately dignified and pathetic. Miss Louise Moodie, as Mrs. Goring, gave a most finished picture of sorrow and resignation, a little, perhaps, too gloomy here and there, but wonderfully artistic and finished. Miss Moodie has taken deserved honours for her performance, and to Miss Eastlake, too, must be ascribed a very high amount of praise for her rendering of Haidée Burnside, the governess. That lady has added to her personal graces the better gifts of intelligence and force, and in the last scene was particularly effective by her quiet display of emotion. Miss Buckstone, as Blanche Denham, the daughter of the wealthy merchant, had only to wear more or less becoming costumes; but to Mrs. John Wood the success of the play was much indebted. We have hinted at an over-verbosity in some of the scenes, a tendency to weariness on the part of the audience, and it was then that this accomplished actress came, as it were, to the rescue. The character of Mrs. Denham is that of an extravagant, heartless, and vulgar woman, and in less able hands might have been made almost repulsive; but Mrs. Wood has such a genuine sense of humour, that she made us laugh at the vulgar woman and condone her heartlessness. Mrs. Wood has been accused of overdoing her part, but we cannot agree in the least with that opinion. It was a genuine bit of comedy, from the dramatist's view of the character. If Mrs. Denham is somewhat too vulgar for refined tastes, Mr. Albery must bear the blame, not Mrs. John Wood. 'The Crisis' is well worth seeing, and the crowded houses nightly testify that the public have not been entirely led away by its somewhat cold reception by the critics.

The racing season proper, though brought to a close at Kempton, was yet followed so closely by the jumping at Sandown that one seemed a sort of *sequitur* of the other. The latter was a very pleasant little affair, held under as favourable auspices in regard to weather as we could expect. The meeting was only marred by one of those 'roping' affairs which unfortunately are of not unfrequent occurrence in the steeplechase world, and which, partly owing to the remissness of stewards, and partly owing to the clever way in which they are done, escape detection and punishment. Here in this case, though there was detection, and, as the authorities held, the very gravest suspicion amounting to almost positive belief, yet, curiously enough, there was no punishment. The Committee of the G. N. H., before whom the case came, appear to have believed Mr. Barnes guilty of pulling Extinguisher, but shrunk from the responsibility of finding him so; at least that is how we read their decision, and so, we have reason to believe, do the great majority of sporting men—a decision much to be regretted, not because Mr. Barnes escaped punishment, for that is of very trifling importance one way or another, but because the Committee of the G. N. H.—our highest tribunal in cross-country matters—have lost caste and influence by what they have done. In the opinion of ninety-nine people out of a hundred who were present at Sandown the first day, the riding of Extinguisher was a deliberate case of 'not trying,' and that so the G. N. H. Committee would decide was considered a foregone conclusion. Indeed, the only speculation on it was

whether the sentence would be for a few years or for life, so the astonishment with which the decision was received was proportionably great. The evidence of their own eyesight the Committee appear deliberately to have put on one side; the other evidence on which they grounded their decision of course we are ignorant of, but as they still held the case open 'to the gravest suspicions,' it could not have been very important. We say again the decision is much to be regretted, and if the Committee could hear and we could repeat what is said on the subject, the comments made with no unabated breath, the sneers of some and the smiles of others, they would, perhaps, regret it too.

The question of *stewardship*, as we pointed out last month, is becoming a most important one, and as it appears impossible to obtain a satisfactory service at the hands of unpaid officials, it is quite time the Jockey Club should, in the interest of sport, consider the question of appointing three or four paid stewards to act *ex officio* on their behalf. Such stewards should be gentlemen on whom the breath of suspicion has never fallen, they should be conversant with the rules and practice of the turf, and they should be known as *non-bettors*, or at any rate as *small bettors*. One of the number appointed should be bound, under a heavy fine, to attend every meeting held under Newmarket rules, and we will answer for it that such appointments would have the approbation of all respectable lessees and managers; 500*l.* a year would not be too high a salary for the 'right man,' and the cost of three such salaries would be defrayed by charging 1*l.* 1*s.* instead of 1*l.* as admission to the larger meetings of Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster. We commend the idea to any member of the Jockey Club who may be as tired as we are of the perpetual mismanagement of our minor race meetings.

At the Islington Cattle Show last month we were astonished to find that the St. Pancras Ironwork Company was the only firm exhibiting fittings for cow-houses, which, being made of iron, appear strong and safe. They are free from complicated arrangements, and keep the food and water clean, thus preventing waste. Morgan and Co. of Long Acre also introduced a 'Patent Special Brougham,' which can be used as an open or close carriage. It is specially useful for a hilly country, and can be opened or closed from the inside without the necessity of stopping the carriage, which will be fully appreciated in showery weather. This firm was founded in 1795 by Mr. George Morgan, who died a few months ago, at the great age of 107 years. Amongst other articles for the use of the hunting world, two firms from opposite ends of London, viz., Mr. Probert, of South Audley Street, W., and S. and H. Harris, of Mansell Street, E., have a new waterproof composition for black and brown harness and saddles, which preserves the leather, and is suitable for any climate; also boot-top powder and breeches paste, both well-known preparations in every hunting country.

Nothing much sadder has occurred of late years than the sudden death of Major Whyte-Melville in the hunting field in the early part of last month. It is not using too extravagant language to say that through the length and breadth of the land a feeling of deep regret was roused by the news of the event, only to be surpassed by the yet sadder fate that befel a daughter of England a few days afterwards. For Major Whyte-Melville possessed a reputation beyond the comparatively narrow limits of sport, and had thousands and thousands of unknown friends and admirers wherever the English tongue is read and spoken. A gallant soldier, an ardent sportsman in the highest sense of that word, a popular author and an accomplished gentleman—the man who played all these rôles and played them well was sure, combined with the accessories of birth and position, to make his mark in English social life.

Born in 1821, the son of one still living, who in his prime of life was famed for prowess in the hunting-field, skill and ardour as a golf player, and as a rival to the late Duke of Hamilton in the way in which a Highland reel ought to be danced,—it is hardly to be wondered that as was the father so became the son. A soldier, he saw service in the Crimean war, and we owe to the experience he then gained, while attached to a Turkish irregular force, some charming and truthful sketches of men and manners under novel aspects. Hunting was his passion. Harder riders there may have been, but none better than Whyte-Melville ever crossed a horse. Hard riding is apt to be confounded in these days with good riding, and men with neither heads nor hands gain, in the eyes of many, the palm not their due. The deceased gentleman was, though not what is commonly called a hard rider, very fond of jumping, and had a great fancy for making young horses, though it was not upon a young one that he met his sad fate. As there have been some reports to the contrary, we can contradict them on authority. He was riding his favourite horse *The Shah*, a perfect hunter, and was merely cantering down the grass headland of a ploughed field, creeping on for a start, the hounds not having left the covert. It must always be a question as to what caused the horse to fall, but it is well known that his rider, having injured his right arm a short time previously, was unable to put it out to save himself.

Writes to us one of his oldest friends, himself a sportsman second to none :—“ In whatever county Whyte-Melville hunted, in Leicestershire or in Northamptonshire, in the Vale of Aylesbury or in the Vale of White Horse, his ready wit and genial conversation made him the life and soul of the field; and yet with all his love of fun and joke he was so considerate that he never was known to say an ill-natured word of any one. Indeed, he would not even allow that the riding of his friends was anything short of perfection, although he would make fun enough about his own. If a horse refused with him it was all the fault of “the funker on his back.” When asked how he came to make a bad turn in a run, his answer was “partly by obstinacy, and partly by bad luck, but more through funk.” One day when men were riding more jealous than usual, and giving each other very little room, he exclaimed, “Now I know what St. Paul meant by ‘dangers’ “by mine own countrymen.” In his hunting dress the Major studied comfort rather than appearance; he usually wore a thick black coat and jack boots. “George, why don’t you wear a pink?” said an intimate friend. “I will if you wish it, old fellow, I’ll borrow one from the man at the corner of Berkeley Square.” His friends must readily call to mind many such happy sayings that flowed from his lips, without an effort, along with the smoke of a strong cigar, which he used to call “a reefer.”

The same pen tells us that every shilling he made by his writings was devoted to charity, and that this was done unostentatiously without the knowledge of his right hand. To promote the comforts of servants, more particularly of the grooms and helpers in the various hunting quarters where his horses stood,—a class left as a rule to shift very much for themselves,—was a great object of his; and he established reading rooms, &c., for their use wherever he could find an opening. The carelessness as regarded his own hunting costume, mentioned by our correspondent, did not prevent him from being, as a writer in *The World* lately described him, ‘the most incomparable judge—the incarnation of that tribunal from which there was no appeal—on the subject of the proper cut of a hunting coat, the symmetry of a saddle, or the precise shade of mahogany which should crown the edifice of a pair of top boots.’ How he will be missed, and how his memory will be cherished in Gloucestershire, where he had located himself, having taken a

house, 'The Bartons,' at Tetbury, for fourteen years, need not be said here. And about that house let us mention a curious speech of poor Melville's to a friend who not long ago went to see him. Said his friend, 'You have a very 'nice little place here, but rather close to the churchyard.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'it is so. But then a hunting man should always live close to a churchyard, 'as they have not so far to carry him.' Was this a mere casual observation, or was there something in it that passes our philosophy?

So much for the man. His works that will live after him speak for themselves. He has been called 'the novelist of society,' and we suppose to a certain extent he was that, but he takes, to our thinking, a higher stand in literature than that term implies. He knew life as well as 'society.' His men and women, the Digby Grands, the Kate Coventrys, and the Good-for-Nothings, were all very human people, with hearts as well as heads, and their lives and adventures will be read with mixed feelings of pain and pleasure by a generation to whom the author will be only a name. He had wonderful pathos in his composition, had Whyte-Melville, and could play upon the feelings of the heart as skilfully as Sheridan—

'Could call up its sunshine and bring down its showers.'

And, moreover, his motto was *pueris virginibusque canto*. Girls might read his novels—and how boys devoured them we well knew. Full of fun and sport, a delineator of the life that some people might call 'fast,' he was never coarse. He did not take for his heroes men with a cross between a Byronic villain and a bargee; nor were his women gorgeous sensualists, who talked the supposed talk of Mayfair but smelt strongly of Brompton. What a healthy tone there was about all his stories, what pictures of English country life they gave! One comes before us specially as we write—'Uncle John'—a charming novel, and where Whyte-Melville's great gift of pathos comes out very strongly. The chapter that records the death of Uncle John is one of the most touching chapters that the novelist ever penned.

Still there is no doubt that the fame of Whyte-Melville as a writer will live in his hunting songs. The rising generation will perhaps read 'Digby Grand' and 'Market Harborough,' but they will be sure to read 'A Rum One to Follow, a Bad One to Beat,' they will get by heart 'The Clipper that Stands in the Stall at the Top,' and they will feel their hearts touched by 'The Old Grey Mare.' He was the poet of the hunting field *par excellence*. He wrote of his horses as a lover would of his mistress, and we believe he loved them as well. Do our readers remember one of his songs that appeared about two years ago in 'Baily'—'The First Grey Hair?' It is not one of his best, but it is so characteristic of the man that we cannot help giving an extract. He is supposed to have plucked the first grey hair from the mane of a favourite hunter, and, after describing his early days, he thus proceeds—

'Then season by season, and year by year,
You grew more precious, more wise and dear;
You never were tired, you seldom fell,
As sure as I rode you, so sure I went well.
In the deepest ground, at the deadliest pace,
I never saw fence that you feared to face;
A flier to gallop, a devil to dare—
And I'm stripping your mane of its first grey hair.

We know each other, and love and trust,
You like me to say to you, "Have it we must!"
With your swelling neck and your pointed ear,
And the courage and spring that land us clear.

How many a gallop we've shared and seen,
 From autumn morns, and hazels green,
 Till March-baked fallows were brown and bare,
 But I'm stripping your mane of its first grey hair.

* * * *

But turn of fortune shall never degrade
 A spirit so bold to a meaner trade,
 Nor shall you submit for a pitiful gain,
 To the hissing lash and the jerking rein,
 On slippery street, or stone-paved stand.
 No ! Rather I'll slay you myself with my hand.
 We are not to be parted, I promise and swear,
 While I strip your mane of its first grey hair.'

Very good this, we think, and yet there is much else that the world in general would give the palm to. Politics peep out of the writings of every man worth his salt, and there is no need to ask what were the politics of Whyte-Melville. Church and King and the good old cause, the men who charged at Naseby, and the men who laid down their lives on Tower Hill—his heroes were the lineal descendants of these English worthies. They were a little wild perhaps, but like Sir Lucius their 'honour was as bright as their 'swords.' We fancy Major Whyte-Melville had much of the old cavalier feeling about him, and indeed the 'Cavalier's Song' would bewray him if his novels did not.

All the old friends who could by any possibility be present stood round his grave in Tetbury churchyard. The pall-bearers were the Duke of Beaufort, the Earls of Suffolk and Rosslyn, Lord Wolverton, the Marquis of Worcester, Mr. Anstruther-Thomson (who came all the way from Fife expressly for the occasion), Sir Archibald Little, the Hon. Robert Grimston, Colonel Kingscote, and Captain Donovan. The chief mourners were his daughter and her husband, Lord and Lady Massereene. The day was dark and dreary, and added to the natural gloom felt by those who followed the dead man to his last resting-place. The wealth of flowers that covered the coffin, the offering of loving hearts and hands, alone lit up the darkness, and spoke of higher and better things. As to every man upon this earth death cometh soon or late, Whyte-Melville died as probably he would have chosen if the time for the drinking of 'the bitter cup' had been offered him. He had lived his life—a life of love and affection, of warm-hearted kindness and true Christian charity to all men. The work that his hands had found him to do he had done with all the ability that God had given him, and to that good and merciful Judge we will leave him.

It may not be uninteresting to many of our readers to read the last, or about the last, lines of poetry that Whyte Melville ever wrote. The occasion of their being written was this wise: Lord Spencer had a good and favourite hound, who suffered from some malformation in one of his legs that was thought to be incurable, until Mr. Hutton, the eminent practitioner of Queen Anne Street, offered to take Damper home with him and see what he could do towards effecting a cure. The hound was under his care during the summer, was galvanised in addition to other treatment, two or three times a week, a process which he learned, Mr. Hutton told us, to like after he was subjected to it, and, finally, was sent back to the kennels perfectly cured; and as a letter from Geddard informs us, he has up to the frost been doing his work as well as any hound in the pack. Lord Spencer was much pleased, and in memory of the event, and as a testimony to Mr. Hutton's great skill, presented that gentleman with a silver cup, which was rendered yet more

valuable because on it is inscribed the following lines from the pen of the man whose death we all mourn :—

'Kind was the heart and keen the brain,
And firm the touch and kind,
That eased the throb of *Damper's* pain,
And raised his shapely frame again
To thread the copse and scour the plain,
Unerring on the line.

Then fill the cup and drain it dry,
And let the health go round.
A health to *Hutton* bumper high,
Whose skilful hand and practised eye
Preserved to lead the woodland cry,
That good and gallant hound.'

'Sir,' said Mr. Hutton to us, 'I would not lose that cup for five thousand guineas.'

The Tedworth Hounds have lately been enjoying some remarkably good sport. 29th October: Met at New Mill, and found in Clinch, close by, running a big ring under Oare Hill, doubtless to try the earth in the pit below Clinch Common; to the left through Broomsgrove, by the Farm House and New Mill, back up Oare Hill; leaving the Gorse to his left, he headed straight for Saverlake. After entering the forest about half a mile, the hounds divided, but Jack, holding them on to old Marksman, who was leading, carried the line on through several herds of deer, and running the fox in view in the open by the Beech Avenue, pulled him down in front of the old ruin. A fast fifty-five minutes, the early part of which, in the vale, being heavy going.

18th November, Wilbury.—After killing a brace of short-running foxes, we at last found one of the right sort at Woodford, who raced away over the downs as if for Bemerton Heath, but was headed near the Devizes Road by some men at plough. So turning short back, he lay down to catch his wind in some turnips, and thereby was nearly spoiling a good run, for Bangor was within an ace of having him by the brush. He, however, managed to slip down a lane, and crossed the Wylie and railway at Newton. Here a lucky half-dozen hunters crossed a ford to the left, and saved some miles; up the hill, through the big Groveley Wood, down the hill to the left, past the farm, over the railway near Wilton, through the allotment ground across the water-meadows and Nadder. Here a slight check occurred, but Modesty hitting off the line, they ran heel a bit, which probably saved pug's life. Passing the Punch Bowl, on to the Hare Warren, which was sadly foiled by Lord Radnor's Hounds, which had just moved out of it, over the road into a turnip field, out of which a fresh fox jumped, on towards Bishopstone, where scent utterly failed and we had to give it up, having run at least sixteen miles, crossed two rivers and railways, and carried the line through one end of Lord Pembroke's huge Groveley Wood in one hour and fifty minutes. During the run Sir William Humphery got a desperately heavy fall, but was out on Thursday, and, what's more, had a real proper varmint ready for us at Penton. The Woodford Postman, who knows the old fox well, says he is already back again in the withy bed, so he may perhaps give us another dart this season.

21st November, Weyhill.—The hounds were no sooner in Penton Gorse than out jumped a fox, a straight-necked one, who, selecting quite the best line of country possible, led us at best pace through Penton Wood, past Tangley for Cathanger, just one field short of which they caught him, after

the best twenty-eight minutes of the season. Colonel Wellesley, who was out for the first time this season, brought us good luck, for it was evidently an outlying Conholt fox.

Amongst the most regular attendants this season are Lord Algernon St. Maur and his sons Ernest and Edward, Hon. Percy Wyndham, M.P., Sir Edmund and Miss Antrobus, Sir Claude de Crespigny, Sir W. Humphery, Captains Tyssen and Wellesley, Rev. W. H. Awdry and Mrs. Awdry, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Brewer, Mrs. Gully, Messrs. Fowle, J. R. Bulwer, M.P., and Allen. Sir Reginald and Lady Graham paid us a visit, and were out on the day of the Bishopstone run.

The first week in the past month was not at all favourable for sport in the Midlands, being both foggy and frosty, and as there was no scent also, nothing was done worthy of record. On Saturday, the 7th, the severe frost began in earnest. The Atherstone met that morning at Shilton Station, but being unable to hunt in the open round Wolvey, were obliged to fall back on the Coombe Woods, and had a hard job to get back to their kennels in the afternoon. On Monday, the 8th, there was skating on the ponds and reservoirs round Rugby, and hunting came to an end.

From the Quorn we hear that after a fair cub-hunting season (when these hounds had some good spins in the open) their first opening meet was, as usual, at Kirby Gate. A larger field of horsemen, a greater number of carriages and foot people, I never saw together in a hunting-field. All appeared delighted and in the best of spirits at the idea of the approaching season. The best of friendship exists with noblemen, gentlemen, and farmers in the hunting-field. I believe our popular Master is fully appreciated by all classes. He certainly does his best, not only to show sport, but attends to the interest of farmers, and keeps his field in order in the most wonderful way. It is astonishing how five hundred horsemen can be managed. I am surprised that some people do not try to learn a little about hunting, and not require to be so often spoken to. Day after day you will see the same errors committed in the Quorn field by the same individuals, and Mr. Coupland's 'cutting remarks' are generally directed to the same few. One (who should know better) would eagerly ride after the fox, were he allowed; another will not stand still when hounds come to a check; another will ride after Tom Firr and cut off the hounds from him; and, as I have heard remarked, 'You had better get into 'the huntsman's pocket'; others try to sneak round the covert and are brought back. Surely after one reprimand sportsmen might know that all this is contrary to Quorn regulations. To return to our first day at Kirby Gate. Tom Firr, the huntsman, being laid up, the Master took his place, and arrived with the bitch pack looking in splendid trim, and five servants in new scarlets, all well mounted. The horse Mr. Coupland rode I thought perfection of a Leicestershire fourteen-stone hunter. We had the usual trot to Squire Hartopp's covert, at Little Dalby, where a fox (or several), as usual, were soon on foot. We had a good deal of ringing about, and lots of jumping. In the afternoon we had a clipping twenty minutes, from a small spinney over the grass, which pleased all who were in it, and the Master had good cause to go home satisfied with the first day of his tenth season. November 8th, the meet was at Beeby—quite one of the crack meets of the Quorn, and here all are received with Mr. Nuttall's well-known hospitality. The scent was bad, and no sport worth recording. November 18th, at Ragdale Hall. They had a first-rate fifteen minutes, in which few could keep pace with the hounds. This run ended with some slow hunting for another half-hour; then found another fox, and had a good hunting run of an hour, and killed in Cossington village. November 22nd, from Thorpe Satchville,

we found at Sir Robert Burdett's covert, and hunted slow up to Ranksborough Gorse, in the Cottesmore country, with a bad scent. Friday, 29th, at Rearsby; this was the last day I had with the Quorn. It was not fit to ride, but our Master was willing to let us try, and we enjoyed the fine day. After Miss Evelyn Webster's (Mr. Coupland's stepdaughter) marriage of the previous day, a large party had assembled at Rearsby from Goscote Hall. Miss Webster was generally out with her father, and always went well without being rash. She was well mounted, and seldom had a fall. I expect she will be much missed in the Quorn Field, as well as at home, for her lively cheerful face and manner had won her lots of friends. Miss Webster had, it is stated, over one hundred and fifty wedding presents. It is many years, I believe, since a Quorn Master has had a wedding from his house. We have now all left Leicestershire during this severe frost, which at present looks like keeping us away from the hunting-field for weeks. The new railways have sadly disturbed the Quorn country, and some of the hunt coverts are utterly useless to hold a fox at present. I doubt if one of the best in the country, John O'Gaunt, will ever hold a fox again, as the new junction is within a couple of fields of it. The little town of Melton is quite full, and all the stabling taken. The Earl of Wilton has not arrived at Egerton Lodge yet. Lord and Lady Grey de Wilton are there. Colonel and Mrs. Markham at the House, Mr. Behrens at Newport Lodge, Mr. Younger at Craven Lodge, Lord Castlereagh at Sysonby House, Mr. and Mrs. W. Chaplin at Wyndham Lodge, Messrs. L. and H. Flower at Park House, Earl of Aylesbury at the Old Club, Lord Hastings at Coventry House.

A valued correspondent in the Pytchley country tells us nothing but good of the new *régime*. When Lord Spencer gave up the open country to hunt the Woodlands, people said, who can possibly follow him in keeping the field in order, especially on a Wednesday? However, up to the present time, no big field of hard-riding men could have behaved better; they really seemed studious to keep out of mischief, and to give hounds a chance, and all without being ordered about, or even a word said by the Master. How it is done is only known to Mr. Langham, who, perhaps, has a quiet word with any offender, which is much more effective than any blowing-up on the spot, when one is apt to say too much, and to be sorry for it afterwards. On Monday, November 25, they had a real good gallop from Hardwicke Wood, going by Orlingbury, leaving Isham village on the left, over Blow Hill to Great Harrowden; here they crossed the high road, and the fox running up wind, the pace over the big grass fields was tremendous; horses began to stop, and hounds were two fields ahead of the leading men; however, luckily for the rear division, hounds bent to the right, and checked at Mears Ashby village. Goodall did all he knew to recover his fox without avail, and then cast on towards Overstone. Some of the foot people then moved our hunted fox from some farm buildings, and after some delay, hounds hunted him back to Harrowden, when they were stopped at dark. The time up to Mears Ashby was just fifty-five minutes; as brilliant a thing as can well be imagined. On the following Monday, December 2, Mawsley Wood gave them a good fox, who ran that splendid grass country to Faxton, then nearly to Old, when he retraced his way, and leaving Cransley on the right, went on by Thorpe Malsor to ground at Boughton, one hour ten minutes; the first thirty-five minutes which a select few enjoyed was perfection. Friday, 6th, found a severe frost and the hounds at Chapel Brampton—not a popular place. It was doubtful whether we could hunt or not. However, Harlestone Heath never catches quite so quickly as other more exposed spots. So they went there about twelve o'clock, expecting to spend the short day in and about the

heath. But, as it often happens, hounds were away with a fox at once, running down to Dallington, crossing the river and the Harborough railway by Kingsthorpe to Boughton, on by Buttock's Booth, and killing him near Overstone, after a good hunting run of one hour and fifteen minutes. The majority of the field were left behind in Harlestone Heath, and awoke to a sense of their situation too late, as skirmishing the country in all directions they failed to hit us off. Lord Spencer has had capital sport in the Woodlands, killing his foxes after long runs. Almost his best thing was from Finedon; they ran to ground in three fields, bolted him, and then ran an eight-mile point, running into him in the open two fields from Denford Ash in the Milton country. The Duke of Grafton's have not done much; they seem dead out of luck. However, when this frost goes perhaps the Duke's presence will put some life in the proceedings. A few years ago, the Duke's Fridays were as popular as the Cottesmore Tuesdays, and it was considered whether it would not be better to change the day, or not to advertise, to avoid the crowd. We hope that good time will soon come again, as with such an excellent pack of hounds, a master of his art, Beers to handle them, and last but not least a master like the Duke, who spares no expense to give other people pleasure, and who is deservedly popular with all classes, it is hard lines to have two or three bad seasons in succession.

Our South Berks correspondent says that during the cub-hunting season they had some of the worst-scenting mornings possible; but on the whole found a very fair show of cubs, and as Roake had a very useful entry, things began to improve about the middle of November, and they were having very good sport up to the time the frost set in. On November 5th they met at Aldworth, found at Unhill, and after a good hour killed him—found a second at Portobello, ran through Foxboro' Beech Wood, and Hampstead Horns to Down Wood, through the Eling Coverts, which are well preserved by Messrs. Lowsley and Palmer—although neither of them often come out, their coverts are seldom without a good fox—on nearly to Fence, a large covert belonging to Col. Loyd-Lindsay, which is seldom untenanted, then they went away over the hill into the Craven country, back to the Eling Coverts, where the fox hung a little, but after again forcing him back into the open, they ran from scent to view, they rolled this stout fox over near Blagrave Copse, after having hunted him for three hours. November 8th met at Bladebone, and found in King's Copse. Went away over the Flat up to Hawkridge, where, thanks to that staunch sportsman, Mr. Tom Floyd, there were two or three foxes on foot hunted slowly up to Yattendon, where he beat them, then trotted off to Hart's Hill, the property of Mr. Mount, of Wasing, which held a good one, which lasted them until dark, when Roake stopped the hounds at Down Wood, after a very hard day. On the 12th they met at Mr. Painter's, at Mongewell, and after tasting his noted home-brewed, soon found a fox, which the hounds ran fairly well for an hour, but did not catch him. The 14th and 15th November were both wild, stormy days, and they had no sport, but on the 19th they met at Jack's Booth; did not do much in the morning, but found a good fox in Woolhampton Park, the residence of Mr. James Blythe, ran him over to High Wood (where the South Berks have another very good friend in Mr. Keep), where he hung for some time, but at last made up his mind to go, as it was getting rather too warm for him to stay through Carbinge Wood, over the Common, through Horcot, close by Midgham Park to Blacklands, where, after some difficulty, Roake stopped the bounds, when it was quite dark. On the 21st met at Three Mile Cross, trotted off to Mr. Cooper's osier bed; and no sooner were the hounds in it than the fox was away at the other end, settled down

at best pace, up to Spencer's Wood Common, over Woodcock Lane to the Railway Covert at Mortimer, through it and across Wokefield Park, the hounds fairly holding their own up to Monkton Copse, on over the Fair Ground at Mortimer to Brocas Lands, where this good fox saved his brush by getting to ground, after a very good hour's run; then they found another at the Railway Covert they had run through, and found another very good one, which gave them fifty minutes, but got to ground with the hounds racing for him. On 22nd they met at The Grotto, Basildon, the residence of Mr. A. Smith, another good supporter of this Hunt. They trotted off to Bennet's, found directly, had a good hour, and ate him; found a second at Portobello, had twenty-five minutes as hard as the hounds could go the whole time, until they rolled him over. 'This is a bad day for the foxes, sir,' said Roake to Mr. Tom Floyd. 'Yes, it is,' he replied, in his jocular way, 'but I can't spare you any more to-day;' although another fox could have been found in five minutes. Mr. Hargreaves thought they had done enough, so the order was 'home.' On the 26th they met at Compton. After partaking of Mr. Matthews' hospitality they went off to Compton Wood, and a fox being disturbed from an adjoining turnip-field, they hunted slowly into the Craven Country, where he got to ground, then trotted off to the Beech Wood, which held a real tough one, which, after being twice headed, made his point for Leycroft to Oare Gorse, across the Park to Bradley, over the turnpike road, pointing for Curridge Wood to Phillip's Hill, out at the Snelsmore end, where he was viewed, then hunted him slowly back to Curridge, and gave him up, after a one hour and fifty minutes' good hunting run. December 2nd, met at Sulhampstead Park, the seat of Major Thoyts, a good preserver of foxes. Roake first drew round the park, while doing so a fox slipped away from an osier bed below; but the hounds were soon on his line, ran up the water meadows by Ufton Wood, through the plantations to Sim's Cope and North Copse on to Silchester to ground, after one hour and a quarter. On December 3rd met at Streatley, first drew a turnip-field and a small covert for a cripple, which had been seen a few minutes before the hounds arrived, which they found and put him out of his misery (he was another victim to that blessed trapping). After this they found in a turnip-field, hounds going like pigeons, and hunting hard for four hours, changing at least twice, the fox went to ground, and so they lost what they fairly deserved. On the 5th met at Beech Hill, the seat of Mr. Harry Hunter, a real good sportsman. Found in the gorse, the hounds getting quickly away across the park, straight for the Railway Covert, and lucky it was for those who got well away, amongst whom it is needless to say, were the Messrs. Thornton, from Beaurepaire, on to Wokefield Park, skirting the park to the railway and back to the covert nearly to Mortimer, where he turned short to the left up to Wokefield House into the Shrubberies, where a fresh fox jumped out of the ivy, which they raced across the park to the railway, where he got to ground; then they trotted back to try for their beaten fox, but could not hit him off. So, after a generous supply of Major Allfrey's hospitality, who is another good fox-preserver, went back to Beech Hill to draw an osier bed, where they found a good one, which went away in view for the first field; then they drove him along to Mr. Cobham's coverts at Shinfield, down to the river side, up to Arberfield Bridge, whence they had to retrace their steps back for the bridge, and they pulled him down close to Sir John Conroy's, after a very good fifty minutes; after which all went home, well satisfied with a very enjoyable day's sport. There were several ladies out, and a good muster from Mr. Garth's county, including those two good sportsmen, Messrs. Cordery and Goddard, the latter topping a gate as well as he did forty years

ago. The South Berks are fortunate in having some good fox-preservers, amongst whom are Sir Paul Hunter, of Mortimer Hill; Mr. H. Hunter, of Beech Hill; Major Allfrey, of Wokefield Park; Major Thoyts, of Sulhamstead Park; Mr. James Ratcliffe of the Priory, Beech Hill; the Messrs. H. W. and Alfred Thornton, of Beaurepaire Park; Mr. W. Mount, of Wasing; Mr. T. Floyd, of Frilsham House; Mr. H. M. Bunbury, of Marlstone House; Mr. A. Cobham of the Grange; Mr. Garland, of Buryfield; Mr. Higford Burr, of Aldermaston Court; Mr. Richard Benyon, of Englefield Park, the largest landowner in the hunt; Mr. Darby Griffith, of Padworth House; Mr. James Wheble, of Bulmershe Court, an ex-Master of the South Berks. Mr. Arthur Smith, of the Grotto, Basildon; and Captain Lloyd, of Silchester, who, although he does not hunt now, is a very good friend to the foxes.

We have heard of nothing but water, water, deep ground, and snow, in all other countries but Hampshire. All the latter part of October and half of November they had the ground and the weather like a dry March; the ditches, instead of being full of water, were full of high grass; not an atom of scent; if a fox got five minutes a-head the hounds could not keep his line. The H. H. have had one good run, as good as any they will have this season—on the day they met at the Anchor, Ropley; finding at Lyeway and killing in the water meadows at Warnford.

The Hambledon have really done nothing. On Saturday, the 7th of December, they met at Preshaw, found in Sailors' Wood, run over Lomer Down at a fair pace into the Preshaw Beeches, checked, the ground being covered thickly with leaves, and lost; found again directly in Rabbits' Copse; went away over Stephen's Castle Down to Hazards and Priestwood; the fox, over Stephen's Castle Down, was eight minutes before them; they did not run very fast. The fox headed back from Priestwood, and went back over Stephen's Castle Down only three minutes a-head. They went fast, but the field pressed upon them so, that it drove them over the scent, and when the hounds made their cast, many of the field were a hundred yards a-head of them; this gave the fox such an advantage that hounds could only touch upon him now and then. When they got to Frimp they were obliged to give him up. They found again at the back of Swanmore House, got away close at him, and went up wind very fast for twenty minutes to Cleverly Wood, where he was headed, turned down wind, and they took him slowly back to Waltham Hangers, and as it was getting dark they went home. This was about the best day's sport.

The Hursley have had some excellent runs; and killed more foxes already than a late Master did in a whole season, although some days hounds could not speak to a fox. They had a good run on Monday, the 2nd of December. They met at the Dog and Crook; found in the Hon. Ralph Dutton's coverts, went away to Parnholt, on to Farley Green and Merdon, and lost; a good hunting run of one hour and ten minutes. Found another in the old Ivy Tower in Hursley Park; had a very fast thirty-five minutes in the open, ran into a lot of shooters, and lost. To show how extraordinary the scent is this season, the H. H. and the Hambledon on the same day could not own a fox.

In turning over the pages of 'The World' the other day (we purposely omit the date, as we do not advise our readers to follow our example), we came upon an article entitled 'Faustine with the Hounds.' Upon perusal we found, to our great surprise, that the sketch, such as it was, pictured the less than innocent flirtations between a young lady of six-and-twenty and *her groom*! We cannot of course know where or how the writer obtained his

information as to the usual procedure in an English fox-hunting field, though it is possible that his experiences have been gained on the seat of a dog-cart, and not on the back of a hunter, since the scene depicted is supposed to occur on one of the two-wheeled vehicles above-mentioned. If this is the case, let us tell him at once that he has maligned the character of the King of Sports, by associating therewith any such proceedings as he describes. For innocent flirtation between ladies and their peers no doubt the hunting-field offers many opportunities, and as long as men and women go a-hunting together, so long will such a state of things doubtless continue; but we do protest most strongly against the insinuation that such scenes as Faustina takes part in, with a menial as her partner, form an accessory to the sport of fox-hunting. We have hitherto looked upon 'The World' as a newspaper which might be safely left on the drawing-room table within the reach of the young and the innocent; but if the number in question is to be a sample of future productions, we shall certainly consign them to the highest shelves in our libraries, or, better still, to the fire.

Last month we drew the attention of our readers to the great nuisance in many hunting-fields of horses being sent out to qualify for hunters' races, often ridden by cheeky stable-boys, and are glad to find that our observations have already borne some good fruit; for at a meeting of the Ward Union Hunt, held on the 12th of December, the question as to what should be considered a fair qualification to entitle a horse to a hunting certificate was discussed, when it was decided that no horse should be entitled to receive a certificate unless hunted on *at least six different occasions, and fairly ridden from the commencement to the end of the run*. No certificate to be granted if ridden by horse-breakers or stable-boys. Now if all other masters of hounds would have the moral courage to make the same rule, the hunting-field would be greatly relieved from the nuisance created by the brutes in bandages; but we should like in addition to this to see Mr. Streatfield's (the Master of the Southdown Foxhounds) condition put in force, namely, that these horses must be the property of those who subscribe to the support of the hounds.

The Driver's prediction in our October number, that Mr. Tom Nickalls would be the probable Master of the Surrey Stag hounds, was verified at a very unanimous meeting of the subscribers, held at Godstone last month, and proving a popular selection for the country.

The new Master was only beginning to uncart his best deer, appointing some of his best fixtures—the jumping country having remained too blind to visit sooner—when hard frost stopped the anticipated sport, scent having been wonderfully good at end of November.

This county has distinguished itself just now in a most praiseworthy manner, proving at once that where the country is properly governed, the farmers are still thorough sportsmen at heart, and all well wishers of hunting will thank 'Baily' for disseminating far and wide the fact, that at a most enthusiastic dinner of some two hundred farmers, given at the Greyhound, at Croydon, on the 12th December, Mr. Wm. Mosse Robinson, the late Master of the hounds, was presented with a splendid, specially designed silver candelabra of some value, by the farmers of the district over which he has hunted, as Master for the last nine or ten years. The subscriptions being limited to very small sums, those who attended the dinner formed only a small proportion of the number of contributors. The idea was formed last May by a few farmers, and soon developed into such a popular demonstration amongst them, that district committees were organised under the energetic direction of Mr. Robert Fuller, and it was a perfect treat to a few subscribers to the hounds,

privileged to attend the dinner, to hear the very excellent speech made by their chairman, Mr. Wm. Taylor, of Wickham Court Farm, in presenting the testimonial from the farmers of Surrey, Kent, and Sussex.

It may cheer some of the would-be followers of the Royal Buck Hounds to hear that, when King Frost gives his august permission, they may hope to renew acquaintance with Goodall and his pack. It appears that the rabies, which has lately been developed, has long been suspected as lurking among the Queen's hounds, and if the fatal disease spreads no farther, we shall owe it to the prudence and discrimination of the huntsman that this terrible malady has not proved even more terrible. We shall, indeed, miss the presence of such grand hounds as Romeo, Comus, and Rapture, who have all succumbed—the first-named of which trio holds the place of honour in the late picture of the pack close to his master's horse—but as we are told that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, we have no doubt that there are hounds enough left to show as brilliant sport in 1879 as we have experienced in previous seasons. Meantime the followers of the Queen's have had to divide their attentions between Mr. Garth, Sir Robert Harvey's harriers, and the Windsor drag. We hear of a capital run with the first-named pack from Billingbeare, over a very stiff country, and ending in a kill at Long's Gorse; and as for the drag, up to the 7th of December, they had a succession of most enjoyable gallops, notably one in the New Lodge country, after a meet at the Barracks, in which the Badminton Hunt was numerously represented, and Mr. Sutton and Major Kington distinguished themselves.

In the Christmas number of 'Vanity Fair,' there appears a very excellent contribution from the pen of the Duke of Beaufort, which is well worth the attention of our hunting friends. The article is written with the double intention of chronicling the real 'red-letter days' during a period of ten years, and also of paying a graceful and well-deserved compliment to the memory of Tom Clark, who hunted the hounds during the above period. Clark's peculiarities of speech and manner are hit off with the pen of a ready writer, and the Duke's description of a run in February 1867 (which, we may add, occurred on the 12th of that month) is particularly good, and we would gladly extract it but that we recommend our readers to peruse the article *in extenso*.

The Duke of Beaufort's hounds had the most wretched scenting weather all through November. They managed to get one merry gallop over the Dodington Vale the day they met at the White Lion at Yate. It was most enjoyable for every one, the country being large grass fields with flying fences and well gated. The hounds began December in a more promising manner, for on Tuesday, December 3, they first found at Corsham and ran round about there and killed; found again, later on, at Alderman R. N. Fowler's gorse, and ran, leaving Daniel's Wood to the right, on through Inn Wood, across the river near a fordable place, on through Sandridge to Bromham, where they killed, one hour and twenty minutes, forty-five minutes being over the open. On Wednesday, December 4, they met at Swallett's Gate, found directly in Great Wood, and went away at once by the Great Western Railway to Wootten Bassett, and crossed the line and ran towards Binell and lost him. Found again at Black Dog Covert, and ran by Archer's Farm, leaving Cliff Wood to the right; right along the Vale by Cliffe Anstey hill he came to Binell, where he turned up the hill and went to ground in the main earth, a real good forty minutes. Lord Worcester was riding Fenian. On Tuesday there were 19½ couples of the mixed pack, and on the Wednesday 18½ couples of the dog pack, which pack are in great form this season. On Thursday poor Major Whyte-Melville met with his death with the V. W. H. On Friday, the Duke's hounds could not hunt at Horton

from the frost, and on Saturday we had a poor day from Easton Grey, it being so cold, and now King Frost rules triumphant.

'Judex's' welcome little analysis of the principal weight-for-age races of the year is before us, written with the writer's usual good sense, his opinions as clearly expressed, and his reasons for them as clearly laid down. His Derby outsider may be worth following, and if he is, or rather was, 'a diamond in the rough,' racing men had better consult the little green book and judge for themselves.

'Ruff's Guide to the Turf' gets a more important volume each year of its publication. It is certainly a very handy book of reference, containing as it does both the flat and cross-country record of the year, while, in addition, there is a mass of useful information, such as the addresses of trainers and jockeys, the winning mounts of the latter, the sales of blood stock (the latter very useful indeed), &c., &c., that will commend the volume to all racing men.

Our readers need not be reminded, we feel sure, of the 'Cooper Memorial Window,' for as soon as the idea was started by some of the deceased gentleman's friends, it found expression in the 'Van.' The carrying out of the idea to completion, too, we have recorded, and now we have much pleasure in mentioning an act of well-bestowed charity on the part of his widow. So many attached friends had Mr. Cooper, and so anxious were all to contribute to the memorial, that the sum subscribed was in excess of what was required, and a balance of 130*l.* remained in the hands of the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. A. G. Scott. This sum Mrs. Cooper, after mature deliberation, has decided to give to the Hunt Servants' Benevolent Society, as the most appropriate way of disposing of the money, and one that her husband would in every way have approved of. Every one who knows the scope and aims of that excellent institution will applaud her kind thought and judgment, and we can only express a hope that this, the first donation in the way of a legacy the society has received, may be the forerunner of others. There are thus two memorials to William Henry Cooper, the one in Stoke d'Abernon Church, raised by the loving hands of friends, the other a gift, as it were, from himself, a gift that will help to soothe the bed of sickness or it may be death, and add to the comfort of the living, and that, we believe his widow has rightly judged, is a memorial he would have himself preferred.

Lord Charles Russell's numerous friends will be glad to hear that he is slowly recovering from the accident which befell him some nine weeks since, while riding a young and eager horse over an intricate fence. The collar-bone is now all right, but the shoulder-blade was fractured like a star; and, under the circumstances, his lordship's convalescence is a subject of real congratulation.



Portrait of

John F. Chaplin

F. Chaplin

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

COL. FRANK CHAPLIN.

THIS most successful portrait of Col. Frank Chaplin, in our present number, cannot fail, we feel sure, to give much pleasure in military and sporting circles, where the gallant Master of the Kilkenny Hounds is so widely known and so deservedly popular. Col. Frank Chaplin entered the army while yet young. He joined the 3rd Light Dragoons in India, and was present under Lord Gough in the battle of Ramnugger, passage of the Chenab, battles of Sadoolapore, Chillianwallah and Goojerat. Returning from India he exchanged to the 3rd Dragoon Guards, and was for a few years on the staff of Lord Carlisle, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, accompanying his regiment a second time to India, during the Mutiny in 1857. He subsequently joined the 4th Dragoon Guards, when attaining the lieutenant-colonelcy he served the time allotted under the present regulations, and retired with great regret from this distinguished regiment, which we may confidently say lost none of its smartness while under his command. At this period, yielding to the solicitations of Lord Ormonde and many sporting friends, he undertook the Mastership of the Kilkenny Hounds, and for two years previous to the present season this pack has enjoyed, according to the annals of the hunt, most excellent sport, in fact, it is generally admitted that no hounds have in Ireland had so good; and owing to the kindness of Masters of Hounds in England and Ireland he has been able to introduce a strain of some good blood into the kennels, so that the entry will look, as Tom Firr of the Quorn would say, that they don't mean to be ridden over. In the present season they are doing well, and we may mention the runs of the 8th and 13th of January as instances of the pace these hounds can push their fox on a scent.

THE FUTURE OF EPPING FOREST.

‘ Jove’s own tree,
‘ That holds the woods in awful sovereignty.’—DRYDEN.

BEING cockney-bred we naturally take an interest in all that pertains to the kingdom of Cockaigne, and that induced us, the other day, to take a turn over ground not entirely new to us, to see what they were doing in Epping Forest. Parliament has wisely decided that ‘ The ancient forest of Waltham, otherwise Epping Forest, should ‘ for ever hereafter be preserved as an open space for the recreation ‘ and enjoyment of the public ;’ and the question has been much debated how that intention may be carried out to the most advantage. The area to be dealt with under the Act comprises about 6,000 acres, of which nearly one half had been illegally enclosed, and are now to be restored to the forest. Upon the sound old principle that those who pay the piper have a right to call the tune, the Corporation of the City of London, who have borne the great expense of fighting the battle for the public and getting rid of these unlawful inclosures, have been appointed the Conservators for the preservation and management of the Forest, and we soon found evidence that they have entered upon their new duties with vigour and judgment. In various places we found notices prohibiting all persons from destroying or injuring the trees or underwood, or making fires, or shooting rubbish, or doing other acts contrary to forestal rights, concluding with these words: ‘ The public are ‘ requested to assist in protecting and preserving that which is ‘ intended for their enjoyment.’ We came across some of the forest-keepers, of whom the Conservators have appointed twelve, with a superintendent of the forest over them, having his headquarters at Loughton. Now these men ought to be experienced woodmen, used to looking after young plantations, knowing when to thin the growing trees, and when to remove the dead bits from the older ones. The road, through what used to be the Lower Forest, does not differ much in appearance from other roads leading out of London, being shut in on both sides by the walls or high palings of suburban villas. The whole of the ground these villas stand upon has been filched from the Forest, and unlawfully enclosed ; but now that houses have been built upon the site, or it has been made into gardens to houses, the Corporation have thought proper to waive their right to its restitution. But about Woodford there are greens, fitted for cricket, football, or other sports, so that as far as Woodford is concerned there will be no difficulty for the Conservators to allot a suitable ground ; and we hope that in other parts of the Forest like facilities may exist, for it is most desirable that every village should have its village green. The north end of the village of Woodford, which is called Woodford Wells, was the scene of the last Epping Hunt. The Royal Easter Hunt on Epping Forest certainly dates back to the early part of the seventeenth century, when King James I. was

constantly hunting in the forests of Epping and Hainault, from his hunting-box at Theobalds. But, as time wore on, this holiday custom became a mere burlesque upon hunting. The horns of the deer to be turned out were decorated with ribbons, and the whole thing was only kept up to put money into the pockets of the publicans and innkeepers. Gambling and drinking-booths were erected upon the green, which was a scene of dissipation and disorder; so that, much as we dislike giving up old customs, we cannot regret that, upon the death of Tommy Rounding, the Epping Hunt was discontinued. When that evergreen sportsman died, the Rounding family had been tenants of the Horse and Groom—or Horse and Well, as it is now called—on Woodford Wells, for upwards of one hundred years. Tom Rounding and his brother Dick kept fox-hounds there, and for more than twenty years hunted the Forest and all the western portion of the county of Essex. Their kennel was in the field at the back of the inn, and was afterwards occupied by the harriers of Mr. Henry Vigne.

Taking the left-hand road from Woodford Wells, you pass down Whitehall Lane, with occasional pretty peeps of forest scenery, until you arrive at the Warren, well-studded with oak and elm-trees, the finest in the Forest, yet not of great size, and one and all of which have been pollarded. At the western extremity of the Warren, upon rising ground, stands Queen Elizabeth's hunting-lodge, a quaint old building. A solid oaken staircase leads up to the top of the house to a banquetting-room—with open beams and coigned ceiling, and a portrait of the Virgin Queen at one end—admirably suited for tea parties or bean-feasts. We should imagine that not a shilling had been laid out upon the building for years, but a very small outlay would make it charming, and a clever caterer, by accommodating holiday passengers with refreshments, might make much gain during the summer months. A more delightful resting and breathing-place for the dwellers in the thick murky air of the metropolis could hardly be conceived, as from the rustic bench around the old elm-tree, at the door of the Lodge, you look upon the Forest in all its ancient grandeur. To your left Hawkwood and Sewardstone, in your front Fairmead Plain, the willow-trees marking the course of the Chingford Brook in the bottom—a not unlikely-looking spot for a snipe—and beyond that a continuous tract of woodland all the way to Epping, a distance of between five and six miles. Not far from the spot there was once a celebrated oak, of which now not a vestige is left. On the authority of an aged wood-cutter of High Beech we learned that the roots of THE SEWARDSTONE OAK were grubbed up years ago to make room for some modern improvements! After threading your way through the thorn-bushes and brambles that cover Fairmead, as you rise the hill towards High Beech, you come upon the only really big oak-tree growing at the present moment in the Forest. The trunk of this tree, in its largest part, measures thirty-three feet in circumference, and shows no symptoms of decay. At some time or other it has been disfigured

by lopping at about fourteen or fifteen feet from the ground, but, although several limbs have been removed, it is still a fine-topped tree, spreading its arms all around, and is yet in its prime. On the highest ground in all the Forest, is High Beech, where a stump of from eighteen to twenty inches high represents all that remains of **THE KING'S OAK**. Forty years ago that stump stood six feet, but it has been carried away bit by bit to make into snuff-boxes. The popular tradition is that the tree took its name from King Harold, who founded the monastery at Waltham : it is quite certain that Waltham Forest existed before the Norman Conquest. From this point there is an extensive view over the valley of the Lea, the original and natural boundary of the Forest. The natives will tell you that, upon a clear day, they can see seven counties. We suppose that their eyes are better than those of Londoners. Not a quarter of a mile distant, in the green path of the High Wood, stands **THE STANLEY OAK**, reputed to be the oldest tree in the Forest. It was never a tree of great size but very picturesque, and now, being stag-headed, and with branches so decayed that every wintry blast threatens to bring them down, and with gnarled and weather-beaten trunk it has a most venerable aspect. What a spot for a picnic ! But perchance the holiday-makers might prefer to spread their repast beneath the magnificent wide-spreading beech just opposite, a tree with all sorts of hollows and knobs, that our old friend Tityrus would have delighted to recline under. And there is yet another most interesting tree in this locality, an oak of fair size, overhanging Brocket's Well, showing signs of decay in its highest branches, but vigorous and sound in its trunk, which runs up to a good height. We ought not quite to pass over the hollies in Honey Lane quarter, which, with fair treatment, would rival the hollies in the New Forest, and what can be more beautiful than a clump of hollies covered with bright vermilion berries ?

From High Beech to Epping Town, a distance of between three and four miles, the Forest is covered with scrubby hornbeam and thorn brakes, but nothing worthy of the name of a tree ; with the exception of an elm standing upon Epping Green, nothing that the wayfarer would care to turn round to look at. In this, the wildest part of the Forest, the ground is very prettily tossed about, and in the open glades you may now and then get a glimpse of a few fallow deer. There are persons living who say that they can remember when the herd of deer in Epping and Hainault forests amounted to a thousand head, and it was at one time proposed that the few deer running wild at present in the Forest should be increased in number ; but the Conservators, having regard to the injury that they would do to the growing trees, and also to the crops of the neighbouring farmers, have decided that it is not desirable. Nor would it be in character that the Forest keepers should be turned into gamekeepers, rearing and feeding a lot of tame pheasants, although it is very proper that the Conservators should have in their gift the granting of licences to shoot over the Forest to sportsmen who can be satisfied with a little rough sport in

picking up a few couple of rabbits, and the off chance of getting a woodcock or a snipe. It is to be hoped that there will always be sufficient hares for the harriers of Mr. Henry Vigne, who has hunted the Forest for nearly half a century: indeed, there should be a condition in every Forest licence that the holder should forfeit it for shooting a hare. A good stallion pony turned out, as Katerfelto was on Exmoor, could not fail to do good with the number of mares running loose in the Forest.

The Ancient Forest of Waltham included both Epping and Hainault forests, separated from one another by the river Roding, but the latter being disafforested by Act of Parliament in 1851, only one half of the original Forest remains. From a windmill upon Chigwell Row, long since burned down, there used to be a fine view of the vast expanse of Hainault Forest: and what can you see now from the same spot? A dreary plain of ploughed fields and wire-fences, without a tree or a shrub of any kind.

The tree in the whole Forest the best known to Londoners was the celebrated FAIRLOP OAK, in Hainault Walk, looking over Barking Plain. This historical tree was not so remarkable for its height, like oaks whose stems have been artificially trimmed and pruned, but had an enormous trunk measuring forty-five feet in girth, with a wide-spreading head of seventeen branches, each as large as an ordinary tree, which feathered down and covered a full acre of ground. It was of great antiquity, and was in its prime when visited by Queen Anne 170 years ago. Under the branches of this tree, Mr. Daniel Day, a shipwright at Wapping, made an annual custom of giving his workmen a treat of bacon and beans on the first Friday in July. They were brought there from Wapping in a large twelve-oared barge, on a coach-carriage drawn by six horses, with flags and banners and a band of music, and this was the origin of Fairlop Fair. Before Mr. Day's death, in 1767, the tree had become much decayed in its trunk, and had lost one large limb, which Mr. Day had made into a coffin for himself; and in 1805, it was still further injured by a fire lighted within it by gipsies. In 1820, the remains of this venerable tree were entirely blown down, but the fair was kept up upon its site, until Hainault was disafforested in 1851, and the ground where the fair used to be held ploughed up. The block-makers, however, still keep up the anniversary—Mr. Day having left a sum of money in his will for that purpose—by going in a boat drawn by six horses with postilions, and dining at the Castle or the Horse and Well, or some other favourite hostelry in the Forest.

Where are we to look for worthy successors to these Kings of the Forest? We may look for them in vain: in the illegally enclosed portions the trees have been altogether stripped off, whilst in other parts rights of lopping and topping have been exercised without mercy. Of course, the Conservators will do all in their power to restore the ancient aspect of this beautiful woodland in these treeless

spots. The slowness of growth will, no doubt, be urged against replanting them with oaks—a most selfish objection, of which we feel confident the authorities will take no heed, seeing that their duty is not merely to gratify persons of the present time, but to benefit future generations as well. By all means let the oaks be mingled with trees of quicker growth, such as elms, beech, chestnut, and birch, which all do well there, but anyone with half an eye must see that oak is the natural weed of the soil. In a ten-acre bit where the trees had been spared, and which has already been given up to the Corporation, we counted no less than forty thriving oaks that promise to make fine trees. Assuredly, all holiday folk, sportsmen and lovers of nature, owe a debt of gratitude to the Corporation for having saved this goodly Forest from the same fate as Hainault. But for their public spirit these encroachments would have continued until, in a few more years, there would have been scarcely wood enough left, in the once extensive woodland of Epping Forest, to make a pair of village stocks.

P.S.—We should like to call the attention of the Conservators to the whereabouts of an oak well worth their looking after. The tree in question is situated near Cuckoo Pits in Fairmead, a spot at present most difficult of access through bogs, brambles, and thorn thickets, but which, when the Broad Ride, now in course of construction, from Queen Elizabeth's Lodge to High Beech is completed, might be reached by a connecting path of about fifty yards. This tree has escaped the fate of so many others in this Forest, never having been headed, and now, in the beauty of its prime, with numerous branches spreading around and covering a great extent of ground, makes a grand show when the leaf is out. At some former date it has been a boundary mark, as is evident from the bark having been stripped off in one place and the capital letter B stamped there. The hornbeam scrubs and bushes, which now hem in the oak, prevent a fair view of the tree being obtained, but if these were cut out, and a sufficient space cleared around, we have no doubt that the spot would become one of the most favourite resorts in the whole Forest.

THE MANAGER'S BALL.

A MASTER of Hounds ! though he merit wide fame
By the sport he has shown, I reveal not his name ;
Who can keep by good temper a Field within bounds,
None the Master who love will e'er ride o'er his hounds.

Nor reveal I the home of his Huntsman, unless
By the fact I disclose, you its whereabouts guess ;
Alcohol to his lips is a poison unknown,
He quenches his thirst with pure water alone.

Long, long may such abstinence keep him alive,
 May his foxes run straight and his puppy hounds thrive,
 Go search the three kingdoms and find if you can,
 So keen to show sport, such a Master and Man.

Thus in grief spoke the Master, some three weeks ago,
 Looking mournfully down on a world of white snow :
 ' Ungirth'd is the saddle, the horn is unblown,
 ' The elastic green turf is congeal'd into stone.

' Some excitement while here we in quarantine lie,
 ' I would fain to enliven the County supply,
 ' Lest like dormice we sink into slumber profound,
 ' Lest our blood become cold and our sinews frost-bound.

' Though on horseback afield we can venture no more,
 ' On foot without fear we can tread the deal floor ;
 ' The fixture at once I will post for a Ball,
 ' Where my wife and myself will bid welcome to all.'

Now with cushions for four, coaches dash to the door,
 While each 'Bus that trots up holds a merry half score,
 To console for the Horn which so long has been mute,
 Now hear we sweet music from fiddle and flute.

If able, the Muse would her duty fulfil,
 And declare who went best in the waltz and quadrille,
 Tell of eyes which bright diamonds outshone by their glance,
 And of well-fitting gowns which were fashioned in France.

The healths which were drunk to the Hostess and Squire,
 The twinkling of feet which seem'd never to tire,
 Glov'd hands which at parting were tenderly press'd,
 The furnace-like sighing of lovers distress'd.

I, now for such pains and such pleasures unfit,
 Was content with old friends on the sofa to sit,
 Past charms well-remember'd once more to retrace,
 To recall in fair daughter a mother's fair face.

An old man like myself took beside me a chair,
 Both inspir'd with fresh youth by the merriment there,
 On our ball-room discourse it were idle to dwell,
 Two scraps of it only I venture to tell.

' How sad,' said my friend, ' to stick fast in a run
 ' On a horse underbred ere the sport is half done ;
 ' And how the round dance can fair partner enjoy
 ' Who is link'd by ill-luck to some heavy-heeled boy ?'

‘ True,’ I said, ‘ but the rapture of movement we know
 ‘ When we ride a young horse full of spirit and go,
 ‘ And that dancer’s delight I can well understand
 ‘ Who, himself light of step, takes a fairy in hand.’

Ice and snow they ere long will be thaw’d out of sight,
 But the Ball and the pleasure it gave us that night
 They as long as we live in remembrance will stay,
 Like the ice round the Pole they will ne’er melt away.

STUD FARMS: THEIR ASPECTS AND PROSPECTS.

BY J. H. SHORTHOUSE, M.D., LL.D.

IT has been said by a famous writer that all nations have periodical fits of insanity. The ‘ craze ’ now so prevalent in England would seem to be for stud farms, if any reliance can be placed upon the paragraphs and advertisements which appear so frequently in the various sporting periodicals.*

It may, therefore, be not unprofitable to give a calm and impartial consideration to the matter, and endeavour from our own experience, which is not inconsiderable, and from the labours and experience of others, to eliminate what are the necessary elements of success, as well as to point out those which, if they have not led in all cases to misfortune, have at any rate produced great disappointment.

Our own experience leads us to the conclusion that climate, aspect, soil, water, shelter, and suitable ventilation do not meet with that attention which they merit, but that, as a rule, breeders and managers depend upon food to make amends for everything else—to neutralise or overcome the baneful results which accrue from neglect of the first principles of our programme. Like bloated aldermen, breeders are perpetually harping upon one string, and think everything good must go in at the mouth. We grant that *most* good things must and do so, but not *all*. Consequently we pay more attention to soil and climate than they are apt to do.

In the first place, then, the site for a stud farm ought to be chosen on a dry soil, and where the water is pure and wholesome. If the subsoil be mountain limestone, so much the better; chalk is next best, an alluvial loam next best, clay next, and a gravelly subsoil is the least desirable of all. A pretty good criterion of the suitability of the soil is the timber which flourishes upon it. If there are beech-trees which are large, healthy, well formed, and with the twigs inclining towards the north-west, that may, *cæteris paribus*, be put in the category of suitable sites. Ash-trees are the next best criterion; but we should most certainly eschew any site on which oaks luxu-

* This paper was written in the autumn of the year 1876, and was put in type, but has been held over by the Publisher until the present time.

riated, and especially so if the subsoil was clay mixed with gravel, largely impregnated with iron. A good test of this state of things may be found in the water in the ponds, which is usually as black as ink. A short time ago, when we were driving in the neighbourhood of what some folks call a 'famous' stud farm, we were particularly struck by this circumstance. There were many ponds visible from the roadside, and the water in every one of them looked as black as ink. The oak-trees, which were very numerous, were strikingly handsome and healthy—indeed we never saw such well-grown trees before, and the country was altogether charming, one of England's choicest spots; but a more unsuitable site for a stud farm could not well be chosen. The water was a very strong chalybeate, and the leaves from the oaks had turned it into a sort of thin ink. Such water is sure to prove detrimental to young stock, for however good a little iron or chalybeate may be for pale-faced hysterical girls, it will—especially if converted into a tannate or gallate of iron by means of juice from oak-trees or oak-leaves—act as a pernicious poison upon brood mares and foals. Whilst on the subject of water, we may as well finish it off at once; and we will point out its importance by reminding our readers of the evil results accruing from water of a different composition entirely from the sort we have just been speaking of. Most of the yearlings which we were wont to see at the Hampton Court sales had an enlargement in the glands of the neck, and the disease went by the name of the 'Hampton Court neck.' We believe that latterly water from a different source has been obtained, and that the 'enlarged glands' are now but seldom, if ever, seen. The glands about the throat have so much to do with growth and nutrition—much more than is usually supposed—that it is desirable to keep them as healthy as possible.

In addition to the proof afforded by trees as to the suitability of site, we may mention another one—it is this: wherever cows flourish, horses do not, as a rule, nor ought the two to be ever pastured together; the cows gorge themselves with the best grass, and befoul the remainder, and make it so rank that horses will not eat it, so that the two animals ought to be kept apart, and have pastures to themselves. No discreet man would allow them to roam over the same field at the *same time*, though many turn the horses in at night, and the cows during the daytime, and *vice versa*; but we maintain that never for one hour during the same *year* even, ought the two classes of animals to share the same pasture. Cows thrive and prosper in Devonshire: horses do not; and as a proof of it we may adduce the experience of Sir Lydston Newman, who some fifteen years ago established a stud farm at his seat at Mamhead, near Exeter. He spared no expense; on the contrary, was as lavish as is Mr. Gee at Wadhurst. He bought the best mares which could be procured, and we very much doubt whether ten better grown or better-looking mares were ever seen together. He put those mares to various sires: for the first few years Gemma de Vergy was lord of the harem, and had the cream of the sultanas, but afterwards the mares

were distributed amongst various fashionable stallions : the result was the same—lamentable failure. Though the yearlings, when brought up for sale, were well grown and good-looking, they were worthless for racing purposes.

In the well-timbered and beautiful county of Herts, the late Mr. George Mather persevered year after year with a breeding stud, and hoped against hope. At last he became disheartened and sold off his mares, shot his stallion, and abandoned the pursuit of breeding in such a place as unprofitable. His neighbour, Mr. Snewing, though he had a Derby winner as lord of the harem, and one of the handsomest horses ever foaled, and a choice selection of brood mares, has had but a very unlucky time of it. His yearlings, when offered for sale annually, realised but very low prices, or were sent back unsold. Mr. Gulliver tried the game year after year in the neighbourhood of Banbury, on land with a subsoil of gravel and clay—a sort of damp, swampy ground for a great part of the year. Though his young stock have generally been good-looking, they have not attracted purchasers, nor have they attracted the eye of the judge at the winning-post when they have essayed their powers on the race-course.

For a 'model' stud farm, in many senses of the word, we may refer to Fairfield, during Mr. Jackson's régime. Its buildings are unapproachable—there is nothing like them in England that we have seen, nor should we suppose there is, or ever will be, anywhere else. Most of them had been put up by Mr. Thompson regardless of expense. The land sloped the right way, and was moderately undulating ; there were many of the desirable requisites ; but one thing was wanting—the locality was badly chosen ; the grass was rank, the water not good ; and though Mr. Jackson had bought mares who had won, and employed Blair Athol, Carnival, Scandal, Neptunus, and other horses, nearly everything bred at Fairfield was worthless for racing purposes. After Mr. Jackson's death, Messrs. Vaughan took Fairfield, and attempted the game of breeding on a less ambitious scale, but with no better results. A few years' experience convinced them of the futility of the attempt ; they sold off the stud, and abandoned the attempt of breeding blood-stock.

The *most* desirable sites are not always obtainable ; but this is of little consequence, as we are not advocates for monster stud farms ; on the contrary, within reasonable limits, we prefer those of modest and moderate dimensions—large fields but very few mares. Otherwise, if we were going to recommend a site for a gigantic breeding establishment, we should say pitch it on the wolds of Yorkshire or Durham, or on the hills of Surrey or East Kent. The south downs of Sussex and Hants are too steep, too scanty of herbage for young stock, whilst there is a more serious drawback still—the want of water.

The *least* desirable sites are those in which grass grows most luxuriantly and in great abundance—such, for example, as the famous Pevensey Level and Romney Marsh.

The paddocks ought to be large, and if somewhat undulating on

a large scale, so much the better; and if they slope at all, it is desirable that the inclination be towards the south-west or south. We hold it an evil of no little magnitude to make use of a great number of little paddocks. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that a foal can exercise himself, develop his muscles, and expand his feet on a small plot of ground rather larger than a pocket-handkerchief; yet there are many such places to which this description would not inaptly apply. Irrespective of the want of scope for due exercise, there is another most serious drawback—the herbage is apt to be poisoned, and become rank and unwholesome. Change of pasture is desirable for all animals; sheep do best of all if depastured year after year upon the same ground, but even these quadrupeds undergo a marvellous change for the better if they are transferred to a spot untrodden by sheep for years; for however scant herbage may be, the newness of it will work wonders. Look, for example, at Hampton Court! The paddocks there have been grazed by mares and foals year after year, so that the ground by this time must well-nigh stink of them. The paddocks ought to be broken up, put under the four-course system of cropping, then laid down again, and fed with sheep for a year or two. After the lapse of that time they might again be suitable for the rearing of blood-stock. Not that we think the locality by any means a desirable one—and it certainly does not come within the conditions we have laid down—but old associations are not soon eradicated, and we can tolerate the Royal Paddocks for ‘auld acquaintance sake.’ And before we leave this part of the subject, we may perhaps be permitted to give expression to the opinion that Colonel Maude has met with but scant justice from the writers in the sporting journals. We hardly know him to speak to, and therefore are no friends or defenders of his, but we have noticed with no little disgust, that reproaches of all sorts have been hurled against him, simply because the yearlings contrasted so unfavourably with those pampered at other establishments. The real fault lies not in the manager, but in the land, which is horse-sick, as it is often clover-sick or cow-sick. Land is as fickle as a woman, and likes a new lover now and then. Let the blame, then, be placed in the proper quarter. We advocate good-sized farms, with large fields, though but few mares and foals, for the reason that the pasturage may be changed, so as to avoid any arrest of development in the early life of the foal; for if there be such an arrest of development during the first few months of foalhood, no care or coddling afterwards, when it is taken up, pampered, and then put into the trainer’s hands, can compensate for defective early growth.

We advocate a small stud, for we defy any man, however zealous and vigilant he may be, to look after a very large establishment. Let us look to facts, for after all there is nothing like them. Let us look them full in the face, and they will prove effective weapons against those blatant charlatans who would have the world believe that the greater the stud the greater the success. Like Brunel the engineer, the inventor of the ‘broad gauge’ on railways, and of

the 'Great Eastern' steamer, promoters of stud farms and breeders nowadays measure everything by its *size*. If a breeder is successful with half a dozen mares or so, he immediately increases the number to a dozen, though he does not increase the pasturage or attention in proportion; if he has twenty he wants fifty, and if fifty he straightway cries out for a hundred. We are not speaking at random or throwing loose words broadcast, but are speaking from the book, and several instances will occur to the minds of our readers. We will adduce but one. When Mr. Cookson had seven or eight mares he could breed such animals as Dundee, Kettledrum, Regalia, Brigantine, Formosa, Mincemeat, and others of lesser note. Since he has doubled his stud his success has not only not been in the same proportion, but so insignificant is it that it can hardly be called a success at all. So that the measure of success would seem to be in the inverse proportion to the number of foals produced on a farm. Mr. Bowes, with a small stud of some five or six mares, produced four winners of the Derby, besides several other horses of scarcely inferior form. Mr. P'Anson again, with only three or four mares, bred Blink Bonny, Blair Athol, Blinkhoolie, Caller Ou, and other good and useful animals. Mr. Plummer of York, with but one brood mare, bred the famous Alice Hawthorn; and from her Thormanby, Oulston, Lord Fauconberg, and others. His neighbour, Mr. Carey, who is also a very small breeder, bred Victorious, one of the best horses of the present century. Mr. Sadler of Doncaster, another small breeder, is credited with having bred Pretender, the winner of the Derby, and several other horses of lesser note. Mr. 'Launde,' with but three or four mares, bred Apology, Agility, Holy Friar, The Miner, Mineral (the dam of Wenlock and Kisber), and several other animals of lesser note. Mr. Gosden, who bred Petrarch, Fraulein, Lemnos, Blackdown, &c., keeps, we believe, only about three mares. Lord Falmouth only keeps a small stud, yet mark what a number of winners of the important races he produces. Sir Joseph Hawley again was very moderate in his desires as a breeder, yet he could lay claim to having bred Blue Gown, Rosicrucian, Morna, Green Sleeves, Beadsman, Argonaut, Aphrodite, and other good winners. We could multiply such instances almost *ad infinitum*, but will be content with two others. Mr. Cartwright, with two or three mares, has bred Penarth, Fairwater, Ely, Albert Victor, George Frederick, Louise Victoria, and a few others of lesser note. The present Sir Tatton Sykes, we believe, limits his stud to some three or four mares; yet in a very brief career he has produced a Derby winner (Doncaster). His father kept an almost fabulous number of mares, yet, with the exception of Grey Momus and Dalby, we do not believe any one of them was worth a hatful of crabs. Lord Scarborough, Lord Portsmouth, and Mr. Eyke have been content, as Mr. Cookson used to be, with studs of moderate dimensions, and have met with a proportionate amount of success, though not nearly in the proportion of those studs of more limited dimensions.

Now let us look at the other side of the picture, though, lest we might unwittingly and unwillingly give offence to gentlemen of oversensitive nature, we will not dissect in detail the non-successful studs, and will content ourselves with asking what those monster establishments, like the Middle Park, Wadhurst, Cobham, Yardley, Sheffield Lane, Alvediston, and Diss studs, have to display in the shape of winners as a sort of set-off against those produced by the little studs, and we think we shall ask in vain; for if the failure be not complete, the success has been so lamentably disproportionate to the number of brood mares kept and to the number of foals produced, that it cannot be called encouraging, and must have been very disappointing.

There has been a good deal of frothy spouting and 'fustian' writing within the last year or two about bubble companies and Foreign Loans, and the spouters and writers have strongly urged City men, small capitalists, or those with a little money to invest, to throw it into a 'limited' liability company which has the production of blood stock for its aim, and the national glory and the investors' enrichment for its final objects. Well, we have not anything to say in favour of 'bubble companies' or of foreign loans; and perhaps stud companies on the limited liability principle *may* be somewhat better than those, which is not saying very much after all. They never have paid yet, and in our humble opinion they never will. We prefer those 'limited' in the healthier sense of the term—limited in extent, and not in the cant phrase of the present time of 'limited liability.' We prefer quality to numbers, and excellence in a few to a gigantic sinking fund, which is expended in the multiplication of a number of worthless weeds, and in paying the salaries of directors and other unnecessary or incapable officials.

Some years ago a man in Derbyshire fancied himself for a stud-farm promoter. His first business was to engage a stud groom with a wife and family to live on the premises. He never got further than that. No farm, no horses, no mares, no nothing but the groom and his family, without a 'local habitation,' and shortly without salary. The only parallel we know to this is that of 'Punch's' young gentleman, who courted his lovely cousin, and wanted to commence housekeeping upon a cricket-bat and a pair of skates, or something of that sort. His lovely cousin, wiser in her generation, told Charles that they could not live on cricket-bats.

As we commenced, so we say now, there is a craze for 'companies.' Experience teaches zealots nothing, but only urges them on to more reckless deeds if they can in any way procure capitalists who will stump up the 'needful' wherewith they may carry on until bankruptcy, liquidation, or oblivion overtakes them.

Assuredly no stud farm could have been started under more favourable auspices than was the Rawcliffe Stud Company some twenty years ago. Yet, with Hans Breitmann, we may ask, 'Where ish dat barty now?'

Instead of giving thousands of pounds for worthless brood mares

and tens of thousands for stallions, the company had given to them several valuable brood mares, and had almost thrust upon them, for merely nominal sums, two stallions who were famous on the Turf, and one of whom proved to be still more famous at the stud ; indeed, he was one of the most successful sires that ever served a mare. Those horses were the Flying Dutchman, winner of the Derby, St. Leger, and other races, and sire of Ellington (a Derby winner), of Brown Duchess (an Oaks winner), of Dollar, and of many more good horses. Newminster had won the St. Leger himself, and his subsequent career proved him to be made of the right sort of stuff ; for, independent of Lord Clifden, Hermit, and Musjid (winners of the 'classic' races), he could count his winners by the score. And not only was the 'company' especially favoured in that respect, but they had a 'homestead' ready to their hands, with an array of boxes, stabling, and hovels of the most perfect description. In addition to this, they had upwards of 300 acres of rich land lying all together and within three miles of York—that centre of everything that is centred in horseflesh. In Mr. Martin they had a manager free from bluster, bounce, or swagger ; but a man of sober judgment, vigilant, zealous, and attentive—such a man as would put many of the would-be managers of the present day to the blush. Yet with all these advantages—and we may safely predict that so many will never again be met with in combination—the 'company' did not succeed. The subscribers gradually got tired of it, and the shareholders dropped off one by one ; those who could do so sold their shares, even at an 'alarming sacrifice,' indeed they were more unmarketable than are 'Turks' and 'Egyptians' at the present time. Those who could not sell gave them away, until at last the company dwindled down to very narrow dimensions. The few surviving members, wishing to wash their hands of all stud companies of a 'limited' nature, at last sold off, and the premises were for a long time to be let or sold. The lesson taught by this company might point a moral to the many others now just afloat or waiting for some one to 'float' them.

We had intended to discuss at some length the subjects of shelter and ventilation, but we have already so far exceeded the space allotted to us that we can only glance at them ; and we regret this the less because old Tommy Coleman, in some papers which lately appeared in 'Baily,' has said most of what could or should be said on the subject of ventilation, and we shall content ourselves by expressing a wish that our readers will give another perusal to his 'yarns,' and profit by them, as they will do if they follow out the precepts contained in them. And as to shelter, we will content ourselves with saying that every paddock ought to have a hovel, open at the side least exposed to inclement weather, in which the mares and their offspring can seek refuge during a storm, or as a protection from a biting wind. They will seek such shelter instinctively if they have the chance, for they are better judges of such matters than their masters ; but it is nevertheless incumbent

upon the latter to provide them with the chance. We know that some breeders take up their stock at night or in severe weather, but in the localities we have advocated as desirable situations for stud farms, storms often come on very suddenly and before the men can go to the rescue of the foals; nor in such weather do the men always make the attempt until most of the mischief has been done. This is a fact well known to all men of experience, and to every dweller in the moorlands.

POSTSCRIPT, *January 1879*.—The foregoing article, written two years and a half ago has not been altered in the slightest particular, and we think we may now point with no little satisfaction and pride to the results of the racing season now just over as a striking corroboration of the views enumerated above, but which Mr. Baily was reluctant to publish, fearful of offending the *amour propre* of some would-be promoters of monster stud companies. The winners of nearly every important race last year were bred privately by their owners, or in small studs; whilst the young hopefuls produced at 'monster' stud farms, or bred by those gentlemen whose boast it is that they 'breed for sale,' have been remarkably conspicuous by their absence from amongst the list of winners.

We would also draw the attention of the readers of 'Baily' to a subject which we ventilated in the spring of last year in the columns of 'Bell's Life'—we refer to 'May Foals.' We believe the present craze for early foals to be a great mistake, and every breeder possessing a grain of common sense to whom we have spoken on the subject admits that it is a mistake, yet they do not make their practice accord with their opinions. It is in vain that we point to the fact that half a dozen (and probably more) of the *best* horses ever seen were *late* foals, some of them very late foals. We refer to Bay Middleton, West Australian, Faugh-a-Ballagh, Thormanby, Victorious, and Gladiateur. Breeders say that late foals will not sell, whilst early ones will. We deny the fact altogether, and reply that they do not try the experiment. Mr. Tattersall remarked at the Middle Park Sale that 'if he could have his way, he would not have any foals 'born before May'; he speaks with the voice of authority, and his opinion ought to carry weight with breeders, as to the saleability of their early or late produce. Mr. Clark has promulgated his opinion that much of the roaring and other infirmities of the wind, with which horses of the present day are cursed, is attributable to their being bred 'out of season.' What, let us ask, can be more idiotic than having young stock foaled at such a season as this, and with such weather as we have been visited with lately? Frost and snow alternating every two or three days, with the occasional 'blessing' of very high and cold winds; such weather, indeed, prudent men would be ashamed to 'turn a dog out in it.' Yet breeders act as if it were the 'werry thing' for their young foals. Animals in a state of nature do not bring forth their young until such a season when there is a probability of a supply of *suitable* food for them.

WILD SPORTS OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

ABOUNDING and constant as was his love of nature, Mr. Charles St. John, we dare say, had a soul above herring-catching, but, on one occasion at least, if the writer is not mistaken, that gentleman was out on the Moray Firth in a herring boat, although no mention is made of the fact in his book. On the same evening and in the same fleet of boats, *we* were also out at 'the herrin,' upon which occasion our skipper had the good fortune to find in his nets over sixty crans of

fish, say about 40,000 individual herrings, at the time probably of the value of thirty pounds, a capital night's work. We did not then, that is, the morning after our night at sea, learn what success had attended Mr. St. John's boat, but we fancied afterwards that we traced his hand in a privately circulated sketch describing the *modus operandi* of the fishery and the characters of the men with whom he was fishing and to whom apparently he had brought bad 'luck,' at once putting him out of fashion with the fisher-folk, who are firm believers in 'fortune' and in all kinds of signs and omens as well; they are indeed a peculiar people, these Scottish fisher-folk, who hear voices in the winds and discern forms and faces in the clouds.

'In the boat in which I was a guest,' says the anonymous sketch referred to, 'we had a frugal supper of hard-boiled eggs and tea with 'oat cakes, after which the crew joined in singing a psalm. When 'we came to what was thought a suitable spot, we shot from the 'stern of the boat the long string of nets used in catching herrings, 'and then with the nets floating by means of bladders, and hanging 'from the back rope which is attached to the fishing craft, we drifted 'all the dead hours of the night with the tide. The fabric of nets like 'a mighty wall perforated with a million holes, hung for half a mile 'in the ravening water waiting for prey. After the nets have been 'shot across the tide all the men go, or should go, to sleep; but 'sleep in a rocking boat, cradled on the bosom of the deep, I 'could not; I thought, ever and anon, of an eagle that I had seen a 'few days before high among the hills, with a bird in its talons, and 'wondered how I could manage to shoot it. Soon as the sun rose 'in the heavens the skipper and his crew began their work, and hard 'work it is, of hauling in the nets. I willingly lent a hand. Alas 'for me! the nets were nearly empty, only a few hundred fish in 'all, whilst boats which fished alongside of us were filled with 'herrings. Captain and crew were alike mortified at our non-success. The captain was Alexander Cowie. He is best known, 'however, as "Pharaoh;" all Scotch fishermen have nicknames 'bestowed upon them, by which they are better known than by their 'baptismal appellations, and "Pharaoh" was his. I could see I 'had fallen a hundred per cent. in the estimation of Skipper Cowie 'since we left the harbour; I was an "unlucky" man, and in his 'opinion the cause of his men's failure to catch thirty or forty 'crans of fish.'

After we had read this little bit of the fugitive article referred to, and we are quoting it now pretty much from memory, and had come upon the mention of the eagle, we at once jumped to the conclusion that it was Charles St. John who had been our neighbour at sea viewing the wonders of the 'herring drave,' and whom our skipper, 'Bishop' Reid, described to us as a 'daft' shooting man, a friend of the sheriff.

'Pharaoh' was anxious that we should embark in his boat next night, but we had more sense than to risk the great reputation we had acquired for 'luck' by making another venture. Fishermen are

always keen to see a lucky man step aboard their boat, but fishing for herring, no matter who tries it, is quite a lottery; no man knows what a night may bring forth, one night a hundred crans another night not a fish. Next day Mr. St. John drove away home in a peculiar machine, that seemed like a boat on wheels. He had gone home, doubtless, in search of nobler quarry than he could find in a night's herring fishing, he had gone inland to the corrie of the deer and the eerie of the proud bird of the sun; as he departed in his eccentric looking carriage, probably he crooned to himself the lines of Walter Scott:—

‘My heart’s in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart’s in the Highlands a-hunting the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart’s in the Highlands wherever I go.’

Mr. St. John was never so much at his ease as when arrayed in shooting jacket or fishing boots; it is not easy to determine at which branch of sport he was the greatest adept. When we read his narrative of how he killed the ‘muckle hart of Benmore,’ we at once say that his great forte was to stalk the deer; but again, when we find him rod in hand, we change our opinion, and think the man was born to struggle with the ‘monarch of the brook,’ and that the ‘venison of the waters’ would fall an even easier prey to his hook than the antlered king of the corries to his rifle. Yet again, when, with gun in hand, we find him among ‘the birds,’ we feel induced to say that there he was seen to greater advantage than ever. One thing is certain, no matter in which branch of Highland sport he might excel, his heart was always in his work. With Highland sports, and the natural history of the ‘land of brown heath and shaggy wood,’ Mr. St. John was most familiar, and who, we should like to know, knew better the character of the poachers, the smugglers, and the wild Highlanders of forty years ago, before they had become sophisticated by the gold-bestowing Sassenach?

Than this pictorial edition of the ‘Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands,’* no better book could be selected on which to found a few remarks on the deer-stalking, salmon fishing, grouse shooting, and other manly sports of the north of Scotland, which, from Perth to John O’Groat’s, and from Inverness to Mull, is emphatically the land of the sportsman, presenting as it does at all times, and during all seasons, a wondrous variety of shooting and fishing, from the mountain hare to the roebuck, from the three-ounce trout of a Highland burn to the thirty-pound salmon of the Spey; it is a land where deer-stalking is king of sports, and deer-stalking, let the grand fact be chronicled in italics, *is to other sports what the Derby or St. Leger is a petty race*. It has been said of St. John, and by a competent judge, too, that while there was no branch of Highland sport in which he did not excel, he

* ‘Sketches of the Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands.’ By Charles St. John. Illustrated edition. London: John Murray, 1878.

was, *par excellence*, the deer-stalker of his day. To say this, however, to some people is little better than a sound; not to all men is it given to understand that to be esteemed a deer-stalker of even moderate ability is to be a man among men, nor do many know that to be *the* deer-stalker of a Highland district is to be as a giant among his fellows. Some men are occasionally met with so versed in the slang of deer-stalking that they are apt to be taken for deer-stalkers. They can talk of the *slot* of a deer, of his *soiling pool*, and of his *harbour* quite glibly, but there are few of those much given to that kind of talk who have acquired practical experience of what they talk about. Deer-stalkers are anything but numerous, and there is no royal road to deer killing, even for royalty, or for the wealthy, not even after they have endured their baptism of blood. To some people pursuit of the deer appears toilsome and prosy work, uninviting labour, poorly rewarded, even when the magnificent animal lies dead at their feet. Others think deer-stalking the very poetry of sport, in the pursuit of which they will display an enthusiasm which no labour or trouble or disappointment will quench. They will tramp over long miles of uneven ground, crawl on their bellies in the damp moss, climb the most rugged rocks, wade to the breast in foaming Highland streams, and tear along with determined face for a few miles in the rough furze or underbrush, and then, after enduring six or seven hours of hard pedestrian work, may, after all, be disappointed in their search, never see the horns of a stag, and returning, shoot on their way home a few mountain hares to hide their chagrin. In saying there is no royal road to deer-stalking, we of course mean what we say. 'Deer-driving' is not 'deer-stalking.' A man does not *stalk* the deer when he lays in wait in a sheltered place till the animals are driven up to his gun by the exertions of an army of keepers and ghillies; in such case it is the deer which *stalks* the man! 'No *driving*, I hate it. I would rather,' says an enthusiastic deer-slayer, 'follow a hart from daybreak till sunset, even if I never got a shot at it, than shoot a dozen beasts driven up to the muzzle of my gun as ready-made victims.'

'The Death of my First Stag' forms the heading to one of Mr. St. John's chapters. He was naturally proud of his achievement; the killing of his first stag is one of the milestones which mark the course of a Highland sportsman's career, and he is naturally proud when the forester, dipping his hand in the red blood of the animal, baptizes him in the orthodox fashion, and thus makes him free of the forest. It is, as will be seen in the sequel, no slight matter to bring down the monarch of the forest; endurance, cunning, nerve, determination, and strength of body and mind are all required in the performance of the task. Of all the hundred stags which were afterwards slain by his prowess, the first that fell to St. John's gun was enshrined in his memory as the best, and the doing of that deed of blood is narrated by him in a very spirited fashion.

To illustrate the views which different men entertain of deer-

stalking, we shall give brief extracts from two letters never before printed, addressed, curiously enough, to the same person, by two gentlemen who a few years ago took part in the sport for the first time.

One of the gentlemen writes : ‘ Deer-stalking is precious hard work ; too hard for me, I assure you ; besides, there is nothing in it, so I have cut it for ever, and will in future be contented with ten days’ or a fortnight’s grouse killing, previous to taking three weeks among my turnips and stubbles. We had our first stalk on Monday. Old Sandy McAuslan had us up at daybreak, and after breakfast we started. I made a first-rate breakfast, and did ample justice to one plateful of cold salmon and another of sheep’s-head pie, both capital, and forming a first-rate foundation for the day’s work. We began our march about seven o’clock, and in the course of an hour our ponies had carried us nearly six miles and a half from the castle. Now commenced the real business of the day, and to me it was altogether distasteful, as I do not think the game is worth the candle. Some of them seemed to like it though, Burton particularly : he was enraptured with what he called the poetry of the scene, singing an occasional verse, the burden of which was always “ This day a stag must die.” I saw the mist floating on the mountain top, but as the Gods have not made me poetical, I only saw the mist, and nothing more ; I am unfortunately not one of the elect who find sermons in stones, and good in everything. Our walk, or stalk—sometimes it was a trot, sometimes a gallop ; it continually varied—was unmercifully fatiguing ; first of all, we climbed about three or four hundred feet of a hill, and then, after a painful procession of nearly a mile, zig-zagging up and down the mountain-side, among jagged rocks and mighty stones, we had to wade in what McAuslan called “ a bit burn ; ” it was, however, so full of water that it almost came over our wellingtons—most uncomfortable, I assure you. As we were coming out of the water a distant horn was seen projecting from behind a rock : in a moment, at a wave of Sandy’s hand, we were all down flat in the wet moss, and were made to crawl on our bellies to the shelter of a few scraggy birch-trees. By the time we got there the beast had “ sniffed our wind,” as Sandy said, and was off. There was only one at hand. It was devilish annoying, but there was no help for it ; and once more march was the word, under the shelter of a series of crags that extended for about half a mile, and on the other side of which we were all assured by McAuslan there would be some beasts. So it proved, but no man was yet allowed to fire. Back again, so as to get at them another way, and thus we had another long crawl, even as the serpent crawleth, but at length we came right upon the deer. I happened to laugh, however, at the odd appearance of Burton’s unmentionables—he had been sitting in a mossy place, and his breeches were all over green mud. The deer, hearing the unwonted sounds, were off at a gallop, round to

‘ the other side of the crag. Everybody was of course disgusted, and we had all the work to do over again. However, we were fortunate enough in the long run, fortified by a few drams, to get within gun-shot; crack! crack! crack! went three guns, and one of three stags we had marked out fell at once, and to my gun, by all that’s wonderful! Another came on his knees, and by-and-by fell an easy prey to a second shot; the second one got out of sight for a little, but was afterwards taken by the dogs and despatched with a knife. Sandy, as soon as he put the knife in my deer, threw some blood over my face; I felt offended at such a freedom, but it seems it is a way they have on such occasions, so I pocketed the affront, and paid a sovereign besides. I was heartily glad to get back to the Castle about seven o’clock, when I felt endowed with the appetite of an ogre. Happily there was an excellent dinner—grouse soup, salmon, braised turkey, blackcock, and a good dessert!’

The other correspondent writes as follows: ‘ Congratulate me, dear Belford! I have been baptized with blood; I have brought down my first stag! It was a glorious affair—a red-letter day to me: when I found I had hit the animal, I could scarcely believe my eyes; but as I saw it stagger and fall, and then rise, I felt sure it was wounded, although perhaps not mortally. However, if you will bear with me, I shall give you the history of the day a little in detail, as you know the occurrence of this event fulfils one of my ambitions. After returning from church on Sunday afternoon, we held a council of war and resolved upon a stalk next morning. By sunrise I was astir, and, after enjoying a plunge in the Maiden’s Pool, was ready to start. Too excited to eat much breakfast, I was on horseback and off with one of the ghillies, and fully half a mile ahead before the main cavalcade came from out the castle yard. We were seven in all, stalkers and “foresters bold,” with two boys to take back the ponies from the Silver Well, at which place the stalk was to commence. As we jogged along, in all the bliss of solitude, the mist which played on the hill-tops was assuming fantastic forms; I saw in these pictures of nature a noble hart as he was being pulled down by three fierce deer-hounds; giant horses with pigmy riders ran a Derby along the mountain sides; troops of cavalry deployed, and marine animals of mammoth form floated past on the vaporous background; anon the sun dispersed the watery gloom, and one solitary sublime-looking rocky peak—a Teneriffe of the Highlands—hidden just a moment ago from my view by an impenetrable veil, burst on the sight standing alone before the eye, revealed to it by the magic of nature. Another moment or two passed, and by a breath of wind, the whole phantasmagoria of the scene was blown away for ever. The heather bells were encased in crystalline dew globes, and the cries of some birds lent animation to the scene as we trotted along by the side of a brawling Highland streamlet, with a wealth of heather on either side, where we

' had often found a few brace of grouse. I thought of Balma-whapple's song :—

" If up a bonny black-cock should spring,
To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing
And strap him on to my lunzie string,
Right seldom would I fail."

" Halt!" shouted the Doctor, as at length we arrived at the little clump of birches which shade the Silver Well: " we cannot take the ponies through the pass, and may as well send them home at once. Come up, Angus, between five and six to Craig Derig, and bring two other ponies with you; we shall want them," said the cunning son of Esculapius. Now began, in earnest, our day's work. The wind unfortunately was with us, which vexed Sandy considerably, and caused him to take a long roundabout, over a mile, walking, or rather scrambling, on the brow of a rugged hill with projecting rocks, fast and loose, in great plenty, not to speak of a few almost impassable ruts in the side of the mountain caused by the rains and snows of winter swelling the little rills that trickled down its sides into an occasional torrent. I felt no fatigue, however; I was determined to earn a reputation as a deer-stalker, and besides I enjoyed the vast and terrible solitude of the miles upon miles of moors and mountains that were around me as well as the intoxicating atmosphere, and I beheld a series of views that would have made the fortune of any painter who could have successfully transferred them to canvas: in the foreground was a brawling mountain stream overhung with all the wild greenery of nature, and in the immediate distance receding away into a far perspective a vast series of sun-tinted mountain tops; far behind were stretches of moor-ground, desolate miles of grouse-breeding heather.

" As you are well aware, Belford, the labour of deer-stalking is, for a novice, very considerable, demanding great muscular exertion and much power of prolonged endurance, as well as a cool head and a firm hand, but I was able to stand it very well. At one place we crossed a stream of some breadth, the water of which reached to our waists. I took off boots and breeches and got over very well. At another place we had to creep for three-quarters of a mile along the channel of a mossy rivulet, the bed of which was more damp than dry, then after emerging and sighting a noble hart, which, becoming alarmed, fled, we had to climb and cross the end of a range of hills from which Sandy, taking a careful sweep with his master's glass, a powerful Dollond, obtained a glimpse of some distant antlers. This put us all in such good spirits, that by order of the Doctor we halted in order to splice the main brace, and Sandy was at once rewarded with a quaich full of " Long John" for his discovery. Extraordinary caution was now imposed on all, and after a long passage in the rugged bed of a streamlet, during which, to save our feet from being cut by the sharp stones we were obliged to keep on our boots, we emerged at the end of a crag, near which

‘ in a lovely valley Sandy got his glass on several fine stags, three in particular being singled out by the Doctor as worthy of falling to our guns. An unfortunate burst of hearty but unreasonable laughter on the part of young Mr. Baillie sent the herd away round at a fine gallop to the other side of the crag, thus undoing for the moment all our labour. It was mortifying in the extreme, and I believe if I understood the Gaelic language, I would have become acquainted with some of the strange oaths which fell thick and fast from Sandy, who was red with rage and jumping sky high. After our mortification had been drowned in a “wee drappie,” “Turn again, Whittington” became the order of the day. There was no alternative, for by this time it was about one o’clock, and back again we came, hoping to find the same little herd of deer in some heather which we had passed an hour before. Great caution required now to be observed, and it was very slow work indeed. We trod our way through a slit in the crag, and, wending our way up another of the innumerable waterways, we were able to creep behind a series of projecting masses of rock unobserved. This work filled up another hour. In order that we might all get into good humour again and have time to steady our nerves, the Doctor gave the word for us to take luncheon; it was a slight affair, and did not occupy over ten minutes. A council of war was then held, and Sandy was deputed to mount the rocks and take an observation. Silent as fate, Sandy, with all the agility of a boy, and with a celerity that was wonderful for a man who had seen sixty-three summers, worked his way up the masses of stone, and, crawling along on all fours to a point of vantage, we soon knew by the convulsive way in which he was working one of his arms that he had found the deer. “But they canna be got at very weel frae here, sir,” said Sandy to Doctor Bulwer, when he rejoined us; “we maun gang roond to yon ither crag, and then we will have them at oor mercy.” “So be it then,” whispered the Doctor, for none dared to speak above his breath. Another toilsome half-hour was expended in reaching the base of our new operations. After a very welcome nip of “Long John” the order of battle was arranged. During all these palavers and reconnoitrings the dogs were most impatient, looking as if they smelt blood. We arranged that Allister Beg and the Doctor, with the two dogs, should go half a mile round to be at the open ground in case any one failed to bring down his prey. Baillie, it was arranged, should fire first, I was to have the second stag, and Sir John the third; but at the supreme moment Sir John and I changed places. It took us fully three-quarters of an hour to work up to a favourable spot: I was breathless, flushed, and intensely excited, as you may well suppose. We dared not speak or even whisper. Sandy played the tyrant to perfection, gesticulating, and working his arms like a semaphore. After a good deal of dumb show he got us at length into position, and then kept us all at rest for a few minutes, that we might recover our breath and steady our nerves. We were lying flat some of us; as

' for myself I was huddled up behind a fragment of the rock, commanding my beast very perfectly ; Sandy giving us a meaning look as if to say "Be ready," seized a bit of loose rock and hurled it down the mountain-side, on which it rattled from crag to crag with sufficient noise to startle the herd : in a moment the deer were flying. I saw one of them fall dead and another come to his knees, but my beast only staggered a little, and moved off at a rapid pace, apparently unhurt. Before I could reach the level ground I saw the two dogs turning him, and the Doctor, reaching me by a short cut, handed me his gun, and in a second after he lay dead, just as he was about to leap over a burn. The second deer was ultimately brought to bay by the dogs and killed by Sir John, I think, but I was too excited to notice who did the deed. Sandy was now in the best of humours, dancing steps of the Highland fling, singing snatches of "Allister McAllister," and delighted with the "white puddins" and fleshy flanks of the animal he was busy gralloching. A libation honoured the occasion, and Sandy, when he sprinkled me with the blood of the slain animal, said, I had done better than he thought I would ; "that second "shot o' yours was as clean a shot, sir, as ever I saw," said the old forester, as he solemnly dabbed my forehead with more blood. I am itching for another opportunity—another stalk, when I am sure I will do better. In the meantime I am greatly flattered—to kill a deer on your first time out is, so they tell me, excellent form.'

These extracts—they have, however, required a little 'editing'—must just be taken for what they are worth ; they show at least, in an outspoken fashion, the enormous labour involved in killing deer in orthodox manner ; but we have never yet read a description of deer-stalking, not even by St. John, or by that Nestor of British sportsmen, Colquhoun, which in our opinion did justice to the sport, or that accurately portrayed the labour, nerve, and judgment required by a good stalker ; there are so many minute circumstances to record that might prove tedious in print. It need scarcely be mentioned, we dare say, that some obtain an easy stalk, whilst others may follow the track for a long day, and then have no story of victory to relate. Mr. Fox-Maule, better known as Lord Dalhousie, if our memory does not fail us, took over forty hours to stalk and kill 'Grandfather,' a well-known stag of his district, which, speaking figuratively, had for six or seven years laughed at all who tried to shoot him ; and the late Lord John Russell, while attending Her Majesty at Balmoral, is said to have signalled his début as a deer-stalker while on a visit to Sir Alexander Duff, at Corriemulzie, by shooting a well-known but 'very old-fashioned' hart, which had for several years defied the prowess of local deer-stalkers. Probably the feat of the then Prime Minister was exaggerated, but formed a subject of talk at the time. In many parts of the Scottish Highlands there are known to be traditionary deer that have been stalked at intervals during seven or eight years : one of these is described in St. John's book as 'the

'Muckle Hart of Benmore,' which, after six days' pursuit, was at length brought down, falling a prey to the prowess of the author.

The enormous amount of fatigue sometimes undergone by deer-stalkers, the distances which they traverse, and the corporeal powers which they exercise with such patience and determination, cannot be easily described. There is another point on which most people are ignorant, and that is the vast extent of the deer forests of Scotland: they may be described in a word as illimitable, ranging from five to fifty thousand acres of varied hill and dale, of moor and mountain, of heath, and furze and fern, of loch and streamlet. A party may traverse some of the forests for a score of miles, and yet not reach the boundary mark. Most of them are vast solitudes where men not acquainted with the landmarks might wander and perish of the very loneliness which is their chief characteristics. Here and there may be found the solitary hut of some shepherd, or the lair of a couple of poachers, or the manufactory of an illicit distiller, but any of these persons will afford hospitality to the benighted deer-stalker who may have, in his ardent pursuit of sport, to pass a night on the moors. The large sums of money annually paid by way of sporting rental for some of the deer-forests of Scotland has been previously referred to in the pages of 'Baily.' Her Majesty the Queen, to afford sport to her friends, pays 1500*l.* a year for the shootings of Ballochbuie; Mr. Brooks, the banker and Member of Parliament, takes his recreation in Glen Tanar at a cost, for rent alone, of 1846*l.*; the Earl of Dudley pays 4470*l.* a year for the Blackmount shootings; Caanlochan, in Forfarshire, brings a rent of 1142*l.*, whilst for Invermark double that sum is paid. In the wilds of Inverness-shire there are deer-forests ranging in rent from a thousand pounds a year to seven times that amount. It has been calculated that every stag shot in the deer-forests of Scotland costs the lessee or proprietor of the forest a sum of 50*l.* We can well believe and understand that it does so. The gallant sportsmen who devote their days and nights to deer-stalking are not mercenary; there is no market for their prey, as in the case of the grouse—that is, none to speak of. Red-deer venison does not sell very readily either in Scotland or England, and the price given for it by dealers is, we may state, about seven shillings per stone. Fallow-deer venison sells much better. In the beginning of May the salesmen of Leadenhall Market will sometimes obtain from four to five guineas for a haunch of a *spardled* or cut buck. The best fallow-deer in Scotland are bred at Haddo House, where Lord Aberdeen's foresters have brought them to great perfection. A herd of cut bucks is always kept on hand. His grace the Duke of Montrose and the Lord of Luss also keep a good herd on the islands of Lochlomond, but we fear the breeding is not much attended to in that quarter. The Duke of Hamilton's deer are never sent to market, which is to be regretted, as a regular thinning down of the herd would be advantageous: we have heard it said that the Hamilton breed is degenerating, and would require an infusion of new blood. Shooting

deer in the home preserves is not 'sport' in the same sense as deer-stalking in the trackless forests of the Scottish Highlands, surrounded with all the grandeur of savage scenery, which casts altogether into the shade 'the tame and hedge-bound pleasures of the home deer-park.' As compared with tracking and shooting a hart in the lonely Highland wilds, shooting fallow-deer is like killing chickens in a farmyard instead of shooting woodcock where woodcock can be shot.

We had intended in this paper to describe the natural history and habits of the deer at some length, more especially as they can be studied in the forests of Atholl, where they are numerous and of fine quality, weighing from twelve to thirty stones. It would take up too much space, however, to tell all we know of the deer, as the natural history of these animals is sufficiently interesting to be discussed in a separate article. Meantime we beg to present the reader with an extract from a poem on the subject by no less a personage than the premier of this great country—the Earl of Beaconsfield! It is an improvement of a translation from Duncan Ban Macintyre, the Gaelic poet, and if we are not mistaken, appeared originally in the paper which was edited by the late amiable and learned Doctor Carruthers, the *Inverness Courier*.

'And, lo! along the forest glade
From out yon ancient pine woods' shade—
Proud in their ruddy robes of state,
The new-born boon of spring,
With antlered head and eye elate
And feet that scarcely fling
A shadow on the downy grass,
That breathes its fragrance as they pass,—
Troop forth the regal deer:
Each stately hart, each slender hind,
Stares and snuffs the desert wind;
While by their side confiding roves
The spring-born offspring of their loves—
The delicate and playful fawn,
Dappled like the rosy dawn,
And sportive in its fear!
The mountain is thy mother,
Thou wild secluded race;
Thou hast no sire, or brother
That watches with a face
Of half such fondness in thy life
Of blended solitude and strife
As yon high majestic form
That feeds thee on its grassy breast.'

So much has been said of late in the pages of 'Baily' about grouse, that it seems unnecessary to return to the subject, but we may just say that we do not find, on examining the pages of St. John, any solution of many questions connected with the economy of our grouse moors which it is desirable to have explicated. Who can tell us how many of those rich brown game-like eggs a grouse can lay in the course of a season? No one! We have plodded over

long stretches of heather at various times, with the view of finding out whether or not grouse breed oftener than once a year ; but we have not yet solved the problem. It is no use disguising the fact, or in writing of sporting matters to pretend to have a knowledge of what most men are in ignorance of, and we have asked the question of innumerable sportsmen and gamekeepers—‘Do grouse only sit ‘once a season?’ and none of them have answered us in a way other than we had foreseen ; they did not know. The astonishing way in which the moors become more populous than ever after they have been harried by over-shooting, or rendered barren by disease, is one of the things which we have never been properly able to elucidate.

That ‘proud bird of the mountain,’ the eagle, has now become scarce in Scotland. It is a sight one remembers, to see an eagle. Some years ago, in Caithness, we remember seeing one ; making the fourth we had seen. It was at a great height when we first observed it, a mere speck, seen by accident, and only proved to be an eagle by looking at it through a friend’s glass. It was flying fast, evidently to the mountains of Sutherland. So far as we have studied the habits of the animal, or know about it from friends who have studied its habits, it is a peculiar bird that at certain times may be captured and made prisoner by the hand of a mere boy. A shepherd of Caithness-shire told the writer that his son had seized and brought home an eagle as it stood, or rather staggered about, gorged, over the carcass of a dead sheep, of which it had eaten too heartily, as is the wont of the bird when it has had no food for some days. St. John relates a similar experience : ‘On one occasion,’ he says, ‘a curious kind of character, who acted the part of hanger-on to me ‘in my deer-shooting excursions, brought home an eagle which he ‘had killed with his stick before it could rise from the ground.’ The eagle is an enormously powerful bird on the wing, and to see him swoop down upon a mountain hare, and then rise majestically with the crushed animal in his talons, as if it were a field mouse, is a sight that can never be forgotten. Mr. St. John seems to us to have been fonder of being among the birds than the beasts, if we may venture to use such an Irish expression. From the ‘lord ‘of the clouds’ to the humble wood-pigeon, he was familiar with them all ; they all in turn became his victims. There are in Scotland a very large number of birds which afford good sport, other than the game birds with which all sportsmen are familiar. Great, although somewhat tame, sport can be obtained at the island of ‘lone ‘St. Kilda’ and its adjoining stacks, far off in the ‘melancholy main,’ where there are countless multitudes of sea-fowl that become in their season the prey of the islander. There is not, however, any royal road to St. Kilda. It is out of the beaten path of trading vessels, neither does it contain any hotel in which a sportsman could rest the sole of his foot were he to visit the place ; but there are many spots on the coast of Scotland where wild-fowl shooting may be enjoyed. Mr. Colquhoun, in his charming volumes of ‘The Moor and the Loch,’ recently issued, gives a most graphic account of the shooting which

may be enjoyed in the Frith of Forth. Mr. St. John describes some of the many birds to be found in Scotland in a fashion which is charmingly natural, and moreover in a way that could only be done by a person quite familiar with the subject. His account of the peewits is extremely interesting, as is also his dealings with the wild geese and the wild ducks. Here is one little passage we have selected, by way of showing those who are not familiar with St. John's writings how he describes what he knows :

'I have frequently caught and brought home young wild ducks. If confined in a yard or elsewhere for a week or two with tame birds, they strike up a companionship which keeps them from wandering when set at liberty. Some three years back I brought home three young wild ducks ; two of them turned out to be drakes. I sent away my tame drakes, and, in consequence, the next season had a large family of half-bred and whole wild ducks, as the tame and wild bred together quite freely. The wild ducks which have been caught are the tamest of all. Throwing off all their natural shyness, they follow their feeder, and will eat corn out of the hand of any person with whom they are acquainted. The half-bred birds are sometimes pinioned, as they are inclined to fly away for the purpose of making their nests at a distance. At other times they never attempt to leave the field in front of the house. A pair or two always breed in the flower garden. They appear to have a great *penchant* for forming their nests in certain flower-beds, and they are allowed to have their own way in this respect, as their elegant and high-bred appearance interests even the gardener, enemy as he is to all intruders on his favourite flowers.'

A hundred similar extracts might be culled from the pages of Mr. St. John's book, and still leave another hundred equally interesting. 'Take "The Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands," a copy of which John Murray has just sent me, as the text for a good article for my February number,' writes the Editor of 'Baily,' and we have done so, but whether or not the article is a *good* one must be left to the judgment of the reader. It seemed better to us that one particular sport should be dwelt upon at some length than that a few brief notices of many sports should be given ; hence in the preceding pages we have said most about deer-stalking, or at any rate we have got two men to give us their first impressions of the sport. What Mr. St. John says about fish and fishing we reluctantly pass over in the meantime, having a few remarks of our own in preparation on the subject of 'The Salmon as an Angler's Fish,' which will enable us also to say something about the great lake trout of Scotland. In conclusion, we heartily commend Mr. St. John's book to all sportsmen. The veteran will read it, and in its pages fight his battles over again, whilst the novice who carefully studies it will not require any other Mentor. There is now a literature of sport, among which the 'Wild Sports of the Highlands' stands out as a classic.

GLEANINGS FROM THE GRASS.

THE FIRST HALF OF THE SEASON.

It is not very often that we see such a commencement to the hunting season as has been experienced in the autumn of 1878, and we very much doubt if that mysterious person the oldest inhabitant can recollect snow during the initiatory process of cub-hunting. Those who were early at their hunting quarters had, however, a foretaste of what was to come even before the 1st of November had arrived, and they were sent on one occasion shivering home from a morning with the Pytchley at a time when we rather look for genial sunshine than hard weather.

The first thing to be noticed in connection with the chase is the retirement of Lord Spencer from the Pytchley, after a Mastership of three seasons, which was eminently successful, and his being succeeded by Mr. Herbert Langham of Cottesbrooke. Lord Spencer, however, has not resigned the horn entirely, and is hunting the Woodlands two days a week from Brigstock, with Tom Goddard, who was first whip to the Pytchley, to act as kennel huntsman and turn them to him. When the hounds were divided his lordship had the big lot, and left the middle-sized and small ones to work the open with Goodall, who still retains his old post at Brixworth, Charles Isaac, who was last season second whip, taking Goddard's place, and his brother John taking his. We have heard but little about the doings in the Woodlands, but know that they had one capital day in November, running their fox into the Fitzwilliam country and killing him. Only half a dozen really saw this run all through, and amongst them were the Hon. Robert Spencer and the Earl of Yarborough, who had come over from Cambridge with some other undergraduates for the day, and in consequence returned highly delighted with the sport they had seen. The regular Pytchley pack did well in the cub-hunting, the entry taking very kindly to their work, but, like many other packs, have suffered somewhat from a want of scent during the early part of the season, though we must admit that there have been some brilliant exceptions to this rule, which we shall presently have to notice. Smaller fields than we are generally accustomed to have been at the fixtures, and, consequently, things were more in the hounds' favour; though with the going from the commencement as good as it is likely to be at any part of the season, it is strange that so many have been late in reaching their hunting quarters. There was, however, certainly one drawback, for, well as the ground rode, the fences were blind enough for June, and in consequence those who essayed to go straight got quite an average share of croppers, though, so far, we have not heard of any very serious damage having been done. Amongst those who hunt from Rugby we have missed a few familiar faces, and we are sorry to say that Colonel Fitzroy has been very seldom seen

at the covert-side so far, and his cheery greeting and ever-ready joke are much missed. Captain Pritchard-Rayner of Dunchurch Hall, has been very little amongst us, and Mrs. Pritchard-Rayner came later than usual, though her sister, Mrs. Upperton, was out very soon after regular hunting commenced. Mr. Muntz of Birdingbury Hall, true to his traditions, was one of the earliest to get to work; and the welter division are always well represented in the front, when he is out. Mr. Wedge of Stretton-on-Dunsmore, forms an equally good advanced guard for the light weights on most occasions; and, whether it is getting out over a big piece of timber in a corner, or having a fly at the brooks which abound (some say, so unpleasantly) in these parts, seems equally at home and equally happy. Mr. Shoolbred did not arrive at his quarters until a week or so of the season had passed away, and Mr. Cameron was still later before he showed us once more what his wonderful pony Tommy Dod could do in one of the strongest countries in England. We have often looked at him with wonder and amazement, and—although it is true he is as near thoroughbred as can be (being by Dick Turpin, a west-country steeplechaser) and as much the shape of a Liverpool winner himself as possible—asked ourselves, how it was possible an animal just fourteen hands in height could do what he does, in a country where a horse under sixteen hands is thought quite small for a hunter. Mr. W. N. Heysham was early at his old quarters at The George, after doing a little bit of currant jelly with his old friend Mr. James Dear, in the neighbourhood of Winchester; and Mr. James Sheil lost no chance of getting out when hounds commenced; Mr. Walmisley, Mr. A. Schwabe, and Mr. W. Selby have also been staying at The George. Captain Hunter was another of those who took time by the forelock; and Count Almasy was—unless memory deceives us—present when the campaign was opened at Misterton on this side of the country. Mr. Charles Rome also has been at Rugby with some very good horses, and will, we hear, return to Australia at the end of the season. Mr. Augustus de Trafford was also soon enough to enjoy the few weeks' sport the weather allowed us before the "setting-in" of the frost. Captain Sapte also has been generally to be seen, and, we fear, has more than once had his usual luck and picked up small portions of the estate over which he was riding. Mr. Pennington has been with us less often than heretofore, and Mr. Bolden has not hunted at all; but Mr. Anthony Benn, and his brother, the Rev. William Benn, have both made the most of their chances. Captain Frank Osborne came for a short time and then sold his stud, and returned to Australia. Among those residing in the town we must not omit Captain and Mrs. Unett. Mr. Greaves of Newbold also hunts whenever he can. We have not seen much of Mr. Boughton Leigh of Brownsover, so far; but the Earl of Denbigh has been out a few times, as has his son Lord Feilding. And there are some real good foxes in the coverts at Newham Paddox this season, that go straight away, and only want a spell of good scent—which has so far been wanting—to ensure

some good sport to the Atherstone on this side of the country. Captain and Lady Evelyn Riddell have been as regular as usual, and have taken Coton House, and so we may reckon on a good time for the foxes there as long as the tenancy lasts. Count and Countess Stockau are still at Catthorpe, and the Countess goes harder than ever, having on one or two occasions particularly distinguished herself this season, once from Braunston Gorse, and on another occasion from Hillmorton Covert, when she was the only lady who charged the Clifton brook, which she got well over right in the front flight. Miss Davy is still at Newton, and as regular at the covert-side as ever. Mr. Marriott, at Cotesbatch, the High Sheriff for Leicestershire, looks as well after the foxes as ever; and Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie-Stainton come out from Bitteswell; but, alas! we have lost that fine old sportsman Mr. St. John, who is now hunting with the Vine; but rumour says we may expect to see him back before the end of the season. Mr. Watson of the Hill, Lutterworth, is as keen as ever, and very energetic in canvassing for subscriptions to the Atherstone poultry fund, which has proved so beneficial and which is worthy of all support, and his son promises to be as keen as his father. Mr. Hazlehurst hunts as usual, has plenty of foxes at Misterton and Shawell Wood; and Major Pearson of Lutterworth sticks to the chase, and still brings out his daughters, to—as Solomon would have said—‘train them up in the way they should go.’

Stanford Hall and the Hemploe continue chosen resorts of the vulpine race, though we shall always look back with regret to the time when Mr. Topham was at the latter place, and solaced many a weary sportsman and tired horse by the hospitality which he dispensed. At Watford, Lord Henley and his son the Hon. Frederick Henley came out as usual, but the new line of rails in progress of construction interferes a good deal with sport in the immediate neighbourhood. Going to the other side of the country we may say that Mr. Craven has been very regular, but Mrs. Craven has, we fancy, so far not hunted so often as usual. Captain Garrett of Braunston began as soon as there was a chance, and Mr. Rhodes’s face has seldom been missed at the fixture, and he is often accompanied by his daughter. Mr. Close also has been regular, and Colonel Sarsfield Greene—than whom no one in England goes harder—came back amongst us after an absence of a year or two. Major Tempest has migrated into Lincolnshire, but Mr. Walker, who has regularly taken up his abode in Weedon, is as regular as the hounds themselves.

Let us now turn to the sport that has been shown in the more immediate neighbourhood of Rugby before going farther afield; and although perhaps there has been an average of fun, we cannot say that there is anything exceptionally brilliant to record. Perhaps it will not be amiss if we go so far back in the Pytchley annals as Friday, October 25th, when they met at Holdenby House, and there was rather a large field out for the time of year, though not so many as we have seen. All were of course pleased to meet Lord

Spencer, although he has left the open for the Woodlands. Another well-known face a few years ago, although he has not been seen out lately, was that of Mr. Richard Bevan, who, when we first went into the Pytchley country, was pointed out to us as the hardest of hard-riding men, and of whom it has been asserted that he would *ride away* from hounds to jump a big bit of timber. He has been lost to the field for ten years or thereabouts now, but came out again and appeared to go as hard and enjoy himself as much as ever. Captain Becher, whose face was familiar to us two or three seasons back, was also out. Not much was done in the morning, but in the covert called Sanders Gorse, from the good and true-hearted yeoman who looks so well after it, Harry Sanders of Brampton Hill, there were two nice gallops one to Broughton, when the hounds were stopped from entering the covert from good and sufficient reasons, and then a capital gallop of fifty minutes, first by the side of the river by Hampton and through Harlestone Heath, back by Mr. John Wood's and Brampton, once more across the river, and ending with a kill in the open—a very merry and enjoyable spin for October. On the 30th, little was done from Yelvertoft until late in the day, when they found an old fox in Firetail, who took a circle round by Winwick warren to Guilsborough, and thence back to Winwick, where, as it had been a tiring day both for horses and hounds, they were stopped.

On Friday, November 1st, we must record a really good hunting run from Blue Covert, being over some of the best country in that neighbourhood. A very meritorious day for hounds and huntsman, as, notwithstanding that their fox was at times a long distance in front of them, they managed to bring him to book in Harlestone Heath.

On Wednesday, November 6th, the Pytchley virtually opened proceedings on the Rugby side; as usual, at Misterton, where there were lots of foxes, but perhaps not so large a field as we usually expect to see here. Goodall had a large number of young ones in the lot he brought to covert, and told us with justifiable pride that he could trust them every one. There was little done in the morning, though a short spin towards Bitteswell brought a good many to grief. We then found again at Misterton in the reeds, and had a hunting run, going by Walcot and Daniel's covert towards Gilmorton, thence away back towards Caldecott Spinney, beyond which this fox or another jumped up before them out of a hedgerow, and they began to run harder, going by Botany Bay and Swinford Corner to Mr. Tom Gilbert's house, thence to Catthorpe, and turning back ran like wildfire up to Swinford old covert, where they left him. The country very blind, and men falling about in all directions.

On Thursday, November 7th, the North Warwickshire were at Dunchurch, but nothing was done worth recording, save that towards the end of the day Wheatley got a nasty fall and broke his ribs.

On Saturday, the 9th, those who live on the Warwickshire side,
VOL. XXXIII.—NO. 228.

and were lucky enough to meet that pack at Lighthorne village, had a clipping good run for their trouble, in fact, such an one as perhaps they may not see again during the whole of the season. They found in Lighthorne Rough, from which a real good fox went away. In fact, we may almost say in the words of poor Lindsey Gordon—

'I remember how merry a start we got
When the red fox broke from the gorse,
In a country so deep, with a scent so hot
That the hound could outpace the horse.

I remember how few in the front rank showed,
How endless appeared the tail,
On the brown hillside, where we crossed the road,
And headed towards the Vale.'

It is true there was no brown hillside in the matter, but a very fine grass vale which the hounds literally raced over as hard as they could go up to Bawcott, a twenty minutes, which allowed of very few being near them; and Orvis, Mr. Muntz, and Lord Willoughby were well-nigh alone in their glory. From Bawcott the hounds were away again almost as soon as they were in it, and ran on to the Burton hills, which a very good welter weight says ought to be levelled, and the waters being out, hounds had it very much their own way, as it was impossible to ride to them, but the way they hunted by themselves was simply beautiful. Afterwards they went on more slowly in the direction of Edgecot, but altogether it was such a gallop as is not seen many times in a season.

On Wednesday, the 13th, a rather small field met the Pytchley at Lilbourne, and it was some considerable time before a fox could be induced to leave that snug little covert. When he did make up his mind, he crossed Mr. Bromfield's big field and over the road by the church into the grand pastures which lead from Lilbourne to Stanford Hall and the Hemploe, in which doubles abound, and if the line lies right away to the right for Clay Cotton, as it did on this occasion, the way is by no means made straight by the aid of gates. Luckily for many, there was scarcely a holding scent even, so that the hounds had to literally work for the line, which was over the Yelvertoft road, across another stiff bit to Crick covert. Here they hung a little, but were soon going again, across the Northampton road and to the right of Crick village for Watford gap, thence across another intricate line which brought many down, to Watford covert, which was scarcely touched, but making a kind of half circle to the right so as to bring the Long Buckby brook into the line below Mr. Percival's house (which caused no end of confusion and amusement) to Vanderplanks, where they again hung a little, but finally forced him out and away to the village of Long Buckby, where, after a little dodging about, he was killed in a hovel. This was certainly a slow run, but as regards merit in hounds and huntsman it was well worthy of record, for the scent scarcely enabled them to run at any pace for two fields together. Of course, we may have changed foxes either at Crick or Vanderplanks,

and some were of opinion that we did so, but he was viewed several times in the village, so tired before he was killed, that it seems to point to its having been the same fox before us throughout, for it is certain that had there been a change, the pace was not fast enough to reduce him to the tired condition he was in.

The next day of note on this side was November 16, when the Pytchley met at Welton Place. There was nothing done until Braunston Gorse was reached, and here they drew so long that one and all began to think this famous covert would also prove blank. Goodall, however, was hopeful, and took especial pains to try and get a fox on his legs; and, just as Mr. Langham was about to give the order to go elsewhere, he succeeded, for a holloa was heard on the hill. Still there was no scent in covert, and, by the doleful way hounds walked after their fox, there appeared little chance of the brilliant gallop that was to follow—in fact, there seemed little chance for a time of forcing a fox away at all. However, they managed to wake up another who did not want so much persuasion, but broke right in the teeth of a large body of foot-people, who not only only holloaed at him, but pelted him with anything that came to hand; however, away he went, and the pack settled down to go after him much quicker than might have been expected from the state of excitement both infantry and cavalry was in, and ran fast along the hill towards Staverton to a small covert; they then turned across the bridle road from Braunston to Staverton, into which there was a regular rasper to be negotiated—a very high, strong fence and broad ditch, which some half-dozen of the leading division got well over, but the second whip, the younger Isaac, came down a cracker at it; however, he took matters very coolly, merely remarking to his horse, ‘That’s the way you do it, is it?’ and was soon in the thick of the fun again—so much for young blood. The pace now became tremendous, and hounds had quite the best of it up to Shuckborough, where an earth being open he went to ground in the hill, thus ending a capital gallop. No one went better throughout than the Countess Stockau; and Mr. Muntz, Mr. Foster, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Wedge, Colonel Sarsfield Greene, Captain Riddell, Mr. Langham, Mr. Craven, and Mr. Butlin were all forward. On Wednesday, November 26, they had a fairish run from Kilworth Sticks, but the fog was so thick that no one could see where they went to.

On Thursday, 21st, the North Warwickshire went for the first time to Hillmorton Covert, where many came from all parts to meet them; Captain Middleton, Mr. Baird, and Mr. Harter having a special train from Melton. Leamington sent eighteen horse-boxes; Coventry four, Birmingham one, and Nuneaton one. Mr. Lant carried the horn, as Wheatley was not sufficiently recovered to be able to get into the saddle, though he came with the hounds. There was not much done, the field and foot people being so disorderly that the covert was completely surrounded. One fox was run to the new railway and back; another took four couple of hounds a merry spin nearly to Lilbourne, before Walter Dale, the second Whip,

and Mr. George Gee, the only persons with them, could get to their heads and stop them; and then we all assembled at the covert once more; the result being a merry little gallop up to Clifton village, with a kill there, taking us over the famed Clifton brook. Mr. Wedge, on his famous grey Magic, was the first to have a shy at it, and got well over, and then Mr. John Parnell, on a strange horse, Mr. Muntz, Captain Riddell, Captain Middleton, Captain Atkinson, Mr. Sheil, Mr. Wilkinson, and others, also got to the other side safely. We have some ladies out here who go pretty straight and well, but the Countess Stockau was the only one who faced the water; this she did in right resolute style, and got well over. There was nothing else worth recording, except that Mr. Chirnside's covert, for a wonder, was not drawn blank. We may pass over the rest of the doings until the Warwickshire meeting at Shuckborough, on November 28th, is reached; and there little was done all the morning save dodge about, but in the afternoon we had a fine gallop over a heavy rough country. They found in a spinney near Birdingbury Wharf, and going away he skirted Debdale and crossed the river, which the field fortunately got over by a ford; left Mr. Muntz's house on the left, and took them over the hill to Lester's Piece, where they killed him after running ten minutes in the covert, having had a little over twenty in the open.

On the 3rd of December the North Warwickshire had a good hunting run from the meet at Tile Hill, with an afternoon fox which they found in Chantrey Heath, where scent was bad, and he hung some time; then they ran him across Stoneleigh deer-park to Waverley Weston, and Cubbington Woods and Cubbington village, where he lay down and a long check ensued. Mr. Lant, however, got him up again, and, being closer at him, had another ten minutes and pulled him down in the open.

After this the frost set in, and there is nothing to record until the Pytchley came to Misterton on New Year's Day, where there was a large field, as every one was glad to get to work again after such a long time of forced inaction. Strange to say, they drew the coverts round Misterton blank, probably from foxes being at earth owing to the rough weather, as there is no better preserver or truer friend to the sport than Mr. Hazlehurst. Trotting on to Misterton-Old Gorse, they found very quickly, and away to Shawell wood; through it without hanging a moment, and into the heavy ploughs between Shawell and Swinford, where he took a half circle and came round again on to the fine grass country which stretches between Stanford Hall and Misterton; straight across this—hounds running so sweetly and so fast that the field was scattered in all directions, and few, if any, could boast of being on good terms with them. He bent a little for Walcot, and then turning, skirted and took their fox on behind North Kilworth House, where scent failed, and Goodall making a most extraordinary cast, took hold of his hounds and dropped as if by instinct on his fox in a hedgerow between North Kilworth House and North Kilworth village, where he crawled in completely

beaten, and thus put the finish to a capital run by killing him in the open. They then drew on blank until Stanford Hall was reached, where they found and thrust their fox as it were in the teeth of the wind, which had veered to north-east, across the grass towards Shawell Wood—a proceeding which he could not stand long, but turned above Swinford for Mr. Tom Gilbert's, and then over the steeplechase course for Shawell village, no doubt thinking to seek refuge in the well-known Sand Pits beyond it; but it proved unavailing, as they were stopped, so he turned as if for Lilbourne, and took them to Catthorpe Village, where they were close at him. But it is almost always ten to one on the fox if he reaches a village, as the over-anxiety of every one to help kill him generally proves a sad hindrance to the hounds; and so it was on this occasion, and although they ran him back towards Swinford, it was of no avail, and he beat them after a capital three-quarters of an hour up to Catthorpe. One gentleman got a bad fall in the early part of the first run, and Goodall a very ugly-looking cropper between Swinford and Shawell in the second, but he was not hurt fortunately, and leaving his own horse in the ditch head-downwards, went on with Mr. Gee's, who looked after the extrication of the unfortunate. This was a charming day's sport, and forms a pleasant oasis in the desert of frost and snow we have been called on to go through in December and January. The next day the ground was again white with snow, of which there was a heavy fall in the night, accompanied by a sharp frost. When the weather once more breaks, we hope to have gleanings of still better sport on the grass to lay before our readers.

PIKE-FISHING IN WINTER.

THE pike-fisher has a long season to himself. From July, or better still, August, to the last day of the season, which is now fixed by the Freshwater Fisheries Act at March 15, he may throw his spinning line or gorge bait. No other fish exhibits such opportunities for capture. Always voracious, and always, or nearly so, hungry, the pike presents the aspect of a quarry ever desirable to the sportsman if not to the gastronomist, and as a result perhaps pike-fishing is the most popular of piscine sports. I do not even except trout or grayling, much less the 'lordly salmon,' being convinced that in point of numbers more persons go jack-fishing with a real gusto—derived probably from almost invariable success—in one year, than for the other fishes named in five. Besides, almost any one can fish for pike because of the characteristics referred to of the fish; at least anybody can throw in a live bait and wait, if he cannot successfully cast a spinning or gorge bait or set a trimmer.

Of all seasons of the year in which to go pike-fishing, I prefer winter. I do not, of course, particularly admire a punt half filled with snow, nor a driving sleet, nor a deluging and cold rain, nor a

consequently wet skin, but a bright crisp morning, slightly frosty, such as one often should get in February, with a slight but sharp breeze ruffling the water into tiny waves, is the kind of weather in which pike-fishing is most enjoyable. The landscape surrounding the river or lake of our choice may not be so charming in its present undress, as in its dress of green and other spring clothing, nor are the bare branches of the trees of a particularly suggestive or poetical character. The solitary blackbird may indeed enliven the skeleton-like scene, and the lively robin may also contribute his quota of pleasant melody to the cheering of the dreariness, but, comprehensively speaking, all is 'stale, flat, and unprofitable,' and were it not for the normally sanguine temperament of the jack-fisher, his pursuit would be dull indeed. The following features, however, redeem it. Unless the lethargic live-baiting—which belongs not to the jack-fisher proper—be indulged in, incessant exertion is necessary to insure sport, not violent exertion truly, but sufficient to send the blood, oxygenised by the frosty air, coursing through each artery and vein with a pleasant swiftness which conduces to good temper and hilarity. Any little shortcoming of the weather, providing it be not too momentous, may be remedied by a timely application of good old *Spiritus Hordei Scotici*. Is this not so, good pike-fisher?

Whilst on the subject of pike weather I may be allowed a few observations as to the selection of a fitting day. My readers need not to be told that our winters—with the exception of the one through which we are passing—are exceedingly likely to be unseasonable, and the 'clerk of the weather' not seldom exhibits his capriciousness to an alarming extent. Apparently this was not the case when old Nobbes (the 'father' of trolling) wrote, and more ancient authors still, give directions for the angler's benefit as to the determination of fair and foul days for the pursuit of their aquatic prey. It is impossible for any modern prophet—be he angler or meteorologist proper—to do this with certainty; hence I only advise those interested in fishing to notice the simple fact, that in this connection—jack-fishing—it is eminently necessary to see that snow is not presaged by a dull, humid, cold atmosphere and murky sky, and it is equally necessary to avoid fishing if the wind blow in these winterly times from the north strongly or north-east. I never have had a good day's jack-fishing when the wind was in these quarters. Perhaps these two truths are worth notice. Another word also anent the state of the water, 'snow broth' is inimical to pike, a bright clear water in mid-winter is not desirable, but the golden mean, *in re* colour, is, water with a suspicion of real rain-colour. 'Snow broth' destroys the vigour of pike, a bright clear water with frost puts them too much on the alert; but a water with a slight colouring of land flood sharpens the appetite, and when you know where to find your fish, success is sure.

And, where to find pike under such circumstances, may well engage our attention next. I would say, if a river is in question, search each lagoon and eddy with the spinning-bait, and drop into

the shallower parts the gimp paternoster, or indeed, gorge bait. Work carefully from the shore in any case, and float down your punt (if you are aboard) circumspectly and quietly. Do not believe that as much noise as you like to make increases the chance of sport. This is a fallacy to which some old fishermen even now look with reverence in connection with pike. It is utterly wrong. Quietude is truly not so necessary with *Esox Lucius* as with trout or chub, but a certain balance of movement in a punt—seamen indicate my meaning by the term ‘sea legs,’ I believe—is highly necessary, and without it, though good sport ensue, the results are not satisfactory to the mind of the cultured angler. On a stream shore always keep away from the bank as far as possible, and fish the inner water first. After which an approach to the waterside, if the angler’s boots will allow, may be made, and longer casts may be indulged. It is a mistake to suppose a long cast indicates an expert angler, though on the Weser near Hameln, the idea widely obtains that the man who can make the longest cast is the most likely to realise his quarry. Many a quasi-fisherman has a similar notion in this favoured land of ours. For pond fishing the directions and hints above given are not widely at fault. Additional quietude is, however, necessary, and the paternoster may even be with increased chances available. Always spin over the deepest water deeply and carefully on winter days, whether it is still or running, but especially if still, for oftentimes the large fish live deepest in cold weather, presumably for warmth. The pike delights in a temperature not below 45°, for who has not seen him, all brightly green and mottled, lying like a ‘sleeping beauty’ as he is—or shall we say a ‘sleeping demon’—during summer, in the bright sunshine, perfectly motionless, near the surface, only to be aroused by the snatcher’s pole, or the enticing bait. *Par parenthèse*, never drop your bait down *before* a pike; let it fall on his tail if you can, and you shall behold the wisdom of my advice. He will turn round with a wolf-like ardour, and savagely seize the bait—doubtless to his own destruction.

Thus far I have skirmished around the subject of pike-fishing, leaving the nucleus of it for last. The vital point has yet to be considered, namely, the tackle necessary for the capture of this fish and the immediate methods of using it. To plunge *in medias res* of this important branch of the matter, I may be allowed to pronounce my preference for spinning. ‘How to Spin’ might fitly engage my pen, for very few know properly how, but at present this must not be. I must therefore, perforce, content myself with giving a few general directions, which directions shall be as simple as possible. First, as to a spinning rod. Now heaps of angling writers have advised all sorts of rods, from bamboo to hickory, from lancewood to greenheart. Give me, however, a bamboo of about fourteen feet, made by that omnipotent spinner, Alfred, of Moorgate Street, whose acumen in spinning matters has transferred itself to the manufacture of some of the finest spinning tackle producible in the world. The rod I use is of mottled bamboo, with solid rings; its balance is

perfect, its weight in the hand seems to be two ounces below its actual weight by reason of the said balance. Perhaps the reader may deem the statement paradoxical, but it is not so. Many a man rides half a stone lighter than his actual weight by reason of perfect horsemanship. The case is somewhat similar in reference to my rod. The line for spinning should be of the best silk, and let it always be an eight or sixteen plait, well dressed, with a light green dressing. The reason for this coloured dressing is obvious. Green is the prevalent colour of water-weeds, and assimilates also with the hue of the water. The winch may be jappanned or not, but preferably so, and as 'multipliers' are a nuisance, that is, winches with multiplying 'cogs,' I use a 'check' winch, which, without checking your fish, regulates his headlong plunge when hooked and does not strain the line. As to hooks and baits, the matter will be discussed after the next paragraph.

Before going further I must not lose sight of another kind of spring rod and reel which has obtained considerable celebrity amongst anglers of the Trent and Thames during the last few years; and I must confess myself, to a great extent, a convert to the new and Nottingham style, so-called because the rods, reels, and lines are chiefly made in that respectable city. This tackle consists of a rod of exquisite workmanship and balance, constructed of deal and lance wood, the lower parts of spruce deal of flawless quality and the upper of lance. The winch—to use a Hibernicism—is a *reel*, and turns with great glibness on a steel axle. The one in my possession is one of Well's spring reels, and revolves from a smart touch of the hand for seventy-five seconds before it again attains rest. The reel carries a line of plaited silk *undressed*, and in consequence it is thrown *from* the reel. The expert angler can then regulate the length of his cast with the greatest certainty; but, be it said, by the novice or unexpert with the greatest *uncertainty*. I make the latter remark, because, like Dr. Lynn's tricks, although all is splendidly easy when you 'know how,' the most ludicrous results sometimes accrue to the ambitious and over-confident tyro, when using this same 'Nottingham' tackle. Both this style and the former are equally fitted for spinning, live-baiting, paternostering or trolling with a dead gorge bait. So much however for Nottingham.

I now arrive at the necessity for a few remarks concerning hook tackles and baits. For spinning Mr. Pennell's arrangement is good, but I consider, with the customary egotism of inventors, that one I have devised is better. Mr. Pennell's, as everybody knows, possesses a large hook which curves the tail two triplets, and a lip hook and a flying triplet. Mine consists of a large triplet at tail, two others, and a lip hook of a peculiar construction, which enables it to be fixed in a bait immovably; the other lip hooks are liable to draw and double the bait up as every pike angler is aware. It is, as Walton has pointed out, exceedingly difficult to communicate angling by writing, and hence the excellences and faults of both styles are hardly communicable by words. If the angler-reader chooses to compare, I may

here remark that Alfred and Son, of 20 Moorgate Street, supply them. In trolling hooks also I have effected an improvement which renders the leaded hook pliable, so that in the mouth of the pike no incongruous stiffness appears in the seized bait. The leads are connected by means of split rings, and the hook itself is capable of detachment. In ordinary live-baiting commend me to the ordinary live-snap.

Paternostering is a delightful style requiring considerable art. The tackle consists of a series of three hooks, or less, on a gimp or gut 'bottom,' terminated by a lead. Thus the bait should ideally stand out at right angles from the parent line. The fish is allowed a grace of some few minutes and then struck sharply and landed as expeditiously as may be. Often it happens that the rushes of the recalcitrant fish attract the notice of another to the baits. Apropos of this, a remarkable incident illustrating the voraciousness and persistency of pike occurred to me at Virginia Water. I was fishing with a friend near the Fishing Cottage on the banks of this magnificent lake, and he suddenly exclaimed, 'Hurrah! Hooked a fish!' The fish was evidently a pike, and as my friend had only perch 'gut' hooks the fish proved its identity by severing the hook and the primal line a foot above the lead in some inscrutable way or by breaking it. After bemoaning our hard fate, we hastened on to 'fresh fields and pastures new.' Returning the way we came as evening approached, it struck my friend that it might be judicious to drop in the *gimp* paternoster he was then using near the spot where the fish before mentioned was lost. This he did, and immediately thereafter his bait was seized; he waited the customary ten seconds, and then struck. Three minutes later he had the satisfaction of seeing a well-fed five-pounder on the punt's floor, and on examination, *wound round and round* his jaw, was the identical line lost on the way, and to it the *two-ounce lead* was still attached.

The use of baits in the winter pike-fishing requires considerable discrimination. Personally I prefer a dace—a Colne, well-fed fish—for large pike. Doth not Falstaff, indeed, say, 'If a dace be a bait for an old pike, why then may I not snap at him,' and verily, as to the former part of his remark, he is right. I believe it is morally as certain that a jack cannot resist a dace in good condition, as that a hungry alderman cannot pass his beloved turtle without an unctuous longing retrospect and prospect. However, some reputable anglers prefer a gudgeon. This is unquestionably a toothsome morsel to a jack of three pounds or thereabouts, but commend to me a dace as before recommended, or a bright-eyed rudd, and I seek no better bait for the daintiest *Esax Lucius* swimming. In all cases, according to our own patron saint's exordium, it is advisable to attach the bait, of whatsoever kind it be, carefully and tenderly, doing as little damage to him as possible, in fact, 'as if you loved him.'

JOHN H. KEENE.

'IMPROVING THE OCCASION.'

WHEN some terrible calamity occurs—such as the sinking of the *Eurydice*, the running-down of the Princess Alice, an explosion in a mine, the death of the late lamented Princess,—we hear that 'several' ministers of all denominations improved the occasion, and addressed 'their congregations on the recent deplorable event.' In other words, in most cases, vainglorious men, who delight in their own voices, indulged in rhapsodical utterances, and deduced absurd theories from events which had already made a solemn impression on thinking men, and they simply disturbed sad pictures which were for the time indelibly painted on the minds of their audience.

Public bodies, as a duty, are bound to record certain events; and from published accounts they have for the most part—especially in both Houses of Parliament—done what was right, simply and solemnly, and have communicated their votes of sympathy kindly and delicately to the Queen. When the Princess died, every man said to his neighbour, 'The poor Princess is dead. What a trial for the Queen; and at this time too!' So, when a terrible calamity occurred in the hunting field a short time since, and the "Αναξ" Ανδρῶν was killed, men and women of all classes said, with much feeling, 'Poor Whyte-Melville!' and probably ninety-nine out of every hundred who said so had never seen him, and simply knew him by his writings—which were pure, classical, and graphic—as they knew Dickens or Thackeray.

I am going 'to improve the occasion,' taking for my text one work of *his* only, and that is 'Digby Grand'; and I am going to say nothing about the author, and very little about the book, beyond pointing what appears to me to be the moral, therein contained, to the rising generation. Any one taking up that book, and reading it carefully through, can see every rung of the ladder of the *facilis descensus* most accurately delineated, from the moment that Digby Grand, the young hero, of good family and prospects, leaves Eton, until he becomes a beggar. He has a fair start enough in a Line regiment, commanded by a sporting colonel, and falls into the hands of a bad companion, Captain Levanter (who is his bad genius through life, and turns out a thorough scoundrel); goes to Canada and enjoys the wild sports harmlessly enough, and eventually joins the Guards in London. He is, perhaps, a little bit of a fop, but manly and simple withal; honourable, well-bred, and straightforward, and mixes with men of good rank and position: there is nothing slang about him, and things go on pretty fairly until he attains his majority and goes to his ancestral home, where great rejoicings are held in honour of the presumptive heir; on which occasion he enjoys 'the run of the season' (the description of which makes the blood run quicker in the veins of the most non-hunting man even in England), and winds up his home visit with an interview with his father, Sir Peregrine

Grand, whom he finds to be involved in great difficulties, and who is furious at his son's wish to marry a charming girl, unfortunately without a portion : he has a desperate quarrel with him, and returns to London. Then comes a most graphic account of fast life in London, gambling, bill-discounting, and racing, which lead to his falling into a lower grade of society ; his being compelled to leave the Guards and to exchange into another regiment ; his arrest for debt on the eve of his leaving England for a staff appointment ; and ultimately his lot is ruin and beggary. Having abandoned his title on the death of his father, he meets with an old friend whose rustication at Oxford he had caused most unintentionally ; joins him in partnership as a wine-merchant ; solicits and obtains the custom of some of his aristocratic friends ; makes an honest living, and marries his first love, whom he meets again at his partner's wedding.

I wonder how many will say, 'What is the use of recapitulating 'the story of an old novel which was written years ago?' My answer is, 'Because it was written for our learning ; and I believe 'the lesson is just as necessary to-day as it was when the book first 'came out.' In that book the Author upholds all manly sports and amusements ; decries vulgarity and slang men and slang manners, and points out the horrors of gambling. He makes his hero travel, just as many a gambler does now, from rung to rung, to ruin, until he reaches the bottom of the ladder—the exception in Digby Grand's case being that he never loses his innate sense of honour, although he is ruined.

And as it was in the beginning, so is it now going on daily ; and for that very reason I have brought, as it were, from Major Whyte-Melville's grave, his most admirable sermon. In it he hints at Digby Grand eventually buying back the family property, and dismisses the Hon. Jack Lavish—an impecunious cavalry officer, an intimate friend of Digby Grand, who marries an alderman's daughter to retrieve his fortunes—in a very humorous manner, thus :—

'I dined with Jack Lavish the night before last, at his—or rather 'his wife's house in Tyburnia proper. He has shaved off his 'moustache, and has grown stout. Miss Goldthread, that was, is 'a sensible and charming person, and I think I can trace in her 'manner a slight and not unnatural distrust of her husband's old 'friends. . . . Jack says he likes being kept tight in hand ; it saves so 'much trouble ; and until he had some lady to own him, he never 'knew to which of his fair friends he belonged. . . . He is still as 'jovial as ever, but beneath his merriment runs a vein of sound 'common-sense, and in his frank and somewhat dandified exterior 'exists a warm and benevolent heart.'

The real sermon contained in 'Digby Grand' is that gambling and bill-discounting are simple ruin. And gambling and bill-discounting are going on at this present moment to an extent which was never surpassed ; for, whereas in days gone by men ruined themselves at Crockford's and the gambling clubs pretty openly, now that gambling is put down by Act of Parliament, they are doing it

to a far greater extent privately, in all classes, high and low ; and on that account the sermon is produced.

Digby Grand and Jack Lavish are as much alive and walking about now as ever they were, and if some of us who are behind the scenes were to disclose our secrets the world would be rather astonished at what is going on. And the worst of the case is, that those who in the end come for succour to men of honour are the real good fellows—weak and impulsive perhaps—who have been dragged to their fate by rogues ; and they generally come too late. The old story still goes on, and that story is often this ; namely, the bill discounters' credit has been exhausted, and an angry father has been tired out. Sometimes it is the mother who comes in the *strictest confidence* ; oftener the sister, who begs and entreats one to get poor Tom, or Jack, or Harry, out of his difficulties. 'He is so 'honest and affectionate,' they say ; 'so kind and obliging ; such a 'noble fellow, but bad companions have ruined him ; and all the 'regiment are so fond of him.' This class are very bad witnesses as to facts ; the mother is thinking of the curly-headed boy who said his prayers at her knee long ago ; the sister, many years younger, is thinking of the eldest brother who almost turned her brain when she first saw him in a hussar uniform, and remembers how—when he got his first leave—that, as regards herself, he never changed ; how he went gathering cowslips, or nutting with her in the woods, just as if he was not a soldier at all ; and she will tell you that it is impossible that her darling brother had been gambling and racing and is over head and ears in debt, and harassed by infamous Jews. We who are behind the curtain know how debt and difficulties blunt a man's nature. These are scenes of daily occurrence, speaking generally. Whose fault is it ? A young fellow, utterly ignorant of the world, is suddenly associated with men whose main objects in life are pleasure and excitement and gambling, and is dragged into a fiery cauldron, and must get out as he can. What think you of a case, for the facts of which I will vouch, and I will sum it up in a very few words. It was this, and it is one of many : a young officer of a few years' standing, who had been greatly distinguished, left his regiment (a very fast one), in which he could not afford to live any longer, and an opening offering in another line of life, a sister at once advanced the capital—*of course* without security. Being a very honourable young fellow he unbosomed himself to his lawyer, and wished to do everything by his will, and otherwise to secure his sister's money in the event of his death, which, strange to say, occurred within twelve months. The sister was wisely advised not to administer to the estate until she knew where she was, as there were Jews enough about his chambers in London to make a row of hat-pegs, had their noses been used for that purpose, waiting to see what was going to happen. It so happened, that after collecting all debts there was enough for every one eventually, including the sister, and the matter was wound up. But how were many of those debts incurred ? I *know* the facts to be true. The unfortunate young

fellow, being thoroughly good-natured and unable to say 'No,' '*jumped up behind*'—as he expressed it—or, in other words, put his name to bills in India for several hundreds for 'one of my best ' friends in the world, my dear fellow' (Jack or Tom Somebody), ' who had *such a heavy book on the Derby* that he got leave home ' for the purpose of *betting at the post*.' Of course the Jack or Tom Somebody got the money, came home, sold out (being a soldier under the old *régime*), and went to the Colonies; and when the unfortunate victim applied to the family, and proved that he had never received a farthing for himself, the answer was that they had paid too much already. His sister was guilty of a pious theft; and although warned that if she took anything out of his chambers she would be liable as executrix, she confessed that when she saw his medals for the Indian mutiny she could not resist putting them in her pocket, and I saw this close under my very nose, and winked at it. I don't believe the hardest-hearted Jew in Europe would have pressed *that* case, even in his own interest.

And now about these money-lenders. 'Digby Grand' simply applies to the army, so to the army we must stick in quoting Whyte-Melville's sermon. Just imagine the present state of things. The moment a young fellow is gazetted he receives circulars from all the harpies in London, offering accommodation on personal security: it is the same in the navy also. Has not the State some power to rescue young fellows out of the hands of these men, by abolishing all rights to sue officers on full pay for accommodation bills? The system is admirably organised, somewhat in this way. First comes the tempting offer of ninety pounds for a hundred at two months; then, at the end of two months, comes another advance of a hundred, with ten pounds for renewing and ten more for interest on the next hundred, and ten pounds interest on the original hundred; and so it runs on until an unfortunate youngster is bound hand and foot by his creditors. A victim once came to me to rescue him, and the transaction was as follows: Ninety pounds paid down for one hundred, and interest (deducted) for two months. Second hundred advanced for two months, with ten pounds for renewal of first bill and twenty pounds interest on the two hundred (deducted) for another two months. There were four subsequent renewals at forty pounds each; so that the poor fellow was called on, for interest and renewals, to pay in all cent. per cent.

In private society the well-bred Jews are the most charming people imaginable, hospitable, accomplished, and refined; but the lower division of the nation, who infest garrison towns, are many of them the veriest scoundrels unhung. They frequent young officers' haunts, and do everything in their power to get hold of them and tempt them to extravagance.

The money-lending school consist of very many classes: first come the great operators, who hunt and yacht and keep their carriages and give parties, and fly at the high game, such as young men of fortune who have come into their property, and who form

a racing stable and plunge on the turf; and transactions of this kind are done by mortgages and bills combined, the process often ending in the lender getting the mastery and receiverships of estates. Next come the money-lenders who have private houses, and receive their clients there in a kind, confidential manner; when their patience is exhausted, the open unblushing bill-discounter comes in to 'do a bit 'of stiff,' and there is no ceremony about this; the borrower chaffs him about his nationality, his jewellery, his nose, and his roguery; all of which the discounter receives with the greatest *bonhomie* and good temper, and both parties fight for terms in the most open manner. When this crisis arrives it is generally a case of 'smash 'up,' or being pulled out of the scrape; and this is the stage at which a youngster goes to the family solicitor, and if he goes soon enough he may be saved. The settling with the low Jew class is very amusing, as I happen to know, from having pulled many a young fellow out of difficulties. The discounter is always very civil and often jocular, and sherry and a cigar, from habit, are generally tendered; and something of this kind occurs: 'Well, sir, there is 'no man in the world whom I would so soon serve as Captain 'A——, but he *was* so foolish—*so* foolish, you know—he was *so* 'sweet on the favourite that he would back him, and I settled his 'book, and *lost a deal of money myself too* by taking his advice; 'but I couldn't see a friend in trouble,' &c., &c., &c. And so it goes on until real business is commenced, and then, if the last thing left is a settlement by 'the old governor,' with a large deduction or a 'sell up,' it is wonderful how figures diminish, and how glad the school are to get their money back, and five or six per cent. on the loan. Let all the world take this as a fact from me, that the low bill-discounters are too much afraid of exposure to refuse such terms.

Setting aside the bill-discounters, see how many vultures live on the army. There is the half gentleman, half anything—no one knows what—who never mixes much with his neighbours in the county, but who has a decent house, a horse or two—which he is constantly changing, as he sells horses to the garrison; with the command of some shooting or fishing, besides being a promoter of local races; a man who knows every regiment which comes, and gets in with the young officers, and meets them by the covert-side, on cricket-grounds and elsewhere, and sometimes dines at the mess; gives them a day's rabbit-shooting, 'and a bit of lunch and a game 'of cards afterwards,' as he says. These are the men who live entirely on their wits, and encourage youngsters in every extravagance, and are jackals for the money-lenders.

One of this class died suddenly not very long since, and in his private drawer were found loaded dice, beautifully finished; two or three dozen packs of new cards, the covers of which had all been loosened so as to abstract the pack and put it back again—*ergo*, marked cards; coins in gold or silver with two heads or two tails, as the case might be, and a few other *facetiae*.

I never knew a garrison town in or near which some one or more

of this doubtful class did not exist. I don't mean to say that all men are convicted of having such a useful collection as my deceased friend (?), but I allude to doubtful men who *never* lose.

Upon my word, it seems as if all the scoundrels in Europe were determined, if possible, to ruin young army officers. If any good regiment would combine and invite all the advertising money-lenders down on the same day, and at the same hour, and get the soldiers out with the barrack engine and pump over them, and trust to British juries and the British public to see them out of the mischief, what a glorious thing it would be. If heads of military departments would bestir themselves, and induce commanding officers of regiments to set their faces against gambling and money-lenders, at the same time encouraging all harmless in-door amusements, such as cards and billiards for low stakes, all openly played in barracks before all the officers, how much good it would do. If it was thought 'good form' to play *in* barracks, and 'bad form' to play *outside*, what a boon it would be too. We should no more see a boy, almost, who knows no more of racing than I do, with his betting-book, in the ring, ready for plucking; and we should not lose, as we do now, some of our most promising and dashing young officers who cannot go the pace. There was one glorious instance during the Crimean war, of a gallant young fellow who had gone through the London ordeal to ruin, and who turned up in mufti at the battle of the Alma; saved the life of a former brother officer, when badly wounded himself, and who was reinstated in the army.

And all these remarks apply to a great extent to civilians. How is it that in every railway train a lot of young fellows are playing shilling 'Nap,' and losing a sovereign, or perhaps two or three, in a half-hour's run? How is it that, in large public billiard-rooms, young fellows are playing pool in business hours? How is it that in clubs the whist-room is comparatively deserted in favour of 'Nap,' or 'Poker,' or some other game? How is it that in most club billiard-rooms the *habitués* never will consent to play pool for small stakes? The answer is, 'because the spirit of gambling and fast living has seized all classes; and the spirit of real sport, for sport's sake, is comparatively dead.' I know, I am happy to say, many good houses where pool and pyramids are played for mere nominal stakes, with counters, and where cards are played also for very trifling sums. Those who are in favour of high stakes play for the money, and *nothing else*.

This is a sermon from Whyte-Melville's best sketch of real life; and, as I understand that this Magazine goes to every regiment at home and abroad, if the perusal of this article induces one youngster only who has broken out, or is about to break out, to stay his hand, the gallant author's ghost has not been invoked in vain.

Thackeray believed hugely in 'week-day preachers'; in other words, authors who tell the simple story of life; and so, I should think, do most of us.

SONG.

We have toasted the eyes of the fair,
We have drunk to our Jennies and Jocks,
Now troll we a merrier lay,
And drink we to hunting the Fox.

There are some who delight in a team,
And would spend their whole life on the box;
But believe me, for pleasure on earth,
There's nothing like hunting the Fox.

Others love climbing the Alps,
And tumbling up slippery rocks;
But give me a day on the Downs,
And the run of a slippery Fox.

Some dote on the languishing waltz,
But I can't say I think it intoxicates
like a quick gallop with hounds,
And the kill of an afternoon Fox.

Music no doubt hath its charms,
All pleasure they say that it mocks;
But give me the 'music of hounds'
As they charm on the line of a Fox.

Come Farmers, come Lawyers, come Squires,
Come Doctors, come Priests orthodox,
You will not be the worse at your work
For *one* day at hunting the Fox.

Why even the Primate himself,
Mind, I think (but no doubt my song shocks),
With the Premier, the Pope, and the Queen
(if she could be, God bless her!)
Would be better for hunting the Fox.

And when I grow gouty and old,
With feet wrapped in flannel and socks,
In a donkey chaise or a Bath chair,
I mean to go hunting the Fox.

Then fill up the bowl to the brim
With champagnes, and with sherries and hocks,
And drink we with ninety times nine,
All honour to hunting the Fox.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Things Theatrical, Sporting, and Miscellaneous.

A somewhat dreary record of social doings have we to offer to our readers. The outer world frozen, nature held as it were in a vice by an icy grasp, iron-bound roads, along which careered clouds of dust impelled by one of England's scourges, the east wind, and even 'the silent highway' in possession of the invader, is a state of things which, enjoyable enough for a limited period, becomes very wearisome when day succeeds to day, and the 'how cold 'it is' is so much damnable iteration. But still Londoners were better off than their cousins in the provinces, for though the thaw that set in a few days after Christmas did afford a few days' sport, yet as our hunting parcel tells, there was a speedy return to the frozen order of things—and town was again full of loungers with stalls full of horses, both having no work to do. The Londoner proper looks with a sort of complacent pity on these victims. He thinks it right to condole with them, but, as the only covert he knows is the Burlington, and the only run he can describe is one with a shifty vixen, who, breaking away for Brompton, got headed at Knightsbridge, and then was run to earth somewhere about Montpelier Square, his sympathy is but on the surface. He knows *his* sport and pastime to be assured. The thermometer that registers five or ten degrees of frost will not interfere with his before-luncheon walk, his afternoon rubber, his dinner, or his stall. Oh! Londoner, *ter quaterque beatus*, if you only knew.

Of course, we look to the theatres at this time for most of our amusement, and few of us can complain of any lack, be our tastes what they may. The concluding days of December saw the reopening of the Lyceum under Mr. Irving's management, and those who were present on the first night will not easily forget the occasion or the reception the large audience gave to the actor and manager. It was what is called a representative audience in the fullest sense of the term. Men and women of rank, both socially and artistically, crowded the private boxes and stalls; but perhaps one of the highest tributes to Mr. Irving's genius and popularity was the pit, full as it appeared to us, of young men of the middle class, whose welcome was most enthusiastic. We are only venturing a guess, but still cannot help thinking that the actor must have felt that here was one of his greatest triumphs. The men who sprang on the benches, waved hats and handkerchiefs and cheered so lustily, were men of a certain amount of education, not averse, doubtless, to the more carnal pleasures of those theatres, where to gratify the lust of the eye is the one great object, but still who could gladly give up burlesque and music-hall, silk stocking and short tunic, the scream and the leer of the serio-comic, to hang in almost breathless silence on the well-known words of the great dramatist as expounded by the great actor. From stalls and boxes Mr. Irving received the warm welcome, prompted alike by personal regard as well as admiration of his art. But to the pit he was simply Henry Irving, the actor, the man whom they knew to be impelled by but one idea, the elevation of the stage; who had taught them things they knew not before, opened to them fresh ideas, and was giving them that night, as he himself told them, the results of the labours of his life. And that result was as nigh perfection as they could expect. We are not called upon now to go into an elaborate criticism of Mr. Irving's Hamlet. Its perfections and imperfections have been descanted upon by many pens, until the public must be pretty well

weary of the theme. Besides, they have become critics themselves. The Lyceum is nightly crowded to an unparalleled extent; and though Mr. Irving's Hamlet is no new thing, seeing that two or three years ago he played the part for two hundred successive nights, yet has the interest in it not a whit abated, but on the contrary, fresh interest has been aroused. A new reading here and there, but still Mr. Irving's Hamlet struck us as very much what it was when we saw it last. His great scene is still to our thinking—that with Ophelia—and the pathos and beauty of it was enhanced by the support Miss Ellen Terry gave it. The interview with the Queen was perhaps his next great effect, and here as with Ophelia, he suggests with infinite art the presence of great love and tenderness beneath the bitterness and sarcasm of his speeches. Mr. Irving, as a rule, abjures 'points,' we believe; and we missed on that night, after Hamlet has killed Polonius, the 'was it the 'king?' the question he addresses his mother, and out of which we remember Macready, Charles Kean, and Fechter made such capital. Some infirmity of the voice, it may be, caused the question to be barely heard even in the stalls, and yet surely the point is as legitimate as it ought to be effective.

There may have been more dignified Hamlets, but never one more tender, who showed so forcibly the hidden love and passion in his nature. Never one before him that we can remember who kept so entirely separate the simulated insanity and the real mental disease that has made the character a study and a puzzle for all time. To use a hackneyed phrase, the large audience were spell-bound, and no one moved until the hero of the night pronounced 'the 'rest is silence.' Then cheer rose upon cheer as Mr. Irving, carrying in his hand a large laurel wreath, appeared before the curtain, and in a few well-chosen words expressed his deep feeling and pride and gratification at the reception he had met with, and added, that for the success of that evening he had worked all his life. Again did the audience respond with hearty cheers, and so ended a night much to be remembered in theatrical annals. It may safely be said that the play in its entirety is such a Hamlet as the present generation has never seen.

The taste for pantomime will apparently never die. At Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Aquarium, the Surrey, Gaiety, &c., it flourishes, and looking at the lavish splendour with which some managers have placed their spectacles on the stage, we cannot deny that they deserve the success they seem to be achieving. Covent Garden takes the palm for splendour; the Aquarium, we think, for fun and humour. We have heard rumours of the almost fabulous sum which the Messrs. Gatti have expended on 'Jack and the Beanstalk' at Covent Garden, and when we saw the seven champions, their burnished armour, their banners, flags, and attendants, in the palace of King Pippin, we began to think the rumours must be true. The groupings were most picturesque, and certainly the mantle of the late Augustus Harris has descended on his son, the inventor and producer of the spectacle. Then the dresses were designed by Alfred Thompson and executed by Auguste, and that saying we feel to be equivalent to a column of praise. Almost too gorgeous were the glittering champions and their more or less fair pages and squires. The eyes winked and ached before Mr. Thompson's blaze of colour, as shown on maids of honour, train-bearers, bayadères, and we almost wished he could have spared us a little.

The display of beauty was not of an exciting order—the proportions of one or two of the champions excited more risibility than admiration. But then the demand on beauty and shapeliness is we know excessive at the festive season, and we must take what the market offers us. One thing we might take exception to, the inordinate length of the ballets—a sin to which

ballet-masters are much given. If these gentlemen would be more merciful, and if Mdles. Limido and Sidonie would abate some of their twirls the public we think would be grateful. There was a fair share of fun in the opening, and, as we have spoken above in perhaps disparaging terms of the display of beauty, we wish to make exception in favour of Miss Lizzie Coote, who as Quicksilver, an attendant elf, was a charming 'arrangement' in green, and also of Miss Fanny Leslie, who made the hero Jack a very nice young man indeed.

By the way, while we are on pantomime intent, we wish to make a protest against the absurd and wearisome fun, if fun it can be called, which the Clown tries to get out of the police. Of course there must be a comic policeman we know, who is the Clown's victim; but we think there ought to be a limit to his jokes, and when the force is held up as habitual liars, receivers of bribes, and assaulters of innocent persons, we think the Lord Chamberlain—so careful of our morals and the blush upon the cheeks of the young persons—might interfere. The Covent Garden harlequinade is particularly objectionable in this respect, and the small modicum of wit at Mr. Harry Payne's disposal is devoted to holding up the force to obloquy. 'Do you know where all the liars go to?' he inquires of a small boy. 'Why, they are made policemen of.' Not a very brilliant sally, but one much applauded by the gallery—the denizens of which treasure the saying, and perhaps make it bear fruit. This may seem a small matter, and it will be said that in a harlequinade the mirror is not held up to nature, and we must not take *au sérieux* the acts and words of the performers. But while 'topical' songs are in fashion, and political allusions allowed, we are convinced this perpetual holding up of the police to abuse and ridicule is not only bad taste but may be productive of great evil. But probably the jokes of the Clown are too trivial to be taken notice of by those in authority.

Miss Litton has given us a capital pantomime at the Aquarium, and has been fortunate in securing some real actors for the opening of the old familiar tale of 'Aladdin.' Mr. Fawn plays the mother of the hero, and Mr. Collette is the wicked magician, and between them, aided by one of the Martinetti's, who plays a deaf and dumb slave, there is much genuine fun—indeed, it is a pantomime at which adults may laugh; while the sparkling dresses and the beautiful scenery will mightily please the little people. There are comic songs, and Dubois has written some pretty music; there are also pretty women who can dance, and, altogether, the Aquarium version of 'Aladdin' ranks second to none of the Christmas productions of the kind.

The Alhambra spectacle is most gorgeous. Some things there we have seen in better taste than 'La Poule aux Œufs d'Or,' but not any more splendid, looking at the general effect of the *mise en scène*. The two ballets, the Union of Nations and the Island of Birds, are grand efforts of the ballet-master's art, and M. Bertrand has been more merciful to us in the way of length than his fellow-labourer at Covent Garden. The Union of Nations admits of the greatest display of colour, but the Island of Birds is the most elegant and piquant. Some of the costumes are singularly clever in design, and are worn, moreover, with grace by some really fair wearers. We recognised some old friends as 'the Swallows,' though not habited in the pretty dress of 'the Swallows' of two or three years ago. One was an absentee, 'a swallow' who has quitted the sublunary sphere of the Alhambra for a higher one. 'Swallow, swallow, flying south, thinkest thou ever of the glitter of the ballet and the applause of the stalls? But this is a digression. One or two of the 'swallows' who remain are very nice birds indeed, but

as we are not certain about their identity, we must beg Mdles. Rosa, Anna, Phillipps, and Taylor to take to themselves all the praise which their inner conscience tells them is their due. A particularly nice 'swallow' stood at the right-hand corner of the stage, looking from the stalls, and if she will accept the 'Van' Driver's respectful admiration he will be pleased. An importation from Paris music-halls, in the persons of Mdle. Riviere and M. Bruet is a novelty which seemed to take with the audience, and we must not omit to mention the great assistance which Mr. Righton gave to the piece by his impersonation of Chanticleiro. He is a cock transformed into a man, and the natural humour of the artist made the character very diverting. Mr. Righton's walk and strut was that of a cock, and so was his language, while his manner of making love to Miss Constance Loseby must be seen to be appreciated. He is a great—we might say the only—acquisition to the humour of 'La Poule aux Œufs d'Or.'

The 'Quiriti Children,' at the Criterion, have attracted some attention, and they certainly are the best juvenile performers we have ever seen or heard. But then the fact remains that they *are* children, though, by the way, we doubt if some members of the troupe are not more than fifteen. Here and there something of life and intelligence is depicted, and there is a too precocious boy, who probably, after the manner of juvenile wonders, will turn out a failure when he reaches maturer years. At present he certainly is a marvel in his way, and his command of facial expression is extraordinary. His attention, too, to the business of the stage might be an example to his seniors, but still it was Tom Thumb in a cocked hat; and though probably (we might say certainly) he is more than nine years of age, he is yet a child. Something of the *fantocini* always clings to these juvenile performers, and while wishing to give every credit to Natali Utulli, the precocious boy in question, and to the other children of larger and lesser growth, we must question whether such performers are worth the trouble of going to see.

Mr. Hare has been welcomed back to his old part at the head of affairs at the Court with much cordiality. True, it was an old piece with which he opened the house—an old piece, and not too good a one—but still with such admirable mounting and acting as 'A Scrap of Paper' there receives we cannot help being pleased. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have returned to the scene of their former triumphs, and, if anything, have improved on their former efforts, notably the lady. One or two additions to Mr. Hare's company have been selected with care and judgment. Mr. Wenman has been known to Londoners for some few years, during the visits which the late Madame Beatrice paid to the metropolis, and has been long recognised as an actor of considerable merit. He seemed to us unfortunately cast for the part of the jealous husband in 'A Scrap of Paper,' but he found his rôle in 'A Quiet Rubber,' where he was of the greatest assistance to Mr. Hare in aiding that elaboration of Lord Kilclare which is certainly one of the latter's most admirable performances. The most admirable, but not the most pleasing. Lord Kilclare is a very disagreeable old man, with whom it would have been impossible to have lived an hour, and there is that about his cynicism and querulousness, as depicted by Mr. Hare, which would positively repel, if the consummate art of the actor did not make us condone it. Lord Kilclare is a study of the painful side of human nature, a curiosity of pride and ill-temper which only Mr. Hare can give us.

The performance of 'The Two Orphans' at the Olympic has enabled Mr. Neville to secure the sympathies of his many friends for weeks past, and may probably continue to do so for some time to come. The story is so well known that our readers may be spared an elaborate sketch of its merits, but

in the person of Miss Marion Terry the play is adorned with a heroine that adds to the attractions of the piece since its representation. One scene alone is well worth going to witness, that of the poor blind girl singing for alms at the entrance to the church while the congregation is passing into prayers. The effect is most imposing, and does credit to the excellent taste displayed by the management.

On the 7th of December the Romany A. D. Club commenced its ninth season at St. George's Hall with a capital performance of Tom Taylor's 'Plot and Passion,' the proceeds of the evening being devoted to the Funds of the Belgrave Hospital. Mr. Allan, one of our best amateur comedians, played Desmaretz with marked success, hitting off the original, according to our ideas, nearer than did Mr. Trollope, whose Fouché savoured of *bonhomie* rather than satire and cynicism. Mr. d'Arcy sustained 'the honour of the 'de Cevennes,' whilst Mr. Gore-Browne fascinated a charming Madame de Fontanges in Miss Caroline Hill. The farce of 'The Bengal Tiger,' with Miss Sullivan as Miss Yellowleaf, preceded the drama.

The hard frost which set in on the 6th of December, and broke up generally on Christmas Day, was very unequally distributed in its intensity, and the effect of the thaw in different localities was somewhat curious. This was caused by much more snow having fallen in some places than others; for on Friday the 27th, while many were skating on the reservoir, and even in the streets of Rugby, and all the horses for exercise were still confined to straw beds, we were astounded to hear that there had been hunting that day in Hampshire; and that on the following day, while skating was still going on, several packs in the south were out, and had had good runs. In Rugby it did not really thaw until the Sunday, and it was not before Monday, the 30th, that any attempt was made in the Midlands to resume fox-hunting; then the Quorn went to Willoughby, where only about half a dozen put in an appearance, Melton being represented only by Mr. Julius Behrens. They found their first fox at Ella's Gorse, which they soon ran to ground, bolted and killed; then they got on the line of another near Walton Thorns, which after giving them a run over the country round Wymeswold, they lost near Willoughby.

On this day the Billesdon met at Gumley, where not a very large field put in an appearance, as the country on and round the Laughton Hills is always bad after a frost, but present amongst others were Sir Bache Cunard, the Master, Mr. Tailby, the Hon. Alan Pennington, Mr. Logan of East Langton Grange, Colonel and Mr. F. Gosling, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Bigge, Miss Davy, Mr. John Bennett, Mr. John Pawlett, &c. They found a brace of foxes in the new gorse, ran one to the village and out towards Kibworth, when he went to ground in a drain, and, after being bolted, was soon caught and eaten. After this they found a lot of foxes in Laughton Hills, ran one the whole length of them and back again to the big covert, then after a ring did the same a second time, and was killed. After this they found another in Papillon Gorse, but did nothing. The ground was far from being fit for riding to hounds.

The Atherstone country was a whole sheet of ice until the thaw on the Sunday, and on Monday they could not hunt, but simply exercised the hounds, the horses being roughed. However, on the next day, the 31st, they met at the kennels. There were not many there, but amongst those present were Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Oakeley, Mr. Cunliffe Shawe, Mr. Dyson Moore, Messrs. Gerard and Blundell Leigh, Mr. Duncan Perkins and Major Manley, but as they moved on a few sporting farmers joined them. After drawing for an outlying fox round Witherley, which of course they did not

find, they went on to Lindley, where they soon found a brace, had a short run after one over the Sibson Road to Drayton Village, where he took sanctuary in the churchyard, and slipping out behind his pursuers got safe back to Lindley. They found again, but cold storms of rain and wind prevented any sport. On the following day, January 1st, they met at Wharton, found at Orton Gorse, ran hard up to Norton Village, on to Gopsall over the park and the racecourse to ground, soon found another, gave him a good turn first up one side of the course and down the other and nearly caught him, then over Gopsall Park and through the wood, crossed the Burton road, where the hounds had quite three fields the best of it, and only four were in sight of them until they got on to some plough, which brought them to their noses, where a few more nicked in, when getting on to the grass again, they carried him on at a good pace through Sheepy, where he crossed the brook which a friendly ford on the right let them over on to Mr. Bacon's farm, where the brook was out so much they could not tell where it was, so that Castleman suddenly found himself in the middle of it right up to his shoulders. Finding he could not get out he turned his horse round and, after a great struggle, they got out; but their troubles were not over, as there was a curve in the brook, so that before they knew where they were, they were once more in it, and they actually went twice completely under, but on the third time the good old Prophet struggled out, then forward on they went to Ratcliff, where he was headed short back, and had it not been for a fence the hounds would have had a view and caught him, but he recrossed the water to the right of Sheepy, bore to the right to Pinwells, and again crossing the water beat them near Atherstone after a good fifty minutes from Gopsall.

On this day all those who had run away from Rugby as soon as hunting was stopped, came back, and on New Year's Day, with many others from Market Harborough, and elsewhere, met the Pytchley at Misterton. After drawing Thornborough Spinny blank, for the first time for years, and then the reeds also, they went on to Misterton Old Gorse, soon found, and were well away before half the field had got there, so that only a few got a good start. It was manifest at once that there was a burning scent, and that those who wished to keep with the hounds must ride hard, but go as fast as a few did they could not live with them over the large fields between Swinford Corner and Caldicott Spinny, beyond which on some heavy plough they came to slower hunting up to the back of South Kilworth, where they turned back across the grass fields leading to North Kilworth, near which they fairly killed him in the open, after a first-rate thirty-five minutes; then after drawing Kilworth Sticks and Major Pearson's covert blank, they found another at Stanford Hall, went away again at a tremendous pace over the Harborough Road to the back of Swinford Village, where the fox turned past Mr. Tom Gilbert's house, ran over the old racecourse to the earths at Shawell, which were stopped, then on towards Catthorpe Village, where they turned, and after running back towards Swinford, they lost. The three-quarters of an hour up to Catthorpe was very good, and was by far the best scenting day we have seen this season. That evening, however, snow again fell heavily, and on Thursday morning, Jan. 2, there were ten degrees of frost. Small boys were once more sliding on the gutters and elderly gentlemen falling upon the slippery, unswept pavements; and another and deeper fall of snow that night again put an end to hunting, and sent the Londoners back to their clubs, the pantomimes, the genial climate of the Burlington Arcade, and the stalls of the Alhambra. On Wednesday the 15th, however, they had a good day from Crick, the pleasure of the first run being spoilt by three hounds being killed by a train near the Kilsby Tunnel.

Perhaps few seasons have opened with greater promise than the present one in North Warwickshire. Never was the country better stocked with good wild foxes, cubs being found not only in the larger woods, but also in the smaller outlying coverts, an end which Mr. Lant has taken no small pains to accomplish. Indeed, with the exception of the extreme Birmingham side of the country, foxes were everywhere abundant, and with so excellent a cub-hunting season, and so good an entry of young hounds, Wheatley's prospects looked undoubtedly rosy. Alas! that we should have to record it, but perhaps from the opening day until the commencement of this wearying frost, fewer good runs have taken place than in former years, scent being, day after day, 'the one thing needful.'

On the 5th November, when the regular season commenced with these hounds, and the fixture was Stoneleigh Abbey, Wheatley in the afternoon brought a good fox, found in Glasshouse Wood, to hand after a capital hunting run of upwards of two hours. On the 7th the meet was at Dunchurch, near which village Wheatley unfortunately got a bad fall, fracturing a rib. Not at first, however, knowing the precise nature of the injury, he handled the horn both on the following day and also on the 12th at Offchurch, when they had a good run from Welch's Gorse to near Bunker's Hill, where they lost. That portion of it between Birdingbury and Thurlaston (about twenty minutes) was extremely good, the remainder being only slow hunting. Wheatley was now, however, reluctantly obliged to lay up, and although the worthy Master was signally successful in handling the horn in his absence with great perseverance (showing one of the best runs that these hounds have had this season, which occurred in the afternoon, on Tuesday, November 19th, the fixture being Kenilworth Castle, when, after a very fair morning's sport, they found at Frogmoor, and had a capital run into the Warwickshire country, which all who saw it said was undeniably good, and also from Ryton, on Nov. 26th, when finding a good fox late in the day at The Coppice, the hounds were stopped at dusk near Birdingbury Station; and again at Tile Hill on 3rd December, when after two good gallops from Park Wood and Chantry Heath respectively he handled both his foxes), yet the absence of the huntsman was, as must be the case, felt. To hark back a little, such was more particularly the case at Hillmorton on Nov. 21st, when it was literally beyond the power of mortal man to hunt the hounds (there were numerous foxes on foot), and at the same time restrain the ambitious ardour of (we think for the credit of the North Warwickshire field proper we are justified in adding) disorderly strangers.

As we write the ground is white and iron-bound, the 'glass' high, and the wind in an undesirable quarter; but yet, although the season is nearly half over, we sincerely hope that good things and many await the North Warwickshire; that Mr. Lant's unceasing efforts to show sport may be rewarded, and that Wheatley, their deservedly popular huntsman (who has, we are glad to say, now thoroughly recovered from his accident), and his able assistants, Jack Press and Walter Dale, may yet have numerous opportunities of contributing as creditably and indefatigably as in former seasons to the good runs we wait for more or less patiently. With such an excellent pack of hounds, such good servants, and so abundant a supply of foxes—(for in spite of a very unsatisfactory day from the Blue Boar on 5th Dec., we are credibly informed that there is no scarcity of the animal even in that most desirable portion of the country surrounding Dunchurch—possibly bad earth-stopping may have had something to do with their ill-fortune on that day—earth-stoppers, like other mortals, not being infallible)—propitious weather is alone wanting to crown Mr. Lant's efforts with the success they deserve.

The Belvoir got out on Monday, December 30, for their first day after the frost, when Gillard, who had been indisposed, was again able to resume his duties in the field, and they were surprised to find it quite good riding in the Vale; but owing to the sudden change in the weather there was a very small field out. From want of scent they did no good with their first fox from Debdale, and for a wonder Mr. John Welby's coverts at Allington were blank, which had never been known to happen since his new privet covert first held a fox some years ago, but they had better luck at Normanton Thorns, not only in finding a good fox but in having a good run. After bearing for Bennington, they ran at a good fair pace away to the left of Foston, on to the Thirteen Acre planting, through it and from it right away past Marston to within a field of Barkston Gorse, when darkness coming on Gillard stopped the hounds. On Tuesday the 31st they met at Belvoir, where rather more put in an appearance, still the field was somewhat select; but amongst those out were Sir John Thorold of Syston Park, Mr. Broke Turnor and his son Mr. Algernon Turnor, Mr. R. Millington Knowles and his brother Mr. Andrew Knowles, the Master of the Ledbury, Major Singleton, Captain Worsley, the Rev. W. Newcome, Mr. Hutton, Mr. A. Cross, Mr. Ebsworth, Mr. and Mrs. James Hornsby and their nephews, sons of the late Mr. Richard Hornsby, Mr. W. Pinder, Mr. W. Downing, his son and nephew from Barrowby, Mr. W. Sills, Mr. Hoyes, the Misses Heathcote, all the way from Lenton, Monsieur Courier, and many others. It was a terribly stormy day, so that with the exception of a slow run from Castthorpe Covert to Harlaxton Wood over the heaths to Ponton, no more good was done. A journey to Stoke Rochford proved a fruitless one; the plantations in the park were all alive with hares and pheasants, but the 'little red rover' was not to be seen. On Wednesday, January 1, they met at Waltham, when, in addition to a party from Melton, others came from Grantham; amongst whom Mr. John Hardy, Captain Tennant, and Monsieur Courier. Gillard first drew Burbidge's Covert, where they found a mangy brute, and as there was but little scent with him before he swam the river, there was little or none afterwards, consequently he was soon lost. The next draw was the famous Melton Spinnies, where of course they found, and a fox was soon away, with the pack not far behind him. After some slow but perfect hunting over half-a-dozen ploughed fields in the direction of Scalford, they got on to the grass, which from the wet and the snow rode like a bog, so that by the time they reached the little brook which runs by Caldwell, where they crossed it, the horses began to sigh; but as the hounds were racing away there was no time to pick a sound place, so at it they went. Some got in and some got safe over, and the lucky ones pounded away as hard as they could, and crossed the Melton and Waltham Road by the Broom Covert, passed to the left of Brentingby Spinny, then turned down the valley, when, after making a very short turn by Brentingby Village, the fox was lost at Thorpe Arnold, after a very good sporting run of about fifty minutes.

From Cheshire we hear that up to the time of the frost it has been the worst scenting season since they began cub-hunting in September ever known, although Mr. Corbet has a clipping pack of bitches, and it is a good fox that gets away from them. On Tuesday the 31st they went out for exercise, found a good fox, and had fifty minutes to ground. The scent was very flashy, but it was a good pipe-opener for both hounds and horses.

Lord Zetland had very fair sport during cub-hunting, but from the beginning of regular hunting it has been wretchedly bad, owing to there having been no scent. When the frost broke up they went on Tuesday the 31st to

Heighington, where they found plenty of foxes, but as it was a very stormy day they did nothing. On New Year's Day they had a bye-day at Aske, found a fox in a tree at Oliver, and ran him to ground in about fifteen minutes. Then went to Sedbury, where they found a leash, killed one, and ran another for an hour and a half over a rough country to Whitby Craggs, where he beat them, as there were several foxes on foot; but it was a very good hunting run. Amongst those out were Mr. Gilpin-Brown of Sedbury Park, with his two sons and Miss Gilpin-Brown, Mr. Cradock and his son, Mr. Tate of Richmond, Mr. Backhouse of Middleton Tyas, Captain Powell of St. Martin's, and Miss Barclay of St. Nicholas.

The Old Berkeley, we hear, have had their share of sport, although Worrall says that 'the scent throughout November was rather too bad;' but on the 2nd of December they started well with a good day from Chalfont Potteries. On the 5th they found a fine old fox in one of Squire Drake's coverts, and bowled him over near Beaconsfield, after one hour and five minutes. The greater part of the field got thrown out at Brent Wood; only the Rector, with three others, Worrall and one whip, were up when the burial service was read. On the 7th they met at Harefield, and had forty-five minutes from Berner's Wood over the grass with the best scent they had had up to that time, but the fox, who was dead beat, got to ground one field before the hounds; and as it was then dark, and they were twelve miles from the kennels, it was quite late ere they got home. They were shut up for three weeks, until Saturday, Dec. 28th, when they met at the kennels, had a very good hour to ground, the hounds running hard at times. Our correspondent says, 'there is no keener man in the country than Mr. Fitz Oldaker of Woodbank, Gerrards Cross, and that he has no inclination to get home to his Scotch broth a bit earlier than he did years ago.'

The old Berkshire had two or three fair days between the frosts, and found plenty of foxes, but before the first frost never had scent been known to be so bad. On the first open day after it they had a hard galloping, ringing day for both horses and hounds, killing one fox, and hunting on until it was dark. Amongst those out were the Earl of Craven, and his brother, the Hon. Osbert Craven, Lord Uffington, and the Hon. Rupert Craven, Messrs. Charles and Tom Duffield, John Shaw Phillips and Mrs. Phillips, of Culham House; Mr. Thomson, of Baldon House; Mr. W. H. Ashurst, of Waterstock; Mr. George Willes, the Master of the Craven, and many other gentlemen.

Proceeding southwards we hear that the Southdown did very fairly up to the frost, and had some very good days, but the scent generally with them, as elsewhere, was very bad. On their second day of regular hunting, Thursday, Oct. 31st, from Polegate they had a capital day's sport, ten miles from point to point, and killed after running one hour-and-a-quarter, most of the run being in the East Sussex country. On Nov. 8 they had a very fine hunting run, but the fox got away. On the 22nd they had a very fine day's sport, running altogether four hours and forty minutes over the best of the country, and Champion killed his fox at ten minutes to five. There was a very large field out, and many falls. The hounds had an eighteen-mile trot home, and reached their kennels at half-past eight. The 23rd was the best scenting day they had had, and they killed a leash of foxes by half-past one, found a fourth in a piece of rape, and ran him to ground in forty-seven minutes, without a check. On December 6 they met at Ditchley Beacon on the hill, but could not hunt there on account of the frost, so went on to Mr. Hunt's at Ditchley Common, where they found a rare good fox, and had a fine hunting run of four hours over a very good country. The hounds went a fair pace at times, and then walked after him, but ultimately

lost. The next day, the 7th, was also on the hills, and a large field was again out. The hounds were running hard again for four hours, and changed several times, and would have killed their last if they had only had ten minutes more daylight. This was their last day before the frost.

On Saturday, December 28, they had a very fair hunting run of one hour and twenty-five minutes. The ground was very bad for riding in many places. On New Year's Day they first chopped one and ran another for an hour, in torrents of rain, when he beat them.

The principal supporters of the Southdown are Lord Gage of Firle Place, Mr. Streatfield of The Rocks, the present Master, Mr. Alec Donovan of Framfield Place, and Mr. W. L. Christie, M.P., of Glyndebourne, both ex-Masters, Mr. James Ingram of Ades, the father of the Hunt, Messrs. Henry, Arthur, and Charles Brand, sons of the Speaker, of Glynde Place, Mr. Spencer Leigh of Frog Firle, Mr. James Philcox of Preston, Mr. W. H. Campion of Danny Park, Mr. Dodson, M.P., of Cony Burrows, Mr. J. H. Sclater of Newick Park, General Hepburn of The Hooke, Captain Buckle of Lewes, who hunts for the love of hunting, Sir George Shiffner of Coombe, Messrs. Steyning and George Beard of Rottingdean, the Messrs. Curtis of Windmill Hill, Mr. W. L. Winans of Kemp Town, and the Messrs. Kennedy, also of Brighton.

Jack West still continues to extract good juice from the old Vine. On December the 7th they met at Wolverton House, where Mr. Walker gave a breakfast to all comers. There was a large field out, amongst whom were Mr. Beach, the Master, the Messrs. Thornton from Beaurepaire, Colonel Bickerstaffe, Captain Morant, Captain and Mrs. Vincent from Sherborne, the young Messrs. Bethell from Tangier Park, Mr. Shrubbs, Mr. Davis, Mr. Twitchin, Mr. James Martin and his constant companion Mr. Tom Blake, Mr. Hawkins and his brother from Newbury, and several good men from the Craven country. They first ran a ring round Wolverton Wood, then over the Park, through Sandford Wood, where they turned to the left and made for the hills, where he was headed back through Sandford, over the Kingsclere Road, by the small coverts which run up to Fro Park to Nuthanger, where they were obliged to give him up as the frost was so bad on the hills. The first forty-seven minutes of this run were fast. Their first day after the frost was at Sherbone St. John. They first found in Margarstons, ran through it, over the road, making a wide ring by Beaurepaire House, then back to Sherborne Wood, then through the Tadley Coverts, straight over the road into Pamber Forest, leaving the New Inn, Baughurst, on the left, running on through the forest down the valley pointing for Mortimer House, where a friendly earth being open he went to ground, after one hour and thirty-five minutes. They found a second in Tadley Hill Gorse and soon killed him in the covert. West had a good day on January 4th, from the New Inn, Baughurst, a good hour with his first fox; and two hours and a half, with a kill in the open, with the second. There was a large field out. We are glad to hear that Mr. Beach is not going to give up the old Vine at present.

The Hambledon had a first-rate run on January the 3rd. They met at Watergate House, and found a brace of foxes in Watergate Gorse; had a ring with one, got him beat, but were obliged to give him up. Second fox was found in Stanstead Forest; run the rides quick over the Park towards Watergate Hanger, turned to the right straight through Lordington Wood into Walderton Gorse, from thence to Bon Hill, running as if for Williams Wood, but turned to the right over that very stiff country, Kingly Vale, on to Stoke Down and Stoke Park, to ground near the Brail, not far from Chichester, about ten miles from point to point; it was dark when they ran

to ground, and hounds had twenty-five miles to the kennels. January 4th, they met at Warnford Park, and had a most satisfactory run of an hour and twenty minutes, and killed. The frost then set in again, and the hounds did not get out till January the 17th, when they met at the Oaks, Emsworth. Found, ran the rides very fast through Emsworth Common to Rowlands Castle, then to the right, running the whole length of Stanstead Forest and back again, when they were nearly killing him, but unfortunately changed foxes, and ran a fast ring to Watergate and Lordington, again changing foxes, and had another good ring with the third, when most of the horses having had enough the hounds were whipped off. This was a very hard day, galloping for at least four hours. Up to this time they have killed 25 brace and run 8½ to ground. The frost has again set in, and looks likely to last.

The Hursley have had some good runs, and some days not an atom of scent, but on Friday the 17th of January they met at No Mans Land, and had a brilliant run all in the open to Bossington Meadows.

The Dumfriesshire hounds, owing to an early harvest cub-hunting, commenced earlier than usual, and the young hounds, which owe their parentage mostly to Squire Parry's, the Puckeridge, and the Duke of Buccleuch's kennels, entered particularly well. In the entry is a real curiosity, a hound bred and reared in Japan (of course from English hounds), which also takes a good place and has settled down to his work, and is most promising. Generally speaking, there is a good stock of foxes this season in the country, and scent having been favourable, more cubs have been handled than usual. Since hunting regularly began the hounds have shown excellent sport, and the coverts of Kinmount, Comloughan, Dormont, Castle Milk, Jardine Hall, Halleaths, and others, prove that their owners, while preserving game, can also always show the wild animal when the hounds pay a visit.

From Ireland we hear that with the Queen's County, taking the season on the whole, a worse scenting one has not been known. At the commencement of cub-hunting, for the first month, Rawle did very well indeed, but then came a spell of dry weather which spoilt all chance of sport. But since the 1st of November they have had several good fair days, the best of which was a thirty-five minutes at a rattling pace, when they killed; but their best run was on the Tuesday before the frost, when they had over two hours with their first fox and over an hour with the second, and had to whip off at dark, the field having dwindled down to only Rawle and four gentlemen, who had all had quite enough. On the following Saturday they had a very good long hunting run, but the fox ran them clean out of scent. They did not again go out until December 31, when they had a bye-day, just to give the hounds a bit of work in one of their bog coverts—a large wood in the middle of a bog, from which it is impossible to have a good run. They did not do much, as it was a very wild tempestuous day. Besides Rawle and the whips only Mr. H. Moore of Cremorgan, who was acting as Master in Mr. Stubber's absence in England, was out. These hounds were shut up more than three weeks. Such a severe frost in Ireland is very unusual.

A new correspondent informs us that the Pau hounds this year are under the management of Lord Howth, and a more hard-working, zealous Master of Hounds it would be difficult to find anywhere. At the beginning of the season he had seventy odd couples of hounds, which are now drafted down to some thirty-four couples, and a rare useful pack they are. The country is rather a rough one to get over—banks and ditches—the latter often being hid by heather, ferns, and gorse, and are very blind, which causes many an empty saddle. Then there is a very large extent of country, which is overgrown with short gorse, fern, and coarse grass (which is used for litter), and

this tries the hounds uncommonly, and is the reason of so large a draft, as it requires a bold resolute hound to face it, and to drive a fox through it. Bold Reynard hardly runs up to that form, and from my experience I would call them a ringing, soft-hearted breed. However, when the sport fails to be good, Lord Howth provides a drag, and the aborigines seem more than astonished as they see the red coats sweep across the country. There are some hard and straight riders, and our American cousins hold their own, but few go better than the Master. Here, even, the hounds have been stopped by snow.

The Queen's Stag-hounds were out for the first time since the outbreak of rabies at the Royal Kennels. They met on Wednesday, January 15th, at the Royal Hotel, but as it was not a regular hunting day there were very few out; but of those present were Mr. and Miss Coningham, Doctor Croft, Messrs. Saunders, Hughes, Walker, and one or two others. The deer was turned out in the Forest, and gave them a very pretty gallop over East-hampstead Park, and nearly to Wokingham, where they took him, and killed him designedly—Goodall having intended so from the first. As some of the penny-a-line scribblers who delight to bark and bite at the Royal huntsman may perhaps throw their tongues at this, we may as well tell them that his object was to give the hounds as much excitement as possible, so that if any madness were latent it would help to destroy it. Goodall was very well satisfied with the day, taking all circumstances into consideration, and the hounds seem all right up to the present time.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. C. Hoare talks of giving up the Norfolk Stag-hounds. If he does we hope that somebody will succeed him, as fox-hunting does not flourish in that district, and the natives have had very good sport this season: we know no two servants who are fonder of hunting, be it stag or fox, and know their work generally, than their huntsman Tom Imms and his whip Charles Wesley; and if fate should decide that there is to be no more sport in Norfolk from the West Harling Kennels, we hope that they will both get good places without any loss of time.

We confidently introduce to our hunting readers 'Covert Side Sketches,' published by Sampson, Low, & Co., by Mr. J. Nevill Fitt, well known as 'H. H.' of the 'Sporting Gazette,' and formerly hunting correspondent of the 'Field.' We may fairly say that it is the only book on hunting which treats exhaustively on all the different kinds of chase to be enjoyed in England at the present day. With regard to foxhounds, Mr. Fitt does not follow the beaten track of other writers on the subject in supposing them to be the result of a cross from a bloodhound and some other dog when fox-hunting came into vogue; but he shows, on very fair grounds, that a hound with all the characteristics of the foxhound existed long before that time; and he looks at the subject of the chase generally purely from a Master of Hounds, and not from a riding man's point of view. Nevertheless, we are of opinion it would do many who think they know all about hunting no harm if they read it and inwardly digested it. The book contains a very good account of the Brocklesby, Belvoir, Quorn, Burton, Cottesmore, Pytchley, York and Ainsty, Holderness, Sinnington, and Tedworth countries. Three or four chapters are devoted to wild stag hunting, and the chase of the carted deer; followed by hare hunting with the Brookside and Bex Hill harriers; and altogether the whole volume is amusing and instructive.

An old Balaclava hero, formerly in the 13th Dragoons, is very anxious to get a situation as valet to a hunting gentleman, or, after the season is over, to go with one on a yachting voyage. Has lived for two seasons with Captain

Frank Osborne, at Rugby, who is now gone to Australia. Has good references. Address, James Lamb, 11 Ovington Gardens, Brompton, S.W.

With our New Year's parcel of current publications is included 'Who's Who,' which has now reached its 31st edition. As usual this handy little volume has been compiled with the greatest care. It furnishes a mass of valuable information—personal and otherwise—concerning 'Who's Who,' that as a work of reference alone it commends itself to public favour.

'An Amateur Professional,' or 'A Professional Amateur'—as we are not certain which is the correct version we will give them both, and ask our readers what they think is their explanation. The terms have for some time adorned the English language, and to the intelligent foreigner who has succeeded in mastering our complicated idioms and phrases to a certain extent, we fear they must have proved 'the last straw.' The outside public, who are not of or in the athletic world, have merely smiled at the ridiculous phrase, but to the actors in that microcosm it has had a serious meaning. Those behind the scenes of the play of our noblest English game have known for some time that there was something very rotten in the state of cricket, on which the heavy hand of public opinion would one day come down. The blow has descended not an hour too soon. The disclosures made at the extraordinary general meeting of the Gloucestershire County Cricket Club, held during the past month, had been long well known in the cricket world, but were only dimly suspected by outsiders. That gentlemen, in addition to what we may term their strict legal expenses of railway fares, &c., should seek to make a profit out of the game may be a surprise to some of our readers, but it was frankly avowed by some of the Gloucestershire amateurs, at the meeting alluded to. In a match with the Surrey at the Oval, the Gloucestershire secretary, Dr. E. M. Grace, seems to have been the happy recipient of 20*l.*, and the other members of the family, though not drawing as much as their head, came in for very fair pickings. The great W. G. G. contented himself with 15*l.*, and there appears to have been a regular sliding scale, for Mr. Gilbert, a cousin, only came in for 8*l.*, which seems hard on the cousin. The Grace family, indeed, appear to be as strong in the matter of ex's as they are in the matter of cricket; strong, too, were they at this extraordinary general meeting, for what may be called a vote of want of confidence in the Secretary, Dr. E. M. Grace (it was the revision of a code of rules in which his name as an official was omitted), was negatived by a majority of twelve votes in a meeting of forty-four voters.

All this, though to a certain extent a scandal, will prove, we hope, the truth of the old saying, that out of evil comes good. The more or less frank admissions made at the Bristol meeting, the figures in black and white, tell their own tale, and to the M.C.C., as the recognised authority, we must leave the dealing with it. The new rule of the Marylebone, 'That no gentleman 'ought to make a profit by his services in the cricket-field,' lays down a broad principle which no 'arrangements' of provincial clubs can, we think, contravene. That gentlemen, *i.e.*, non-professionals, have received payment in matches over and above what we have termed lawful expenses seems quite clear. Probably, at least so we hope, the public notice that has been taken of it, and the animadversions on the practice so generally made, will put a stop once and for all to the evil. If these fail, the M.C.C. must put its foot down hard.

The *cui bono* of Queen's Plates is a subject that periodically crops up, and has been lately ventilated in more than one journal not specially devoted to sporting matters. The late Lord Ailesbury's well-meant alterations have not succeeded in imparting any vitality to Her Majesty's Guineas, and the most

zealous adherents for the continuance of the Royal gift would be puzzled to show what real utility it is of under its present form. There were eleven Queen's Plates run for in this country last year, each of two hundred guineas, and for these eleven races thirty-six horses ran. This is a very practical commentary on the necessity for some alteration in the administration of the fund, amounting to, we believe, three thousand guineas, and Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, himself warmly attached to racing and zealous for its best interests, has come forward with a proposition which has much to recommend it. It is that the whole of the money for the Queen's Plates should be divided into three prizes, to be run for at Newmarket in the autumn meeting, the first to be for four-, the second for five-, and the third for six-year-olds. One thing strikes at first glance. Where are our six-year-olds in training who can get two or three miles to come from? Four and five-year-olds might be found, but we think the Houghton Queen's Prize would either be declared void or result in a walk over, especially as Sir Francis bars foreigners. He would allow three-year-olds to run for either of the prizes, provided they carried the same weight as the older horses. This might let in a Derby winner, but as Sir Francis Doyle stipulates for 'a rattling pace,' it is problematical. The great merit of the proposal appears to us to be the chance of owners keeping their horses for these valuable prizes, and not running them off their legs when they are two years old. For that reason we should like to see an enterprising Master of the Hounds try the scheme. Something must be done, for as it is three thousand guineas are every year as good as flung into the gutter, for any help or improvement that sum gives to racing or breeding.

The death of William Treen removes one, about the last, indeed, of the old school of trainers. Born seventy years ago, in the palmy days of the Turf, young Treen's early years were passed at Danebury, where old John Day taught him all that could be taught in the way of training and riding, and soon after he had established himself in business on his own account he was fortunate enough to have Mr. Fulwar Craven as one of his employers, and trained and rode his famous mare Deception for Derby and Oaks. That, we need scarcely remind our elderly readers, was a memorable year, for Deception ran second to a horse in the Derby, Bloomsbury, who was firmly believed to be one of those 'old 'uns,' who, if everything that is said is true, have carried off more than one Derby. There was something very queer about Bloomsbury, no doubt. His pedigree was open to grave suspicions, his owner's name did not smell sweet in the nostrils of men. Mr. Fulwar Craven objected to Bloomsbury after the Derby on the ground of imperfect description, but the Stewards overruled it, and though the case was carried into a court of law it there met the same fate. Every racing man going at that time was as persuaded that Bloomsbury was not the correct age, as he knew that two and two made four. There was only one difference of opinion, and that was as to whether he was a four- or a five-year-old, the popular belief holding to the latter age. We well remember that year, for we were, alas, keeping about our first term at Oxford, and formed one of a small party of four who posted from that seat of learning to the Downs, saw the race run in the memorable snowstorm, and got back to college before the stroke of twelve. It was the second Derby we had ever seen—our first was Phosphorus—and we remember, what between the snowstorm, losing our money, and the perils of rustication, we thought that *le jeu ne vaut pas le chandelle*. But this is by the way.

Treen soon got a good employer in Mr. Gregory, and at Beckhampton he had all that gentleman's horses under his care. He landed some good coups for him, but when he sold his horses in 1854, he left no successor behind him,

until Mr. James Smith came to the rescue. Treen, in 1862, won the Cesarewitch for him with Hartington. Then he went out, on Sir William Gregory's recommendation, to India, and trained for a Mr. Downall, a Devonshire gentleman; but the climate did not agree with him, and he soon returned. His employer, however, was not unmindful of him, and when he came back from India himself provided Treen with a home for his old age. There he died, and those of the generation that is now getting old will remember him as an upright, honourable man of a kindly nature, who earned the liking of his employers and the respect of all who knew him.

Sandown Park has issued its programme for the season, also its passes. We must congratulate the executive on both. Nothing can be neater than the well-got-up card which gives us all the fixtures and tells us all the rules, while the bronze cross, the pass for 1879, is, we must say, a great improvement on the quasi-military decoration of last year. There will be eight meetings there this year, six of the club's proper, with the soldiers', the Grand Military and the Royal Artillery. The committee are considering a suggestion for making a first-class cricket ground in the park, for which there is ample space, while the accessibility of the place, and the conveniences it affords, will no doubt attract some of the public-school matches and others of popular interest.

We omitted to mention in last 'Van,' while writing our memoir of Major Whyte-Melville, that Mr. Boehm, the eminent sculptor, is engaged on a bust of the deceased gentleman, a most admirable likeness, as we can testify. The well-shaped head and finely chiselled features of the original have been most happily caught by the artist; and no one who knew Whyte-Melville but will be glad to hear that Mr. Boehm purposes reproducing the bust in terra-cotta and plaster of Paris on a small scale, so that the many friends of the dead man will be able to possess themselves of what is at once a pleasing memorial and a work of art.

Coaching is certainly looking up, especially as regards the Dorking road, which, great favourite as it is with the public, is naturally as great a one with coachmen. Three coaches are to be put on this spring, and we only hope they may all flourish, and be strangers to a clean way-bill; but at the same time we cannot help questioning the good policy, or the good taste, of this over-crowding of a road, however popular that road may be. This, however, is a question so entirely for the proprietors, that we may safely leave it to them, the more so as the public will be the gainers by this friendly rivalry. First and foremost will be a revival of the Boxhill Coach, so long known (alas, that it will be known so no longer) as 'Cooper's Coach.' It will commence running on the last Saturday in March, leaving Hatchett's at 10.30 in the morning, and returning from Burford Bridge at 4 p.m. The time occupied each way will be two hours and a half, and the new coaches are now building by Ventham of Leatherhead, on the lines of 'the Red Rover,' a Southampton coach, celebrated in its day. The colours will be the same as those which the afternoon Dorking first made famous—primrose body and red under-carriage. One of the coaches was begun for Colonel Stracey-Clitherow, who kindly gave it up that the two might be ready without fail for the opening day. Mr. F. I. Hunt will have the coach, on which that tried friend of the road, Sir Henry de Bathe, will be often seen, and Benjamin Hubble is to be the professional.

The second coach on this road is started by Mr. Sheather, who brings something of a horse-dealing element into the business, which, we suppose, must be submitted to, since the Queen's highway is open to us all. Last season Mr. Hunt would have revived 'Cooper's Coach,' but in deference to an urgently expressed wish of Lord Castlereagh's to go to Dorking, he did not desire to appear as an opponent, and so withdrew. Lord Castlereagh, in con-

junction with Lord Aveland, then entered into an arrangement with Mr. Sheather, which, no doubt, the latter found very profitable, and without much consideration for Mr. Hunt's courtesy and good feeling, as evinced last season, he has announced a Dorking coach this year. Mr. Hunt is desirous as much as possible to avoid clashing with Sheather, so he has chosen Box Hill for his destination. He is determined to do the thing well, and we trust he will succeed. Mr. A. G. Scott, who may be said to have introduced the Dorking road to the public, takes, we need scarcely say, a warm interest in the venture, which will have all the benefit his practical experience can give it.

Many 'Baily' readers must have known Charles Brindley, the Ward huntsman—but they will know him now no more. An Englishman by birth, he passed his early years in training stables at Hednesford, where we believe he attracted the notice of the late Lord Howth, and was engaged by him in 1833 as whip to a pack of staghounds hunted by his lordship. Some few years later the staghounds were given up on the death of Lady Howth, and Brindley went to Scotland for a while; but in 1844 was induced by Mr. Alley, then at the head of affairs with the Wards, to return to Ireland and take the horn with that celebrated pack. The post he held to his death, towards the latter end of last month; and with all the many and various degrees of men who have galloped over that grand country, 'Charley' Brindley was most deservedly a favourite. Royalty knew him, so did Vice-royalty, and no one, we feel sure, would be more sorry for his untimely death than Lord Spencer. His loss to Mr. Leonard Morrogh will be great and not easily replaced. The celebrated writer who predeceased him but a short time knew him well and esteemed him; and, indeed, there is scarcely a man who

'When with Morrogh to-morrow they hunt with the Ward'

but will say 'Poor Charley Brindley!'

[illegible]

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W. S. Sterling Crawford.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. W. STIRLING CRAWFURD.

THE ranks of the old generation of racing men are rapidly closing in. The last two years have seen the removal of more than one time-honoured name; and now, with the recent death of General Peel, is completed the muster-roll of the departed. Few, if any, are left who, arrived at man's estate, saw Arthur Paris win the Two Thousand in 1832 for the gallant soldier and sportsman whose loss we deplore.

But there is a generation still left us that is not old, neither is it young. The Victorian era is not so very far advanced, and those who saw its dawn have not reached the allotted age of man. Conspicuous among the sporting men of the time is the gentleman whose life-like portrait is the latest addition to our gallery. Born in 1819, the son of Captain Arthur Stirling, a Scotchman of ancient family, who fought at Waterloo, commanding a troop of the K. D. G., Mr. Stirling Crawford (who assumed the latter name before he came of age) was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he joined in all University sports, and was well known with every pack of hounds within reach. In 1841 we find him at Melton, going well with a select stud; later on, at Langton Hall, near Market Harborough; and we may say here that, up till very lately, there was no keener in the shires than Mr. Crawford. The Turf he took to early. He was racing in Holland in 1844, and his name figures at Eglinton and Croxton Parks soon after. He was fond of riding cross-country, too, and won the Aristocratic Steeplechase at Leamington, we think, in '49, with his horse The Merchant; but the first appearance of his colours—then white jacket and black cap—at Newmarket was in 1847, when they were borne by Humdrum in the Cesarewitch, won by Cawrouch.

We do not propose to go *seriatim* through the horses owned by Mr. Crawford from that period to the present day. In 1848 he won the Cesarewitch with The Cur; in 1878, the Derby with Sefton: thirty years of varying fortune, the bad predominating; a good many

indifferent horses, here and there one or two of the first-class. In 1850 he was elected a member of the Jockey Club, and the same year, on his own horse, Iron Rail, he won a handicap at Eglinton Park. After that his name does not often occur in the Calendar; but in 1856, when he changed his colours to French grey and orange stripe, with black cap, they were conspicuous on the handsome Zuyder Zee, second in both July Stakes and Home Stakes that year. In 1857 he had Lord of the Hills and East Langton. But it was in 1858, when he finally changed his colours to the familiar scarlet, that he got hold of a good mare in Mayonnaise, who, in the following year, won Mr. Crawford his second important race, the One Thousand, and gave George Fordham his first big Newmarket win. The mare failed in the Oaks, being beaten by her stable companion, Summerside; but she somewhat retrieved her reputation at Goodwood and Brighton; and, as Zuyder Zee won the Chesterfield Cup and Winter Home Stakes the same week, the scarlet jacket did not do so badly. The progeny of Mayonnaise did no honour to their dam, and for some few years Mr. Crawford had a bad lot of horses, until Moslem divided The Guineas, after a dead heat, with Formosa; and it is somewhat singular that, like Lancastrian, Moslem was disqualified for the Derby and Leger, by the death of the then Marquis of Exeter. Mr. Crawford ran second in Kingcraft's Derby with the moderate Palmerston; and Gang Forward 'told a flattering tale' when he won the Two Thousand in 1873. The performances of Craig Miller, the Leger winner of 1875, of Prince George, Sefton, Avontes, &c., are too fresh to need recalling.

Mr. Crawford is emphatically a sportsman. In the war of elements that affect the body politic of the Turf he has no part or parcel. He bets, of course; he also likes to back his own horses at a fair price; and we daresay he does not like being forestalled. But he runs, and the public support his horses with that full knowledge. When, previous to the Cesarewitch of last year, it was rather industriously rumoured that Sefton would not come to the post, the response of the public was to make the horse first favourite. They knew their man better than the would-be pullers of the strings. The recent run of luck of the scarlet jacket has received a check in the disqualification of Lancastrian for Derby and Leger—a circumstance to be lamented. It is not within our province here to enter into that vexed question of death disqualification; some remarks about it will be found in another place in this Magazine; but we may be allowed to sympathise with Mr. Crawford in his disappointment. We believe Lancastrian to be a good horse, and we hope he will yet give us warranty for our belief.

Mr. Stirling Crawford married, in 1876, the Duchess of Montrose, widow of the fourth Duke of that name, and her Grace, who is an ardent lover and a good judge of racing, shares with her husband in the pains and pleasures of the sport.

GENERAL PEEL.

DIED FEBRUARY 13, 1879.

‘He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o’er him wept.’—BYRON.

THE soldier, warm of heart but cool of head,
The statesman, choosing rather break than bend,
The sportsman, guilty of no sordid end ;
Not in the purple nor the cottage bred,
Yet nature’s true aristocrat, and wed
To Honour, brightest crown of life to those
Whose path lies ever through intriguing foes
O’er slippery ways that few may dare to tread ;
We mourn thee, now beyond our praise or blame,
As warrior much, as legislator more,
But most as one who touched a dangerous game,
Nor knew defilement ; champion to the core
Of right ’gainst wrong, ensample half redeeming
Thy best loved Pastime from ignoble seeming !

A.

STUDIES FROM THE STUD-BOOK.

I. THE NEWMINSTER FAMILY.

It is satisfactory to note the increased interest evinced and deeper knowledge displayed of late in breeding topics ; the outcome of a movement made some fifteen years ago in the direction of letting light into the matter by means of treatises in the public prints, by the compilation of pedigree-tables illustrative of such treatises, and by general attempts to popularise a subject hitherto considered too abstruse and recondite for the comprehension of sporting readers. Nowadays we are anxious to be informed of something more than the bare names and performances of great winners ; and though some members of the crutch-stick and toothpick school still profess a languid contempt for the family history of the coursers of high degree which carry their money or their colours, they are but few in comparison with brother sportsmen who interest themselves in unravelling the tangled skeins of equine descent, and who are influenced in their choice of racing champions by the strains of blood which enter into their composition. It is well this should be so, for the greater the inducements which exist to regard the noble animal in a higher light than as a mere machine, the greater is the probability of sport being pursued in a liberal and wholesome spirit, free from the associations which narrow it down to a mere gambling speculation. To describe breeding as being, or as being

likely to become, an exact science, would be absurd, seeing that various elements of chance are constantly being developed, to the discomfiture of the grandest 'paper' theories; but there is enough of certainty and exactitude about it to make it a highly interesting study, and new features are constantly presenting themselves for review and research into their causes and origins. As with the human race, so with that of our thoroughbreds, tribes and families have their vicissitudes of renown and obscurity, and as each comes to the front in turn, we seem to explore fresh mines of hidden treasure, all the more welcome to be brought to light, because their worth has so long remained hidden under a bushel. Students of breeding lore, even for only a few decades, can trace the rise and fall of this or that source of blood with curious interest, and experience has amply shown what grievous mistakes have been made in the wholesale glorification or condemnation of various lines of descent as they stood momentarily out in transient splendour or languished in temporary abeyance. Lately we have witnessed the rise into fashion and honour of certain branches of the great thoroughbred family heretofore unaccountably neglected, and in some cases well-nigh lost to us; while others, long anxiously sought and held in high reputation, are manifestly on the wane in point of popularity. It is only in accordance with the 'eternal fitness of things' that these revivals and retrogressions should take place; otherwise breeders would get too much in one and the same groove, and 'orthodoxy' might be more than the mere *nominis umbra* it has proved over and over again in the mouths of empirical enthusiasts. Seeing, then, that theory in breeding must walk hand in hand with practice, and that the former is far more easily mastered than the latter, those interested in its pursuit must set themselves diligently to work to *observe* results, as the surest guide to the knowledge they would attain. It is with the view of thus dealing with the subject that we venture to commence these 'Studies,' not pretending to enunciate infallible truths, but merely to contribute, for the general good, certain opinions formed in the course of observation. We are well aware that no two persons see things with quite the same eyes, and that this is more particularly the case as regards horseflesh; but, as we intend to proceed rather on broad principles than on minute detail, this difficulty may be in a measure obviated.

To Newminster and his family we have given precedence, for the reason that not only is that blood at present in high repute, but the founder of its fortunes may be regarded in the light of a legitimate successor to Touchstone, the most distinguished sire of his day and generation.

Before taking up our discourse, then, upon the subject which forms our present 'Study from the Stud-Book,' let us be allowed a sort of preliminary canter through the antecedents and present position of cadets of the great house of Touchstone, which occupies a position only equalled by that of Birdcatcher, with which such desirable and advantageous alliances have taken place, since these

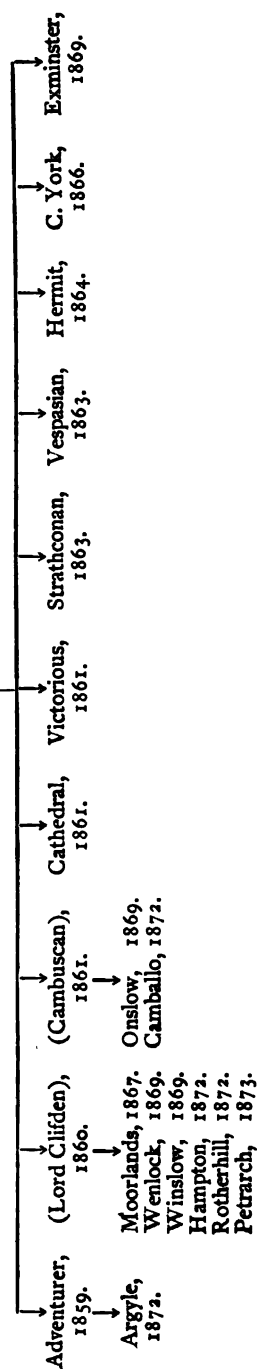
two great branches of the Darley Arabian tree diverged sufficiently from the parent trunk to render such unions advisable. The Touchstone mares deserve a chapter to themselves, which may one day be written for our instruction, but at present let our attention be directed only to the male issue of the famous Eaton brown. Glancing at his family tree, as set forth four years ago in the twenty-seventh volume of this Magazine, it will be seen that, both in point of number and importance, the Newminster family claim undoubted precedence, that of Orlando being the only other entitled even to a *proxime accessit*, and this may perhaps be deemed worthy to form the subject of another 'Study' in its turn. Beyond these two 'descents' from Touchstone, and that of Lord of the Isles, traced downward to the handsome Scottish Chief, we have no occasion to travel; seeing that neither Wamba nor Atherstone are likely to raise up worthy seed in their old age, while, through the expatriation of Suffolk, Musket, Vestminster, and Stentor (so far as we know without heirs in tail male), the lines of Surplice, Ithurriel, Cotherstone, and De Clare must be considered as practically extinguished. It is true that Soapstone has recently been re-imported into this country, but, while wishing Mr. Hume Webster all luck with his plucky purchase, it is at least premature, if not presumptuous, to hope that a 'revival' may take place by the instrumentality of this last of the Touchstones. So that the headship of the house indubitably belongs to the happily numerous and distinguished family of Newminster, at present represented by some score of sons and grandsons, and about four times that number of daughters.

It would appear by oral evidence no less than by tradition (to which we are compelled to trust in default of our having set eyes upon Touchstone) that those of his sons most resembling their sire in conformation and general appearance were his least successful representatives at the stud. No doubt Newminster derived his quality and character as well as his shape from old Beeswing, and it is highly interesting to compare the portraits of the pair as they hang side by side, with a view to trace in the dam the lines on which her son was formed, when it will at once be apparent that the strong individuality of the mare descended to her offspring, in whom we can trace less of Touchstone than he was reputed even by good judges to have possessed while in the flesh. It is remarkable that in most of the sons of Newminster this tendency to strain back to their dams is very apparent; while it has been reserved for his daughters to retain the 'family likeness' of the sire, whose name is a tower of strength to the house of Touchstone, and whose descendants are keeping up the charter of their progenitor by taking high rank among our sires of to-day. Let us here introduce our readers to the children and grandchildren of Newminster, as they stand in their boxes at home and abroad, and endeavour to prove the truth of our assertion that there is no general similitude running through them (save in one point, perhaps, to be mentioned hereafter) to the head of the family of Touchstone. Taking them in order of age, we come first to

Adventurer, justly reckoned more of a Newminster than all his brethren, but he shows unmistakably the Emilius tendency (we would qualify as much as possible) to shortness, and the Sheffield Lane horse is longer in the shanks, and therefore more 'on leg' than his sire. His son Pretender again (recently deceased) bore a striking likeness to Adventurer, but this somewhat unfortunate Derby winner at least inherited from 'grandpapa' the awkward gait in walking which has characterised more than one of the descendants of Newminster. Adventurer's stock are not very taking as foals, many of them being inclined to be gawky and three-cornered and coarse, with large joints and bone generally, but they soon lose their angularity and fine down and fill out in time, framing out into handsome yearlings, but still not altogether of the Newminster type. Cathedral is out of a big coarse Melbourne mare, herself over long in the back and slackly coupled, and these peculiarities are, though in a lesser degree, reflected in her son, who has nevertheless done uncommonly well at the stud, considering that his racing calibre, even as a handicap horse, was not very high, and bearing in mind the fact that his health had never been altogether satisfactory before leaving Newmarket for Waresley. He gets big, strong foals, generally better coupled than himself, but neither he nor his stock can be said to resemble the *quondam* pride of Rawcliffe. Victorious, from a Jeremy Diddler mare, is long and low like his sire, but there the resemblance ends, and in general style, markings, and action he takes more after the tribe whence sprang his dam, while in one or two very important points, easily discernible, he strains away from rather than towards his sire. Strathconan, both as regards colour and general contour, stands confessed a descendant of Chanticleer, and he has quite lost the soft and rather calfish appearance

TOUCHSTONE.

NEWMINSTER.



he had while in training, though he is still rather inclined to stand back in the knees. Being now almost white, Lord Scarborough's horse still more forcibly recalls Mr. Merry's 'gallant grey' in his later years at the stud, but we have seen several of his stock, Strathern to wit, with an unmistakable Newminster cut about them, amid tight-backed greys and roans of the Birdcatcher stamp. Vespasian again, from Vesta by Stockwell, is Birdcatcher all over, and his forehead much resembles that of old Oxford, while he is a shortish, well-knit horse, without an atom in his composition, save perhaps colour, to remind us of Newminster. Neither does he appear to have inherited the latter's staying powers, which have been so bountifully conferred upon the above-named Adventurer, Cathedral, and Strathconan, as well as on Victorious in his two-year prime, and on Hermit, Cardinal York, and Lord Clifden, who now present themselves for our notice.

Hermit, who has risen from a very modest fee to rank with the highest price sires in the country, was a beautiful yearling when Mr. Chaplin became his owner at Middle Park, but he failed to ripen into anything very grand while in training, and was rather of the scraggy, ewe-necked order when he came out, a seemingly forlorn hope, to do battle for Bloss's stable on the ever-memorable Derby Day of 1867. A fortnight later at Ascot he looked quite at his best, but both at the Royal Meeting and at Doncaster he rather gave the idea of a round, short horse than of a son of the lengthy Newminster. That he would grow into the sixteen-hander, as described to us by Griffiths last year, few would have anticipated, nor that he would become the progenitor of such 'slashing big uns' as Trappist, Ambergris, Gunnersbury, and others credited to him during his reign at Blankney. It would seem as if Hermit, like other sons of Newminster, strained back to his dam Seclusion, one of the grandest mares in England, and sprung from the Ion family, of which we may instance Wild Dayrell and his son Wild Oats as types. Cardinal York is a light, elegant, corky horse, with a cut of Newminster about him certainly, but not sufficient to stamp his identity, and there is far more of the Gameboy 'sort' about him, and he could both race and stay under heavy weights in good company, capabilities which the oldest and most experienced breeder in England has chosen to place in the forefront of a stallion's qualifications for patronage at the stud. Big, lengthy mares are all that the Finstall sire requires to make a decided hit, but as yet his yearlings have been rather undersized, though there can be no doubt of their good shapes, fine quality, and true action. Of the 'late lamented' Lord Clifden we may safely assert that he was Melbourne all over, albeit certain of the exaggerated characteristics of his maternal granddam were toned down, rounded off, and smoothed away. Unlike Newminster, Lord Clifden was on the 'leggy' side, and his rather defective couplings invariably told against him when there was a hill to negotiate, a failing which the gradients of Ascot and Newmarket speedily found out, to say nothing of his inability to hold his own with Macaroni at Epsom.

We have thus attempted to show, and we fancy not without success, not only that Newminster 'nicked' with the widely different bloods represented by the dams of those of his sons just described, but that, in the case of his male descendants at least, the results of these various alliances show no general and striking likeness to their progenitor, though we are far from denying the existence here and there of points of resemblance. All we mean to say is, as the result of our observations, that Newminster has set his 'mint mark' upon his sons in a less degree than Stockwell, Melbourne, Sweetmeat, Beadsman, and many others we could mention; though on the other hand it cannot fail to be noticed that he got the majority of his stock whole-coloured, whether they were bays, browns, or chestnuts, white-stockings and blazes being conspicuous by their absence in nearly all cases. It will not fail to be noted, too, that in respect of 'mating,' the sons of Newminster have shown themselves almost as 'Catholic' as their sire, mares of all sorts of descents having borne them good winners, and doubtless the value of a horse at the stud is vastly enhanced by this 'universality of suitability' (our readers will forgive the somewhat turgid expression) to all comers to his *haras*. Other sires have almost invariably shown a predilection for certain crosses, which students of the Stud-book will not fail to have put down upon the 'tablets of their memory'; and we may cite as a 'leading case' that of Stockwell, nearly all of whose best winners and most distinguished stud representatives of the present day will be found to have resulted from alliances with the Touchstone blood heretofore alluded to. With these qualifications for success, then, what wonder that in the returns for 'winning stallions in 1878' the sons of Newminster occupy no less than six out of the first fourteen places, with (in round numbers) a sum of no less than 70,000*l.* to their credit out of 150,000*l.* appropriated by the whole number just mentioned; Lord Clifden, Hermit, and Adventurer being the *proxime accessits* to Speculum, with Victorious, Cathedral, and Strathconan all showing a bold front, to say nothing of Cambuscan's success in Austria, and of the rising talent in this country represented by Vespasian, Cardinal York and Co.

It is somewhat remarkable that the sons of Newminster have not blossomed into sultans of the highest repute all at once, but, on the contrary, have steadily worked their way up the ladder of fame, rung by rung, by sheer downright merit, and in the face of predictions of failure in not a few remarkable cases. Lord Clifden left a very poor reputation behind him at Moorlands, and Mr. Gee had the courage to take him in hand when at a very low ebb in the eyes of the world of breeders, who condemned him too hurriedly, and were glad enough to retract their opinions after he had begotten a couple of St. Leger winners, besides numerous other celebrities. Hermit, as we have noticed, set out in stud life with anything but brilliant prospects, albeit the hero of a Derby, and very few mares fell to his lot for a season or two at Blankney before Holy Friar and Per Se made him the rage. No horse came in for more abuse than Adventurer, until the

'mere handicap horse' followed up his Pretender success with other produce of sufficient calibre to show that the happy hit with old Férina was no mere lucky fluke; though it has been well said of the Sheffield Lane sire that he gets many indifferent ones to a few real clinkers. Victorious, entered in none of the great three-year-old races, and having 'trained off' after his first season, has worked his way, if not into quite the first rank, at any rate into a position all the more creditable because few had the courage to lend him a helping hand, and we may not have seen the best of him yet; while it is remarkable that most of his get 'run on' in spite of queerly-shaped hocks, which, however, frighten more than they hurt. Neither Strathconan nor Cathedral were more than fair second-class horses, according to the Derby and St. Leger standards, which both essayed to reach in vain, so that, putting the others out of the question, it must be conceded that the half dozen just named have had their own reputation to make, and have done so admirably, and without any of that puffing and thrusting process which has exalted so many duffers into magnificos for a season.

Newminster will have to depend, however, almost wholly and solely upon his issue in tail male for posthumous honours decreed to fathers of the English stud; for however startling the assertion may appear at first sight, we shall undertake to show that his daughters have been comparative failures as racers, while they have hitherto done practically nothing at the stud to justify the reputation for goodness which has clung to them more by reason of their winsome looks than of the success which has attended their alliances. Some fair form as two-year-olds, but a sad falling off subsequently, and a few handicap coups is all they have to show, and it cannot be said of them that their names figure prominently even in the less interesting pages of turf history. In contradistinction to his colts, Newminster seems to have begotten most of his fillies 'to pattern' and after his own image, and the chances are, that if out of a bevy of brood mares peacefully browsing in one of many picturesque paddock-homes of England, the visitor calls a halt in front of some whole-coloured matron, long and low, with beautiful taper head, full eye, and the indescribable gift of 'quality,' exquisitely moulded and turned—he will be told that he is taking stock of a 'Newminster mare.' Very proud used the owners of these aristocratic belles of the stud to be of their possession, and breeders strove hard and paid long prices to fill their quivers with them, regarding them in the light of 'givers of tone' to the common herd, and as things of beauty and of joy for ever. But gradually a reaction set in, when it came to be found that their form as producers of winners was unable to bear that searching analysis which, in the long run, must decide the 'to be or not to be' of the groups of mares ranged under their various sires at the end of 'the book.' They were weighed and found wanting, these much-vaunted and still attractive 'Newminster mares,' and though some were weaned from their affection for these delusive charmers with difficulty and

in spite of conviction, we fancy the dream is at last disturbed which made them such desirable acquisitions. Fond anticipation had to give way first to doubt, and finally to the overwhelming logic of facts arrayed against fantasies. The eighty or so of Newminster's daughters still left to us may of course yet redeem a faded and obsolete reputation, but out of the number (between one hundred and twenty and thirty) which have passed through the thoroughbred 'Peerage' issuing from Burlington Street, we can find none which have contributed to Turf annals names of greater note than those of Thorn, Corisande, Shannon, Bosworth, and Rosebery. No reasonable man would, we imagine, for a moment contend that the very highest class is in any one case represented among the above quintette, though the brief list contains a Cup and two Cesarewitch winners, and perhaps the greatest miler of his day. Nor shall we be reckoned as unduly depreciating the sisterhood now under discussion, when we proceed to state that none of the above descendants of Newminster mares seemed, save in the smallest degree, indebted to their dams for shape and make; indeed, all would appear to reflect a paternal rather than maternal similitude. Thorn (the very last pillar of the house of Velocipede) was a true son of the slashing King of Trumps in style, colour, and conformation; while no one can describe Corisande otherwise than one of those 'regulation' daughters of King Tom, of which 'the Baron' in his day turned out so many from his Crafton paddocks. Shannon is one of those 'tight uns' which Lambton so frequently sired, but so few of which ripened into such real stayers as the daughter of the unnamed Newminster mare; while we have introduced the name of Bosworth more from a desire to mete out exact justice to his dam than in any spirit of admitting his claims to appear in such good company. Rosebery might have been the best horse of his year, but we must gauge him by the line selected for him of handicap company; and it was unfortunate that he was not permitted to show his real form in the Queen's Vase at Ascot last year, whereby his reputation suffered not a little. On this well-knit, square-built horse Speculum has stamped a handsome 'image of 'himself,' and upon him devolves the responsibility of upholding the credit of the house of Newminster in the female line of descent, seeing that Clanronald and Lord Ronald are the only others similarly circumstanced with any pretensions to notoriety. Thus we have shown upon what slight foundations rest the pretensions of Newminster's daughters to distinction at the present time; though they have still plenty of opportunities for wiping out the reproach of having done the State such insignificant service; insignificant when considered in relation to their numbers, their prestige, their aristocratic alliances, and their undoubted claims to shapeliness and symmetry. We wish to repeat here that we lay claim to no discoveries, though we have considered it worth while to illustrate with examples our study of one among the numerous branches burgeoning from the trunk of the English thoroughbred family tree. We would neither praise fulsomely,

nor detract maliciously, but simply place upon record (with the view of benefiting the community and of lightening their labours of research) the plain, unvarnished history of a distinguished family as it now exists, noting alike its merits and its failings, and leaving others to work out in practice the problem how the former may be most profitably utilised, and the latter most amply atoned for. Breeding is apparently full of contradictions, surprises, and paradoxes, but underlying all these may be discovered a substratum of consistency, if we only have the patience to work downwards to it, when the reward will be found worth the exertion. In treating of so extensive a subject we may have to plead guilty to some sins both of omission and commission, but we have at any rate approached our labours without fear or prejudice, not as profound critics, but as simple chroniclers, and in this spirit we hope at some future time to resume these 'Studies' for the benefit of those interested in topics so intimately affecting the future of the English Turf.

AMPHION.

ABOUT A THOROUGHBRED.

(OUR VALENTINE FOR 1879.)

I REMEMBER going to a pantomime a long time ago, and there was one stock joke, and it went on all the evening; and the little people who thronged the house quite understood it, and waited for its constant occurrence, and every time the joke came out again there was a peal of laughter, very like the ringing noise of electric bells in a foreign hotel, when those five hundred thousand tourists (be the same more or less—for let us be accurate as to numbers) who arrived yesterday, and are off to-morrow, all want their hot water, their breakfast, and to start at the same moment. That joke was made by the Pantaloon, who was insulted, knocked down, invited to go up a ladder for some beautiful peaches, which ladder tumbled to pieces just as he reached them, who was given into the charge of a policeman by the Clown and other respectable witnesses for stealing some sausages which were in the Clown's pocket; and at each new misfortune Pantaloon had one stock joke, which was to throw up his hands and eyes and to say, 'Well! I AM surprised.' And do you know, Mr. Baily, that is my feeling as regards your Magazine. You and yours have spoken and sung of Masters of Hounds, horses, jockeys, huntsmen, cricket, football, racing, theatricals, fishing, yachting, rowing, and five hundred other things, more or less (*vide note, supra*, as regards accuracy in numbers), and you have left out the trump card of the pack: you have never given us a special word about a thoroughbred lady. Now let us reckon her up, and let us lot out her age. Up to three we will call her a foal; onwards to six, a colt; from six to twelve, a yearling; from twelve to eighteen, a two-year-old; from eighteen onwards, first favourite for the Matrimonial Stakes.

During foaldom we see little of her beyond an occasional glimpse of a bundle carried in and out of railway carriages in furs and wraps, or toddling along in woollen gaiters, or kicking about absurdly on the rug, and chattering and looking at the ceiling; but when she becomes a colt, I am not sure that men don't care more about her than the women do. She is perfectly natural in her manners, and takes you round the neck and kisses you, or puts her finger in her mouth and says, 'Go away, ugly man'—for she is a born physiognomist. She is on intimate terms with the savage dog in the yard which nobody else dares go near; she pulls his tail, puts her fingers in his eyes, and makes him her slave. Her portrait has been frequently painted in connection with animals at the colt age, and artists—two of whose names I don't know, though I ought to—have illustrated my sketch of her character charmingly in pictures which are in every shop window: No. 1, 'Family Cares,' the picture being a little woman in her *sac-de-nuit*, coming downstairs with a kitten in her arms and a puppy waiting for her; and her shoe has fallen down, and all kind of household misfortunes have occurred. No. 2 is a picture of a little woman looking earnestly in the face of a fine dog, and saying, 'Can't you talk?' And the third is a picture, 'Sympathy,' in the R.A. last year, by Rivière, of a little woman who is very sad, shut outside a door in a very grand house—probably put out for being in some scrape—and the dog has his head on her shoulder, and has evidently mixed his canine tears with hers.

The colt is very fascinating, owing to her natural impetuosity. She goes with you to the pantomime, and wants a deal of explanation about the Clown, Pantaloon, and the citizens generally on the stage playing football with the baby, for she is afraid at first it is real, and consequently cruel; and here appears the early symptom of good blood—kindliness and affection, and a horror of cruelty. You meet her in the country staying at the house of some relative whose nearest tenant has a fine handsome Cœur-de-Lion kind of son, good-tempered, with sporting propensities, and she attaches herself at once to him and openly declares for him, and tells every one that she loves him more than any one in the world. If she is lost they know perfectly well where she is gone to, and they know that Jack Broadbeans is taking her round the straw-yard on a pony, about the size of a Newfoundland, or showing his beagles, or the birds' nests; and when her dinner-time arrives, she comes back on the pommel of Jack Broadbean's horse, which she has specially ordered to be saddled and brought out on purpose. And the honest young fellow says it is like having a fairy about the place, and he mopes terribly when she goes away. Nobody can scold her for playing truant, for she tells you everything; the horse that she was riding is Jack's Moses, the pony is Apple-dumpling, and the names of the beagles are Music and Melody, Wattle and Wiot (Rattle and Riot), and Jack's new little dog Box. She has a keen sense of justice in all things; her dolls have all the same aches as herself and take the same physics, and when her hair was cut off for a fever, as soon as she

was well enough to operate, her favourite doll appeared with a 'fighting nob.'

You see least of her as a yearling. Governesses lay on catechisms, and languages, and music, and all the ologies, and you are more conscious of her existence from hearing the practising of scales—at no time cheerful music—than from meeting her, until some odd day you see a beautiful young girl of about fifteen, in a carriage on some cricket ground, watching with the most intense interest the fate of a brother, who is playing in the match. And you are surprised to find it is the little colt (now a two-year-old), and to see the perfect wonder at the change; though there are marked traces of the early promise in the bright intelligent eye and musical voice. There is something in the way that her small classically-shaped head is put on the shoulders and a grace in her carriage and general movements which attract your notice, and she is the high-spirited girl, with a modest reserve about her. Just contrast her for a moment with the over-dressed vulgar occupants of the next carriage, who are decked out with party-coloured ribbons, and have taken the trouble to adorn the coachman, footman, and horses also with bows. Why the female occupants of the two carriages belong to different races in ethnology as much as the English and Affghans do.

When she has become a three-year-old—rising eighteen—we meet her again at a most dangerous age for the hearts of all young fellows, and we should not again have seen her, perhaps, but for our old squire, a dear elderly gentleman, much beloved, and persistently living out a bachelorhood, in spite of the sympathy of many eligible widows and single ladies quite 'aged,' who all regret that the good squire lives so lonely. When the dear old boy had two grooms under his own eye, riding side-saddle, with horse-cloths round their legs, on two perfect little horses, and had laid in a stock of ladies' hunting crops, whips, gauntlets, and all sorts of female equestrian paraphernalia, and had bought a brougham and a little pony-carriage, with quadrupeds to match, and had told all his friends that his niece was coming on a long visit, and that the best man in England was teaching her to be quite at home in the saddle, we knew the squire meant business.

Ah! here she is at her first meet, a lawn meet at the squire's, and, as I live, it is the little colt grown up. For the particulars of that meet be good enough, Mr. Baily, to take down your 'Vanity Fair,' and read the meet of Sir Huddleston Fuddleston's hounds at Queen's Crawley—a sketch never surpassed—and follow Sir Huddleston Fuddleston on his horse the 'Nob' to try Souster's Spinney; only add to the picture my thoroughbred riding by the squire's side, dressed in the plainest manner imaginable, with the excitement in her eyes natural to a girl who is enjoying her first introduction to a hunting field, and contrast her with Mrs. Plunger, a very fast hunting widow, who has set her cap in vain at the squire, a lady with good teeth and a noisy voice, who wears a glass in her eye, and who is more popular with the officers of the garrison at a picnic or boating party than with

ladies. You may be sure that on that occasion everyone who was out had a word to say to the squire; and the huntsman, a north-countryman, swore by his gods that a fox should die that day—if he worried him himself with his teeth—and that the young lady should have the brush; and you may be sure that, when the squire's niece came to some nasty stiff posts and rails, half a dozen saddles of good men and true were emptied, for the purpose of breaking a rail for her, for they had vowed that she should come to no mischief, and paid their allegiance then and there; just as the people of England, on first seeing a certain Princess, as soon as a certain Prince took his head out of her bonnet, and gave them a chance of judging of her character from her face, when she landed at Gravesend, vowed then and there to stand by her through thick and thin for *ever*—*aye*—and haven't they kept their word, too?

And then of course the old squire, after the hunting was over, must take a house in London, and have a London season, and, literally, a 'swell mob' might be seen in and about it, on the stairs, in ante-rooms, dining-rooms, at a private concert, which the crowd standing in the square outside heard much better through the open windows than those inside, who have the beauty of Mozart or Haydn utterly ruined by their neighbours' gossip carried on in whispers. And I see the squire leading out that niece of his to the instrument, and one of the best and well-known musicians at the opera, with his hair cut like a clothes-brush, accompanying her on the piano, in a little Italian air of the simplest kind, supposed to be a description of a peasant's village home; and so exquisite is her expression in singing it that you can see the sun shining almost, and the olives growing, and hear the waterfall; and when the singer comes to a few high notes at the finish, before the 'tra-la-la' chorus (which of course it had), she 'goes for it' like a thoroughbred horse at a fence, and so to say, clears it with a little shake of the head, and makes her voice ring like a bell. The 'forring gent,' with the clothes-brush thatch on his head, jumps up and says with the excitement of a foreigner, 'My God, that *is* singing!' and so say the crowd outside, who shout, 'Ankore,' and clap and insist on her coming on the balcony and let them see her. The crowd shout for something English, and she sings 'Where the bee sucks.' I will be bound to say that many a poor fellow who heard her whistled that tune at his work next day, and—I am sorry for Sir Wilfred Lawson—the story must have been told over many a pot of beer. And one word in season to Dives; and let me beg of him when he has a grand musical party to have a window or two open, for no people enjoy good music more than the London poor.

And then of course the squire had another hunting season, and was obliged to have a married sister, an officer's widow, to live with him, as it was awkward for a girl to be alone, especially when young fellows come home to luncheon in the shooting season, and so on; and it relieved the squire of all feeling of delicacy in having at his house the son of a near and dear neighbour (his godson), heir to

the adjoining property, who was supposed to be a barrister, and learning just enough law to puzzle him when a magistrate some day. And there was no cause, you know, why that future magistrate should not drop in as of yore and dine two or three times a week ; and the house was repapered and furnished, and the squire had a suite of rooms fitted up for himself in the left wing, and then my thoroughbred, looking very happy though a little pale, stands as the centre figure of a group in the village church, and when the neighbouring heir leads off with his right, she counters him with *her* right, and looks him straight in the face, with a smile like God's blessed sun coming in at the door (as the Irish say), and says, in a voice which all can hear, 'I will,' as if she meant it too.

It was always a redeeming point in Squire Western—although he had a private room where he could get drunk by himself—that on the settlement of Tom Jones and Sophia for life, he declared that he liked his little grandchild's prattle better than the music of a pack of hounds. Our old squire wanted no redeeming qualities, but I am not sure that he was not most pleased when his privacy was interrupted in his private room by a small party of new colts who had sprung up in the house, who made him sit on the rug before the fire, and join a tea-party with an entertainment of real tea and real cakes, at which two dolls and a kitten were invited. And probably he never regretted having those grooms, with horse-cloths round their legs, breaking in horses with side-saddles, for had he not done so that tea-party would never have come off.

But I can still see my thoroughbred—although the old squire and the huntsman and all the horses and hounds have gone to the happy hunting grounds,—and my thoroughbred must be called 'aged,' just about the fifties, and by the side of her daughters looking like an elder sister ; and I see a fine young fellow with a bronzed face and a moustache which you could hang your hat on, just come home from foreign service, and holding her at arm's length, and saying : 'Let me have another look at you, old mother. By Jove! you are the handsomest and most thoroughbred woman in England now.'

And if you want further evidence about her, ask any poor woman in her parish, and she will tell you how she hates Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Jones, who come into her cottage without knocking and ask her what she has for dinner, and blows her up for not coming to church, and leaves a lot of rubbishing tracts ; and she adds as a contrast—and wipes her eyes with her apron as she tells you about her troubles—'That dear lady at the manor is so kind, and so true, and when my poor Jem got into trouble she did everything for us as if he had been her own son ; and when we had the fever she came every day in her little pony carriage and brought everything the doctor ordered, no matter what it cost ; and when some cruel people told lies about my girl, didn't she have her up at the house at once, and dare the parish to say a word against her ?'

Now let us suppose for a moment that every word of this is true, and sketched from the life, with details sufficiently perverted so as to

avoid 'ear-marking' any particular set; the worst that can be said is that it is a bad picture of the noblest of God's creatures; and when some of these good ghosts—many of whom have joined the old squire—come before one's vision one is apt to think—

'Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still.'

To show what a good woman can do, I read in a very touching account of Norfolk Island many years ago, that the wife of an officer in charge of the worst convicts, against every one's advice, went to reside with him, and took her children. It was the custom, as a reward for very good behaviour, for convicts to be allowed to work in the governor's garden, and this was discontinued when the lady came. On discovering it she begged to have the indulgence renewed, and she literally humanized scores of them, by allowing them to wheel her children in a little carriage, and the men would suffer or do anything to get this privilege.

February 1879.

Φ. Γ.

TOM STRETCHER AMONGST THE DOG-DEALERS.

'DEAR N. Breakfast with me to-morrow at half-past ten, if you possibly can. I have heard of a rare dog, and want you to go with me and look at him. Truly yours, T.S.'

Such was the purport of a note I received from my little friend shortly after our memorable excursion to look over the manor of Muckstead, and having nothing particular on my hands on the day in question, I thought I might as well humour him, as where Tom Stretcher is, there is pretty well sure to be fun of one kind or the other. I need not linger over our breakfast. Friend Thomas was not the man to deny himself the good things of this life when a junior clerk in a Government office, and assuredly he would not now he had become a man of wealth and, in his own idea, importance; so I may simply say that the repast would have passed muster with Lord Clifden himself (not the son of Newminster, but the owner of Surplice) and dismiss it. Having satisfied the cravings of hunger, I asked in what county was the dog he wished me to look at with him, and whose property he was? 'In what county?' repeated Tom, opening his eyes; 'in Middlesex, of course. Why, he's here in London, and the property of the man that Jack — recommended me to go to. I forget where the beggar lives, but it's up in the north somewhere. I'll find his card in a minute,' and fumbling amongst a lot of miscellaneous papers, letters, cards, &c., on the mantelshelf, he presently brought forth a dirty piece of paper, with 'John Chubb, Dog Dealer, East Lane, —', printed on it, which he handed to me.

'Oh! you are going in for something in the bulldog or fancy

'line,' I exclaimed. 'I thought you wanted me to look at a pointer or setter.'

'Bulldog! Fancy line! What are you talking about. Of course I want a shooting dog, and I am going to Chubb's to try and get one.' And Tom stared at me as if he considered I had just been released on insufficient grounds from Hanwell.

'Curious place to buy a shooting dog, is it not?'

'Decidedly not; Chubb is a dog dealer, and if I want a dog, I should go to him the same as to a tobacconist's for cigars or a grocer's for sugar. Nothing curious in that.'

'Perhaps not; but do you suppose he is likely to have a pointer or setter worth anything?'

'Who should have if a dog-dealer has not? Moreover John — told me Chubb was an old friend of his, and if I used his name he would be sure to do me well——'

'All right, old fellow, *experientia docet*. Now when you have put off those peacock's plumes in which your noble form is enveloped, and donned ordinary attire, we had better see what manner of man your worthy keeper has handed you over to.'

Tom having retired for a few minutes and exchanged a kind of coronation robe, which would very well have served Joseph, and a cap of glorious workmanship, which for some unknown reason he thought it incumbent on him to eat his morning meal in, for a shooting-coat and knickerbockers, we strolled out, hailed a hansom, and were quickly bowling away in a north-easterly direction. Presently we pulled up at the end of a desolate-looking street of apparently new houses, not half of which were occupied and many of them still unfinished, just as you may say where town and country joined, not very cordially as it seemed to me, and Tom, referring to the dirty piece of cardboard, said this must be the place. So sending cabby to a neighbouring 'pub' to await our return, we proceeded to explore its recesses; not very successfully at first. No such number as Mr. Chubb's card indicated could be found, and an inquiry at one or two houses elicited no information as to whether such a person resided in the neighbourhood, the universal story being that they had only just come, and never heard of such a name. Presently, however, we heard the shout of 'be'r,' 'be'r,' and seeing a potman going his rounds, I stopped and asked him if he knew Mr. Chubb.

'Know Jack Chubb, sir—Ah! I should think I do. Why he uses our house. There ain't another sich a man in the fancy as Chubb, and if you want a real good 'un, bull, bull-terrier, skye, toy, or anything else, he's the man for your money. Why, bless you, sir, he serves hall the haristocracy, he do.'

'Well, now show us the way to his house.'

'All right, sir; you turn down that lane to the left, and keep on until you come to a low red-tiled house, with a green door and a brass knocker, and you will see his name on the door.'

For something like half a mile we made our way down one of the most miserable lanes I ever saw. A dilapidated hedge one side, the thorns apparently dying of sorrow for the destruction and devastation that was going on around them, here mended with an old rusty iron hurdle twisted all out of shape, there with a bit of wire run along through them, which further on had been torn forcibly out, and thrown half across the road to trip up unwary passengers. Then an old gateway stopped with railway sleepers, turned up endways, and driven into the ground, the sides and top being ornamented with a sort of tenter-hook nails, to prevent people climbing over, while at the bottom of the fence the continual passage of children had worn a series of holes big enough to let a good-sized dog through. The branches of the thorns were also curiously ornamented with broken kettles, saucepans with the bottoms out, dead cats, and other pleasing objects, and an occasional break in it showed a huge board in the field beyond with 'Eligible Building Site' writ large thereon. The other side of the lane showed a succession of cottages, cow-sheds, and such kind of buildings as are generally to be seen in a country place gone to ruin, but on which the speculating builder has not yet laid his hand, so as to make a clean sweep of them. There is an end to everything except Stackpole Street, it is said, and we having picked our way carefully through the filth of East Lane, finally reached the residence of Mr. John Chubb, with the green door, the brass knocker, and his name thereon in exceeding ornamental letters. The house, a long, low building, with a high-pitched roof, was covered with ivy, and had more pretensions than any of the cottages round it, and most probably at one time had done duty as a farmhouse. In front was a narrow garden, tidily kept, and filled with flowers, which showed that the owner or some one about him had a taste for something at least beyond dogs. A smart rap on the said brass knocker brought a rather untidy old woman, a King Charles spaniel, and a pug dog, both neat ones, to the door, which, however, she did not boldly open, but holding as a sort of shield between herself and the intruders, asked our name and business in a cautious way, that in a suspicious-minded person would have suggested the idea that Mr. Chubb's avocations where of such a description as to lead unwelcome visitors to call upon him occasionally. The mention of Jack ——'s name, however, proved an open sesame at once, and ushering us into the parlour, the old lady dusted a couple of chairs with her apron, begged us to be seated, and said her good man was out amongst his dogs, but she would call him in at once. It was a strange place, that low room, and although there was nothing very luxurious or elegant about the furniture, there was quite enough to keep us amused until the arrival of the owner. Prints of fighting men, in every variety of scientific attitude, hung round the walls. There was also the famous dog Billy in the act of doing one of his extraordinary feats in the way of killing rats against time. A man, noted for his bull-dogs, was shown in the act of walking up to hang his hat on the horn of an infuriated bull, which one of his

pets had pinned, a little piece of braggadocio which he was fond of indulging in. Then there were stuffed badgers, foxes, polecats, &c., the skin of a bear, which we subsequently learnt had been a pet of the great Mr. Chubb, and in one corner a large wire cage full of live rats, with sacks thrown over to keep them dark. It was but a short time ere Mr. Chubb made his appearance, and a curious specimen of the *genus homo* he was, not a bad-looking fellow on the whole though. A white hat of great antiquity was removed as he entered, and showed that though long past middle age he had a head of thick dark hair surmounting open weather-beaten features, that looked as if he had the chance to enjoy the good things of this life and made the most of it; and from his clear blue eye and frank expression no one would have suspected the depth of cunning that lurked beneath. A well-worn black velvet jacket and cord trousers covered a tall frame, and like most men who have trained and given it up he had gone a good deal to flesh, for it was no secret that Mr. Chubb had been a boxer early in life, though not a very successful one, and thus perhaps had slipped into the dog-dealing business, instead of the public line, as requiring less capital.

‘Mornin’, gentlemen,’ said he, ‘glad to see any friends of Jack — at my little crib; he does me many good turns, and I’m happy to oblige any one as he sends with the best dawgs as I can get. What may you be wantin’, gentlemen—bulls, toys, skyes? I’ve a rare lot in just now, a lot of long-haired ones straight from the North, in last night.’

‘Well,’ said Tom, ‘we wanted to see some shooting dogs; Jack said he thought you had a capital pointer or two, one he was sure of, that came from Lord Doubleshot’s keeper, and most likely you would have some more about the place.’

‘I’m very glad I can oblige you, sir, but them kind of dawgs ain’t quite so much in my line, and I mostly buys ’em to horder. You see, sir, it don’t pay to keep ’em by you, unless there’s an everyday sale, and you know, gentlemen, there ain’t that in course for pointers and setters, but Jack don’t quite know our trade here. Howsomever you are in luck, for I’ve got a brace of the beautifullest setters ever you clapped eyes on, that I bought for Captain Palmer, poor feller; and you know, sir, as how he died sudden about a month ago, and I had ’em then on my hands and been forced to keep ’em ever since, so help me Davy I have. It’s truth I’m tellin’ ye, gentlemen, every word of it; a hundred and fifty guineas he was to give me for the brace,—a gentleman he was, sir, never asked me to bate a farden in his life; and now as you are friends of Jack’s, and I wants to get rid of ’em, you shall have ’em a bargain. Dashed if I won’t sooner give ’em to a friend of Jack’s than sell ’em to some people, and I don’t tell no lie about it, I wouldn’t tell a lie for the world—I wouldn’t. Now, Betsey—where’s my old ooman got to, I wonder. Here, missis, give us something to drink. These gentlemen must be dry after their drive.’

‘Drink!’ screamed the old lady from some outer regions; ‘you

'knows you emptied the gin bottle last night, and there ain't a copper in the house to buy more with.'

'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' said Mr. Chubb, 'in course we did. My friend, the Hoxton Pet, dropped in—quite promiscuous, you know, gentlemen—and we did clear up the bottle, I remember, and he cleaned me out of my last half couter at blind hookey. A real good 'un is the Hoxton Pet, gentlemen, never sold a battle or a pal in his life; that's his likeness up over your head there, sir, he's brought off a goodish mill or two on the quiet he has. Now, gentlemen, I don't like to take no sich liberty as to ask, but I never did have a deal dry-lipped, and I never will, for I'm sure 'twould bring bad luck, but if you could just oblige me with a dollar, my old woman shall run up to the corner and just get us a bottle.'

It was in vain that both Stretcher and myself protested we would take nothing so early in the day. Chubb was firm; no drink no deal.

'Could we not just see the dogs at any rate?'

'No; they weren't fit yet, kennel was not tidy. His boy Joe would do that while we drank luck to the deal,' so it ended in Tom's pulling out half a sovereign and telling the old dame if we must drink, to be sure and bring some soda water. 'Now,' said Mr. Chubb, while she's gone you shall see my pets as I call 'em, and going across the passage he opened the door of another room opposite to the one we were in. 'Come in, sirs; don't be afeard; 'they won't hurt you,' said he, as about ten or a dozen dogs chained up all round the room made a simultaneous dash into their collars on seeing us.

They were all bull dogs or bull terriers, and there was very little noise or barking; but a low smothered, guttural kind of sound from the throat of each boded ill for us could they have reached us. No, not from all, for one villainous-looking bull terrier lay curled up on some old rags in a corner apparently blind and unconscious. Seeing us glance at him, Mr. Chubb said, 'That's my Tartar, champion of England, brought off a little mill t'other day, and won it, too; best fight ever I see most.'

'He looks nearly dead,' said Tom.

'T'other is dead,' replied Chubb, 'died then and there in the pit, so there was no dispute about it. Had a hard bit to bring mine round, but I think now he'll do this turn; my missis set up with 'un three nights, and it was only nursing as did it.'

'Thought dog-fighting was done away with,' said Tom.

'Lord bless your heart, sir, and so a good many thinks, and I won't say but 'tis difficult to bring off a real good fight now, but still we can manage a quiet little turn up once in a way. Howsomer we do, as you can see. But I see you don't like these tykes, gentlemen; come upstairs and see the toys; I've some real beauties. Step one minnit through here. Ain't that a neat one?' pointing to a small bull dog; 'he's a prize dog, when he comes to be showed, that is; sire and dam both winners; gentleman sent him here to keep,

'No doubt he will have him home and show him some day,' said he, with a wink and a leer of the eye. 'He's no use to fight not a bit, 'gentlemen don't breed them for that now, soft as putty he is.'— (N.B. It afterwards transpired that the dog was there to keep, but against the will of his rightful owner.)

Going up a narrow staircase we entered the room over, which was full of toy terriers, King Charles spaniels, and all kinds of monstrosities, some of which had won cups, medals, &c., &c., while others were destined to do so when their day came. By the time this inspection was over, Mrs. Chubb had returned with a couple of bottles of gin and half a dozen of soda water, and her liege lord having extracted one of the corks, and some tumblers being produced, proceeded to put a liberal allowance of the Geneva into each, until Tom and myself declared that if we must drink, it should be simple soda water. When taking his own tumbler, about half full, he said, 'I looks towards you, gentlemen,' and having tossed it off, smacked his lips as if it did him good. Another good gulp of the fiery fluid appeared to put him quite on terms with himself, and drawing the back of a not over clean hand across his mouth, he said, 'Now, gentlemen, shall we look at the dogs?' Both having had quite enough of Mr. Chubb's society, we were nothing loth to follow him, and see if there was any chance of proceeding to business. So we followed him down a passage and out through a species of laundry, amidst sundry apologies on his part that his missus happened to be washing, an idea that I could have freely laid ten to one had never entered her head had I not had ocular demonstration to the contrary.

'Keep a little this way, sir; mind the dog,' said our guide, none too soon, as a huge beast, half bull and half mastiff, made a bounce at Stretcher's legs that caused him to jump at least a yard into the air, and assume a hue that would have at once qualified him for the part of the ghost in 'Hamlet.' He would have sworn, I am convinced, but breath failed him.

'All right, sir, he won't hurt you; can't, leastwise, with his chain as it is now; if I let it out another ring he can reach all the path; then, ye see, sir, no one goes in or out without my leave. A werry useful dog sometimes. His name's Lock, and when he's chain's out I calls him Chubb's patent, you see. I had a gent come here once as weren't a gent, leastwise he wanted to behave unhan'some about a dog as I sold him. Talked quite disagreeable, you see, about peelers and other unpleasant subjec's, cos I declined to give him back the money, which warn't in reason, you know, when he had as cheap a dawg as ever I sold. So I said, "Jest wait here, master, till I see if the old woman can hunt up as much," quite civil like, and he smiled and looked as pleased as a gal with her sweetheart; but I just put on the patent as I passed, and then sat down to smoke my pipe. Well, he walked about for ten minutes, or more, then he began to get the fidgets, and pulled out his turnip, whistled a bit, and came towards the house, but soon

'found what Chubb's patent Lock was, and went back again. By-and-by he starts a hollerin', but Lord love ye, as soon as he spoke all the dogs set up such a din that he couldn't hear hisself, let alone make any one else hear. Thinks I to myself, "You consider of it, my buck, and you'll like your bargain better in time." So I stays about an hour, and then comes out all in a blow, and says, "I'm mortal sorry, sir, the old lady can't raise the cash, and I've been round to all my neighbours and can't borrow it nowhere. "But you just take a seat under that tree, and horder anything you wants, my missus will bring it, while I takes a cab and runs down to Hoxton to the Pet's; he'll oblige me in a minnit. I shan't be gone above two hours; but whatever you does don't pass that brindled dog—I forgot to tell you before—for he don't like light grey trousers no how, and maybe he'd snap you. "Good-day for the present." "Here! hi! Chubb, come back," says he. "What is the price of that silver-grey Dandy Dinmont, there? I've been looking him over, and think he'd suit me." "Ten pounds, yer honour." "Then bring him to my house this afternoon, and I'll pay you for him. And now take me past that dog, and call my cab." "Right, yer honour." And that was the last I ever heard of him.'

'But you took him the terrier?'

'Not so soft. He'd a been down on me like a shot. I sent a letter, with my compliments, and very sorry I could not oblige him, but that the dawg was took in a fit, and died just after he left. But then, bless you, sir, I wouldn't do sich a thing to a gent as was a gent, but he was a real bad 'un. I know'd 'un of old, I did.'

Mr. Chubb then led the way towards an old cow byre, passing on the way a kennel fenced in with high palings and open work at the top, from whence I fancied there came an odour as of foxes, and forthwith proceeded towards it. 'Here, mind, don't go there. There's a bitch with pups, and she'll bite you,' shouted Chubb, and recalled me, but not before I had seen a lot of cubs in the kennel.

In the cow byres we found a brace of setters, one a rather shaky-looking Irish red bitch, and the other what at once struck me as the same dog that had been so useful to Jack in driving the turnips at Muckstead. I mentioned this, and Chubb immediately said, 'Well, sir, you're wrong, but have a sharp hye for a dawg, anyhow; that ain't the one you saw, but it's his own brother. Lord Doubleshot's keeper had a brace of pups to spare. My old friend John had one, and Sir Henry's keeper the other, and when Sir Henry went abroad they was the two dogs poor Captain Palmer commissioned me to buy for him, and here they are.'

'Well,' said Stretcher, 'let us see them out.'

'By all means, gentlemen. Of course we can't put 'em on game here, I wish we could, but we can run over the meadows at the back,' and forthwith let them loose, and led the way into some

small inclosures. Save that the Irish bitch went in a very peculiar form, there was nothing to be seen more out than in, so I suggested we had better either come to business or go.

Tom said, 'Well, Mr. Chubb, what is your price? Of course you don't mean to ask me what Captain Palmer was to have paid for them? And, before buying, I should like to see them on game. Of course I would pay the expenses to and fro.'

'Look here, sir, I see you are a gentleman, and will act square with you. My time won't let me run about to show dawgs, and in course I did not give the money they was put at to Captain Palmer; but he knew them, and knew they was cheap at it, because they came out of good hands. Nobody would believe that from me; and they ain't in my line; so to deal at once if we can; you shall have them at what they cost me, twenty-five guineas each, and ten pound for their keep, take 'em as they stand.'

'Done,' said Tom, before I could slip in a word. 'And now can they stay here a few days till I can arrange to send them away?'

'Very sorry, sir, but as I'm an honest man I've got a lot of black poodles coming in to-night, and no place to put 'em, or I would not have sold these as I did. Look here, sir, you take 'em to — Mews, and the head man is a friend of mine. Say they come from me, and he'll do 'em right well till Jack can come up and take 'em home.'

'Capital,' said Tom; 'lead them up to the public to our cab, and so it shall be.' He then went back into the low parlour, parted with sixty guineas in honest Bank of England notes and gold, which so delighted Chubb, that he had another deep drain at the gin bottle, and insisted on shaking hands with both of us twice over ere he saw us with our precious charges safely packed into the cab. They reached — Mews all right, and were put into the care of the head man, who promised they should have every attention, when Tom and myself agreed to dine at the Gaiety, and spend the evening at the theatre afterwards.

'Don't you think it a little premature,' I asked, as we sipped our wine, 'to buy dogs at such a price without seeing them at work?'

'What an old croaker you are. Why, if such a judge as Captain Palmer would give a hundred and fifty for them, and he knew them, they must be cheap to me at the odd fifty.'

'You are right, old boy. If Captain Palmer would have given three times the money they are cheap. But "ifs" are——'

'Bother your "ifs,"' replied he. 'Let's go into our box and see Jenny Lee as "Jo"; it's on by this time.'

Three days afterwards I had a telegram to go to T. S. at once, and on my arrival he said: 'Here's a nice job; — has been to say that the red bitch died in a fit yesterday morning, and the dog has slipped his collar and gone no one knows where. What must I do?'

'Go to Chubb and try his patent lock,' I replied.

'Nothing else to do, I'm afraid. Awful sell, though. I wonder

'you, with all your cleverness, had not more sense than to let me buy dogs like that.'

'All right, old man, do your dog-dealing by yourself next time,' and so we parted. I heard afterwards from one of the guards that a setter dog came to London from Muckstead two days before our visit to Mr. Chubb, and the same dog returned to Jack — three days afterwards; but of course it was not the one Tom Stretcher bought—not at all likely!!

N.

WILD LIFE IN A SOUTHERN COUNTY.*

THIS is a remarkable book in many ways; just such an one as would make a fitting present to a school-boy, or to a lover of country life. Many of its pages are written with a florid picturesqueness, and are very attractive reading, whilst some few others are scarcely comprehensible. The head-lines to the pages are mostly of a 'fetching' character, and a casual perusal of them will make the reader as bold as *Oliver Twist*, and 'ask for more.'

Which is the southern county whose wild life is recorded, we cannot say for certain, but we have a surmise that it is Hampshire, of which we personally know less than we do of the other southern counties, for the greater portion of a tolerably long life has been passed in the counties of Kent and Surrey, and being ardent lovers of nature and of wild life, we have seen enough to enable us to corroborate the author in much of his narrative, whilst some portion of it is to us utterly incomprehensible, and a little of it is entirely at variance with our own experience. For example, at page 297 he says that cock chaffinches are so abundant in the month of March, that a fowler has no difficulty in snaring five dozen of them in a day. Our own experience leads us to believe that he must not only be a very expert, but also a very lucky fowler, if he succeeded in capturing one dozen. We have seldom seen more than four together, and much more frequently only a couple. Linnets are so abundant in the stubble fields of Surrey, that a fowler finds no difficulty in snaring several hundreds of these useful and perfectly harmless little birds, and it has for many years past been a matter of perfect amazement to us that the farmers suffer those scoundrels from Petticoat Lane and Ratcliffe Highway to trespass on their land for the purpose of capturing some of the farmers' best friends. Linnets live chiefly on the seeds of charlock and other pernicious weeds, and so prevent an abundant crop of those plants the following season, whilst they are never known to attack the corn crops, either when fresh sown or when ripe for harvest. Most of these little captured innocents are permitted to be starved to death by cold, or to pine away in solitude, and it

* 'Wild Life in a Southern County.' By the Author of 'The Gamekeeper at Home.' Crown 8vo., pp. 387. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1879.

would be a matter of rejoicing to us if some 'Society for the Protection of Wild Birds' would take in hand the matter of extermination of the fowlers and bird-snarers who infest the stubble fields in the suburbs of London.

Of the daring and pugnacity of the chaffinches we have seen abundant proof, for in our younger days we indulged in the detestable habit of bird-nesting, and the exquisitely beautiful work of art, or of instinct (as the case may be), the nest of the chaffinch, was an especially desirable object of acquisition. We not only wanted the eggs, which are beautifully streaked, but also wanted the nest itself, with its outer coating of lichen and mosses, and its inner lining of feathers and moss; indeed we think it the most 'cozy' of all birds'-nests. If we took a nest, we were invariably followed home—sometimes a distance of some miles—by the cock chaffinch, who would frequently fly in our face, in a very pugnacious manner, and demand the restoration of the nest.

We had marked many passages of the book for quotation, but where to begin and where to end is the chief difficulty, so we commend its pages to our readers, whether young or old, who are dwellers in the country, and whether fond of 'Wild Life' or otherwise. They can pick it up at any time, and will always find in it abundance of entertainment, and sometimes of instruction.

THE STAGHOUNDS OF THOMAS LYON THURLOW, ESQ.

MANY a rose is born to blush unseen, the poet tells us, and often there is real wild sport going on almost under our very noses of which we know and hear nothing at all. We are induced to make these remarks, from the fact of having, during the present season, looked over the pack of staghounds kept by Mr. Thurlow, at Baynards Park, between Guildford and Horsham, on the borders of Surrey and Sussex. A pretty extensive acquaintance amongst hounds in all parts of England and some portions of Scotland had left us in the conviction, that as far as different kinds and styles of hunting were concerned, as well as the different hounds now used in chase, we had little or nothing to learn, when, lo! amongst the lists of hounds, published this season in 'Baily' and elsewhere, we were startled by the appearance of Mr. Thurlow's name as owner of a pack of old English hounds, which hunted deer within easy reach of London. It took little time to make a resolve to see these old English hounds if possible, and endeavour to determine whether they were of the bloodhound or Talbot type or of the family of old Southern hounds, from which has descended the blue mottled harrier. A request to Mr. Thurlow for permission to see his pack met at once with a kind acquiescence, and accordingly we found ourselves one fine day in November at the little station at Baynards, on the

Guildford and Horsham railway, where a carriage had been kindly sent to convey us to Baynards Park. Many a happy day we have passed amongst hounds and horses, not only in the excitement and wild revelry of the chase, though few are the counties in which the prints of our horseshoes have not been left, but sauntering quietly in their midst, passing them under inspection on the flags, noting the peculiarities of different families, traits often so well borne in mind that we have been able to trace them for generations from father to son. Many is the store of hound lore and hunting anecdote that our ears have taken in from lips that may be deemed almost patriarchal in the chase, but never did we spend a few hours more pleasantly than in looking over Mr. Thurlow's pack, and hearing their history and peculiarities from himself.

'First,' said Mr. Thurlow, 'I will tell you what I learnt as a young man when I took the Mastership of a pack of foxhounds. William Nevard, who came, I think, from the Fitzwilliam, was my huntsman, and the pack I had did not get on very well. On my speaking of it to him, he remarked, "No, they cannot hunt, and they never will; they are not bred to hunt a low scent. A hound must be as carefully bred for that as other things." The great thing is,' continued Mr. Thurlow, 'to get them with a broad open nostril, and the breadth of the nose must be continued up to the base of the head; if it decreases your hound will not hunt a low-scent well. There is also a peculiarity in the setting on of the head of old-fashioned hounds, which enables them to go in the truest form for enjoying the scent without trouble, and it is denoted by a nob or enlargement at the back of the skull, where the head is set on to the neck. If you see that well developed, a hound is sure to run a low-scent well. With regard to breed,' Mr. Thurlow continued, 'mine are simply old English hounds, and decidedly not bloodhounds. I have a bloodhound, a pure bred one, now in the kennel, and you will easily detect the difference between them.' Having thus far given us his views in breeding, our host first showed us the head of a bloodhound of very pure breed (stuffed), which had been in his possession, and then directed our attention to a picture of the ancestors of his present pack, when in possession of Lord Glamis about the year 1824 or 1825, who hunted deer with them in Scotland. At that time they were pied hounds, black, white, and tan, with a touch of blue mottle about several of them; but a glance at the picture is sufficient to show the veriest tyro that they had little or nothing in common with the foxhound, neither could we trace any resemblance to the portraits that have come under our notice of the lemon and white staghounds used in the royal kennels during the reign of George III. in Epping Forest, first by Colonel Mellish, and afterwards by the Roundings, and on Exmoor, hunting the wild red deer from the time to which the memory of man runneth not, neither can tradition fix the date of their introduction to the kennels of the Devon and Somerset. All that we know is that they were sold from these in 1825.

Some of these hounds, Mr. Thurlow told us, came into the hands of the Fitzwilliam family from Lord Glamis, and draughts from them to his possession; they were wonderful hunters and could go a great pace. Like the late Mr. Thomas Nevill of Chilland, with his black St. Huberts, Mr. Thurlow appears, of late years at any rate, to have bred for colour, as at the present time out of from twenty to five-and-twenty couple in the kennel there is not one that is pied, the whole being black, black and tans, and even down almost to the fawn colour of the mastiff, neither for some time have they had any pied puppies thrown.

But let us go to the kennels with our host, which are so situated as to be within easy reach of the house, and at the same time sufficiently removed to prevent all nuisance from them, with good lodging rooms and spacious courts, and entering them we are introduced for the first time to this particular type of the old English hounds. 'They are bloodhounds' was the exclamation that at the first glance arose to our lips, but a closer inspection served to show us that there was a material difference in these and what are now accepted and looked upon as the perfection of the bloodhound type at shows. The long narrow head and high crown was there, the large silky ear, extensively developed in some but not all, and there was the majestic countenance. But the deep red haw under the eye, on which bloodhound breeders set so much store, and which to outsiders has such a disgusting appearance, especially as they get old, was only slightly to be observed or altogether wanting; the dewlaps were nearly as heavy, but when we came to the throat a wonderful difference was observable. Now we do not and never did object to a bit of neckcloth in a hound, provided his shoulders are oblique, and he has freedom and action; but in modern bloodhounds this has been developed into a complete deformity, as most other *spécialités* of any particular race has, to suit the purposes of those who breed for show and sale, and sacrifice all utility for it. Such we take to have been the case with the bloodhounds; that is, always supposing he was intended to run down anything that could go faster than three miles an hour. These hounds are much cleaner in their necks, as was apparent when the bloodhound (bought from a very good show strain) was brought forward for inspection; and, truth to say, he did not cut a very dignified appearance amongst them, as when seen in their company there was a coarseness and want of quality about him, so that no one would ever have accused him of being able to live the pace with them in a quick burst. In height we should place the dog hounds at from twenty-six to twenty-seven inches, the highest of them; they are deep rather than square in make, not as a rule good on their legs and feet, that is looking at them from the same point of view as we do foxhounds, and rather cat-hammed and thin in the quarters. There is a wondrous look of sense in their countenance, and we are disposed to credit them with doing all

that hounds may do as far as hunting is concerned. We saw them at rather an unfortunate time as far as looks were concerned ; for last season a buck went over the Ewhurst quarries, eighty feet deep, and nearly the whole of the pack followed him ; so that, although, strange to say, none of the pack were actually killed, and the buck himself recovered, and ran on to Clandon (where he still lives), so many were lamed, shaken, and injured as to be of little more use (some of them had not even recovered at the time of our visit), and Mr. Thurlow had to recruit his kennel from what he could get. What a very small reserve of this class of hound there is to fall back upon in England at the present day it is needless to point out ; so that at the time of our inspection, they were not very even, as there were many young ones amongst them, and these hounds are wonderfully slow growers, and no doubt many were amongst them which would have been drafted or put away had it not been for this misfortune. There was one very sage old gentleman amongst the dog hounds, called Falstaff, which has earned a great character, of a black colour with only slight tan markings, that reminded us wonderfully of Mr. Nevill's first hound procured from the New Forest some thirty or five-and-thirty years ago ; in fact, the whole pack struck us as being nearly *fac-similes* of those from which Mr. Nevill bred his black St. Hubert's, though he had so modified them, that little resemblance remained to those he has had of late years.

There is one very beautiful hound named Harlequin, long, low, and strong in shape, having a fine ear, and magnificent rich colour, that is perhaps as handsome as anything in the kennel ; but the query as to his having been used elicited the reply, that in chase he was not quite so free with his tongue as they liked them. We must own to being astonished at this, and verily if there are hounds short of tongue amongst these, who can wonder that we hear so little music with foxhounds, where in many kennels that is one of the last considerations in breeding !

The bitches were somewhat more level than the dogs, and it was amongst these that the lightest colours obtained, a few being, as we observed above, quite fawn, but all had a slight saddle of black across the back. One or two were pointed out as having especially fine noses, and one old bitch, the huntsman Snell told us, would hunt along the bottom of a brook (of course, not too deep for her to walk in) as well as she would on land, and was of wondrous use to them when their deer took to water. This is a great feature in staghounds, and one to be specially cultivated, for in hunting wild deer we have seen more time lost at water than anywhere. Having looked the bitches over, we were introduced to some young hounds, which Mr. Thurlow had got in from quarters especially for our inspection, and a grand lot they were ; fine heavy ears, good colour, big bone, and much better on their legs and feet than most of those in the kennel, so that should distemper and other diseases spare them,

the character of the pack as far as appearance goes will soon be retrieved. By the way, that reminds us that Mr. Thurlow experiences some difficulty in breeding, from the want of sufficient change of blood, and finds that besides being peculiarly liable to distemper his hounds suffer from the disease known as *exema*.

'Now,' said Mr. Thurlow, 'as you have seen the hounds, you will perhaps like to have a look at the deer,' and led the way to the park, where there were herds of red and fallow deer, as well as the black Norwegians, introduced into this country by James the First, on account of the great sport they were capable of showing in a natural state without being kept up and fed for the purpose. This character Mr. Thurlow says they fully deserve, and as he hunts at times all three sorts, of course he speaks *ex cathedra* on the subject. He told us that in a natural state, not even the red stag will run longer, and that for the shifts he can make, cunning as he is known to be, he cannot compare with the black bucks. They can fight, too, when set up at bay, for Snell told us of one that took them from near home to Petworth and back again, and then, after a run of something like four hours, killed a hound with a blow of his hoof, when brought to bay.

Mr. Thurlow differs, not only from most stag-hunters in preferring these bucks, but also in discarding the use of the deer-cart, as a rule. There are generally some outlying deer round most parks, as is well known, and here, when there are not enough for the season's sport supposed to have gained their liberty, a certain number are driven into the woods in autumn, and there found, run down, hunted and killed as they are required, the vension being distributed amongst those over whose land the hounds run. If it is necessary to have a buck straight from the park he is enlarged some days before he is wanted, so as to have time to look about him and become acquainted with the country. There is no doubt but this is the way to see real sport in deer-hunting, and it ranks very much higher than turning a poor brute out of a deer-cart to catch him again ever can do; but unfortunately every one is not so situated as to be able to indulge in it. Then in many parts of England a buck would be safe but a very few hours after he had left the precincts of the park to roam at large; while in an open country it would be scarcely possible to turn them out in this way. Near as it is to London, however, the Weald of Sussex and Surrey is as wild a bit of country at the present day as can well be found. And it is only within the memory of man that reasonable roads have been made in the immediate neighbourhood of Baynards Park, and Lord Onslow, who owned it at one time, had two yoke of oxen harnessed to his carriage when going out to dine in the winter time. The farmers also always arranged to deliver the corn they sold on the same day as one of their neighbours, in order that at the deep places they may, to use a country expression, 'shut teams,' or put both teams to one waggon and so help each other along. By what is now Baynards Station, there was, not so very long ago

green lane which rejoiced in the euphonious title of 'Hog's-pudding Lane,' and we are told that the name was most applicable.

The mansion has old sporting associations hanging round it, for it was at one time a hunting lodge of the much-married Harry Tudor. One room hung round with Gobelin tapestry is still known by the name of Henry the Eighth's room. Mr. Thurlow has a still more valuable memento of his daughter Elizabeth, in an original portrait presented by her to Leicester, for his attention in having a garden made and planted in one night, greatly to her astonishment, where she had expressed an opinion that there ought to be one, but was not the night before (labour must have been cheap in those days). This is no doubt the gem of the very valuable collection of pictures, including the original Quentin Matsys which gained the talented blacksmith his wife, that adorn the walls of Baynards Park. Here we seem to fall back as it were unconsciously into old-world times, and there is little doubt but Mr. Thurlow hunts now (and with nearly similar hounds) as his ancestors did in the reigns of the Stewarts. There is no doubt he has hit upon the style of chase most suited to this beautiful though peculiar locality, where we should imagine no one would care to go fox-hunting twice, and hare-hunting would be almost impossible; but to hear these hounds rattle a deer through the wild woodlands which surround Baynards Park is altogether another matter. In fact, the country appears expressly cut out for the sport, as there is little danger of the deer being viewed on account of the coverts, and he would naturally keep going steadily ahead instead of hanging as foxes will in deep woodlands. It may sound strange, but wild and thinly inhabited as is this part in the present day, it was once, before the introduction of coal, an important manufacturing centre, no doubt on account of the fuel which could be so easily obtained from the neighbouring forests; but when coal came into use, it was quickly deserted, and even now cannot be called a country in which even the primeval art of agriculture has reached a state of perfection generally, as compared with some countries, though the owner of Baynards Park sets a good example to his tenants and neighbours in this matter. But we must get back to our subject, the chase, and say that Mr. Thurlow has no fixed hunting days, and arranges his meets as far as possible so as not to clash with his neighbours' amusements, whether it is fox-hunting, shooting, or anything else. In fact, he keeps his hounds for the pleasure of himself and those friends and neighbours who like the sport, and so far has never made his fixtures generally public. He told us he had some thoughts of so doing, and should he decide on it quite a new style of sport will be opened up, and perchance a taste for real hunting, as compared with mere riding, be encouraged and developed, for, to use his own words, 'the more these old hounds 'are known the more true sport there will be.'

A NIGHT ON THE SOUTH PLATTE.

THE hyperborean outlook caused by the recent snow-storm reminds me of a rather eventful night some twelve or fourteen years ago, when I was travelling across the plains of Nebraska and Kansas, between Denver City and Fort Kearney, and was caught in one of those cold snaps whose frigid embrace does not easily fade away from the memory. Those were the days when, if you wanted to go westwards, you booked yourself ever so long before in one of those 'conveniencies' known in America as 'stages,' a huge, lumbering cross between a chariot and a mail-coach, hung on leathern springs, and drawn by six mules of stately proportions, whose average height was about sixteen hands, and whose average speed was a steady six miles per hour. Travellers were not allowed many superfluities in the way of luggage—a small hand-bag or portmanteau, weighing a few pounds, being considered ample store for any white man—and a prohibitory tariff was imposed upon such extras as Sybarites considered *de rigueur*. What has become of these 'stages' now that the Pacific Railway and Pullman's cars have made the old order give way to the new, I know not. Those curious in carriage architecture may find their Protoplasm or original germ in the Hotel Cluny in Paris, and if one of our London Lord Mayors happened to be of an innovatory turn of mind, he might import half-a-dozen from San Francisco for the use of himself and his sheriffs. Repainted and redecorated, they would form a great feature in a civic raree show.

But the stages in the era I speak of were only for the rich among tourists, for business men, and for such as had taken their seats long in advance; for dear as the tariff was, and tedious the journey, it was a marvel of economy when contrasted with the sea voyage and the transit over the Isthmus of Panama, and hence the competition for places was not small, or the harvest reaped a niggardly one. The people of the baser sort, and those to whom time was not money, usually made the passage of the plains in even a slower and more primitive fashion. A waggon of the farmer type, though rather lighter, was covered over with an awning, and cross benches made a sort of *char-à-banc*, on which you bumped and jolted away at the rate of about twenty miles a day, drawn by a pair of horses or a horse and mule, with perhaps a pony to fasten on as an outrigger, if a bit of sand deeper than usual was encountered, or a flood came down in spate, and filled the little cañons or creeks which, though rare, had to be crossed occasionally in your transit. Two or three such waggons generally formed a quasi caravan for mutual protection, and in winter the adobe ranches, which cropped up in the plains every eight or ten miles, gave you a muddy floor to lie down on at night, a stove at which you could either cook your own comestibles or pay your dollar for the 'square' meal of coffee, hot cakes, antelope meat, or—rare treat!—buffalo hump; with eggs and bacon, or chicken fixins. If you were of a jovial turn,

or pined for the maddening bowl, why the whisky called Old Bourbon was to be had all along the track, and so potent and immediate was its influence that it was topically known as 40-rod, a stingo which would be sure to show itself in your gait and demeanour before you had gone forty rods or perches.

It may be assumed that, tolerable as such a mode of locomotion might be when the weather was serene and the temperature, if hot, very pleasant, and a shot-gun brought you into pleasant relations with ducks, teal, blue wings, prairie chickens, or wild turkeys and 'sage' hens, and a rifle helped you to venison in the shape of an antelope or a rare black-tailed deer, four or five days of crowding together, day and night, with a herd that less magnificent folk than the late Henry Pool might think 'rather mixed,' would become a very unpleasant dispensation, only a trifle better than the middle passage we used to read about in our schooldays. How long I remained bumping about in my wain counting the telegraph posts, which even now were planted in this wilderness, and helped to span the globe in forty minutes *à la* Puck, with nothing to distract one, save, perhaps, a passing shot from my revolver at a coyote wolf, who might have come too familiarly near the caravan, seeking what he could devour or steal, I cannot tell, for everything in the shape of day and date has slipped from my memory, but I recollect full well that after many dreary days and nights the snow-storm abated, the skies cleared, thick ice covered the Platte, by whose banks we travelled, following the regular telegraph-marked track, not much more worn, apparently, than the way into a meadow in our own country when the hay is being carried. The level, or very gently undulating prairie, was covered with snow, to the thickness of upwards of two feet, hard, and scarce yielding to the tread; and lo! to the south-east, dotting the white surface as far as the eye could range, not more than three-quarters of a mile off, were thousands of buffaloes, their shaggy heads and manes looking black in contrast with the frozen surface, who were apparently making their annual migration southwards, the month I write of being, if my memory serves me, January. In those days the correct thing for the average English traveller, when he was injected for the first time into one of the eastern seaports, was to see the elephant, fight the tiger, learn the ropes, and go the rounds of the city. So when he travelled westwards he was bound to kill a grisly, ride down a buffalo, snare a beaver, and, though this is a *hors d'œuvre*, fight a 'painter'—not meaning thereby a colourist or artist, such as Bierstadt, whom I recollect having the pleasure of meeting in the Far West—but a panther, which 'the Pikes' call, for the most part, a lion. Now a grisly bear is not to be met very often, nor is the rencontre likely to be to the sportsman's advantage, unless he be armed properly, that is to say, with an elephant or express rifle. You may go hundreds of miles through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, without ever seeing even fresh grisly 'sign,' and in a flush of wild raspberry bushes, or among the bilberries, or in a good honey country, you may get two or three in the day—grisly or

cinnamon, as the case may be. In a beaver 'town' you can easily trap a few of these innocents, if you will only take care to fix your deadly engine in the run in such wise that when the wily one is caught he may drown himself, and not howl away on the bank till the rest of the colony are scared to death, and migrate, like Dutchmen, from their dams and willow-beds.

Panthers are scarce, and will not, I think, attack a man unless cornered or wounded; but the buffalo, once an everyday beast on the plains, is not to be met with unless you come across the herd changing their pasture-ground; for the hill buffalo, who roams in very small herds and affects the woodlands, is quite a different beast, say the native hunters.

Here was the chance absolutely meeting me which many sportsmen had sought with some trouble, and fruitlessly. The ranche where our caravan was to bivouac for the night was reached early—an hour, or rather two hours before dark. The owner seemed something of a sportsman—at any rate, he would give me food and lodging for a couple of days at the prairie rate. So a contract was made. The buffalo robes—one's bed and bedding—were taken out and stowed in a sort of little prophet's chamber, wattled off from the main kitchen, and the armoury inspected; this consisted of a Sharp's rifle, or carbine, a capital weapon at a certain range; but, if I recollect right, I had some doubts about the cartridges belonging to it being dry; and a very curious sort of three-barrelled rifle of most primitive construction, which worked on a pivot, and which certainly killed antelope if fairly held within a range of one hundred yards, and which had brought down a lordly young elk not long before these events. I had bought it from a backwoodsman who had come in to Denver to truck away his peltry. I fancy he called it 'Kill-deer,' *à la* Fenimore Cooper, and perhaps in his hands it was a very deadly weapon; but its fault was that it carried an extremely small bullet, not much larger than a couple or three swan drops rolled into one pellet; add to this that one of the nipples had got jammed somehow, and having been screwed in crookedly, was bound to come off at the first discharge. The Ranchero did not encourage my ardour to be at the buffalo herd there and then; but then these men say little and are chary of advice, the buffalo were on the plain, as well as on my brain, the three barrels were loaded, and off I tramped, as—though a pony could be had—it would be madness to think of riding in such hardened snow; if, indeed, it were possible at all. A mile is soon compassed when one is keen for the fray, and in half an hour there we were within a few hundred yards of what seemed endless millions of these exaggerated Kerry bulls and cows. Naturally the oldest and shaggiest patriarch of the herd, with the thickest robe and the widest fringe, must be the victim; and there he is, only three hundred yards before me. A little stalking and a shoulder-shot is gained; bang goes number one barrel, and a thud follows; but the monster only moves on, the whole herd trotting onwards too; bang goes number two, this was the bad nipple, and

the sensation of a tiny stream of blood trickling down your forehead tells that the nipple had grazed your head ; and this time no thud succeeds. Number three is fired wildly and seemingly most innocuously. Two barrels only remain ; the herd have passed on a mile farther southward, and hope beckons on. I think the second delivery struck harder, but it did not even bring the monster to his knees, or to charge, when a very near shot might have been of some avail ; and on farther and farther crash the brutes, frightened but not hurt. And now the night has fallen, the white expanse gleams faintly in the starlight. 'I'll get back,' one says to oneself, before the reality has come home fully. Back ? But what is back, and what is forward ? There is not a landmark, a sight or sound of civilisation within your ken. No spire of church, no chime of bells within hundreds of miles. The snow crust has been broken by innumerable hooves, which have obliterated your own tracks ; so that nothing but a very wide cast could possibly regain them ; the cast is made, but all in vain ;

'It is a mighty maze, and all without a plan.'

The sky, indeed, is full of planets, and the north star and his system is revealed at once ; but of what avail is that knowledge ? It is freezing hard, and the question before you is simply this, Can you keep walking and walking for the eleven or twelve hours that must be spent somehow before daylight brings hope and possible extrication ? The situation was not too pleasant ; but the alternative was one to stimulate whatever energies were latent in one's composition, so to walk and strain one's faculties in the search for safety was all that was before one. To pray for strength and relief, and to husband one's powers and stamina was all that was apparently possible. We were travelling due east, but that knowledge was little use now ; however, one must keep on tramping and stave off the *engourdissement* as long as one could. A pin in one's collar would be a treasure now, but this was not the land of pins or collars either. Hark ! what is that sudden crack, as of a bough snapping ?—then follows another and another, as if buffalo armies were crossing over the frozen ice of the Platte and it was giving way under their vast weight. Happy thought ! It is the Platte ! It must be ; there is no other river or creek within leagues. Now, we had travelled along the margin of the Platte for miles, the track of our prairie ship was never more than a quarter of a mile off its banks for days ; follow the sound and you must come on the track ; once on it a sharp walk of seven or eight miles at the very farthest will bring you to a ranche stage, and then humanity and the dollar will do the rest. This was good reasoning ; the track was soon struck. A providential impulse had turned my head in the right direction, for no reasoning power had helped in any way. In a mile or two I came to a ranche ; they are not very distinguishable from one another, these adobe huts, save in size. This was my original prairie home for the night, and the inmates received me cordially and most kindly, having given me up finally

after they had fired a certain number of shots and lit a beacon torch on the roof; all of which signs and tokens had totally escaped my notice—unheard and unseen in the ardour of a vain pursuit.

This ranche was my home for a few days, till a seat could be gained in a passing 'stage.' I had no chance of riding down a buffalo, as no thaw set in, and with the weapons I had, I made no second attempt on the life or liberty of the Red Indians' cattle stock. For though they are *feræ naturæ* they are essentially the lords of the great hunting manor, and this is their reservoir of food and peltry.

COURSING.

THE WATERLOO CUP.

Solvitur acris hiems! How readily must the joyous exclamation of old Horatius have sprung to the lips of classical coursers when an unmistakable thaw set in after this most lengthy and most hyperborean of winters! For, although everybody knows, and has been more or less a sufferer from its severity, how unfavourable the time has been for all manner of occupation out of doors, few, except those who number acquaintances among its ranks, can fairly estimate the disadvantages under which the pursuit of coursing must have laboured. Meeting after meeting was postponed, expected trial gallops were destined never to come off, distemper was reported to have broken out in this celebrated kennel and in that, destroying the chances of many supposed first favourites; and, lastly—to put the finishing stroke to the long list of disasters—the great Altcar Club Meeting, where final calculations are usually made, and the veritable 'Simon 'Pure' for Waterloo frequently discovered, was, although postponed *die in diem*, at length declared 'off,' in consequence of a determined frost which appeared to have taken a perpetual hold upon the famous plains. With the exception of a little performance at Sevenoaks, and another at Plumpton, a meeting which is now attracting some considerable amount of attention through the well-directed efforts of Mr. J. H. Salter, there was absolutely no coursing of any importance, satisfactory as a guide to probable results at Waterloo, until a fortnight before the meeting at which the 'Blue Riband of the 'Leash' is annually contended for. It was not surprising, under these circumstances, that the infinite variety of rumours concerning the forwardness of several candidates, and the backwardness of others, should have been received with the qualifying grain of salt; and it was reasonable to conclude that most people who contemplated speculation on the great event would, in the absence of any well-assured information from either owners or trainers, read again particulars of last year's doings, and pin their faith to old practitioners of repute, notwithstanding the notion still prevalent in some quarters that greyhounds of three years old are worthless for match coursing.

Some—and with very good reason for their conduct—gave it out, as the cause of their unwonted abstention from the attractions of the betting list, that there would be no Waterloo Cup run for this season at all, weather and epidemic having between them completely shut out the principal supporters of the meeting from contention. The elasticity of the rules, however, thanks, or the contrary, to the influence and interposition of Lord Sefton, apparently preclude the possibility of such a calamity as the actual temporary destruction of the Waterloo Meeting. As has been already observed and commented upon in this Magazine, the rules now allow of a postponement to indefinite time ; no subscriber's nomination becomes void by reason of frost, and any member is allowed—still much to the dissatisfaction of some of the most genuine of coursers—with or without sickness or other accident to his own greyhound, to nominate a representative from any other kennel where he can get it.

Protestation against this anomaly, which allows gentlemen who always run their own greyhounds for the premiership of coursing kenneldom against those who never or very rarely do, has been made, and may yet again be made—but, it is to be feared, hopelessly in vain ; and, in short, it may fairly be said that, since Lord Sefton himself frequently sets the example of running a representative from a foreign kennel—but never without manifest inability to find a fitting candidate for honours at home—the appeal is finally quashed in the superior courts, and the appellants must pay the costs of frequent defeats if they do not conform to circumstances, and put their principles into their pockets. Possibly, the day is not far distant when the Waterloo Cup will be won by a nominator who never was the actual and *bonâ fide* possessor of a greyhound in his life ; but it is by no means easy to perceive that, even in the event of such a sporting *fiasco* as that, an emendation or alteration of the rules would be the consequence. Far from it, indeed ; for it rather stands to reason that your London or Liverpool bookmaker, whose ostensible vocation is on the racecourse, is, in more than one instance, the virtual nominator of many a candidate for the highest honours of the leash. *Proh pudor !* but it was not ever thus. From the days of Arrian and Xenophon downwards coursing has boasted plenty of patrician blood amongst its votaries ; and never in greater numbers than at the present time have the Upper Ten of the sporting world been represented in its fields. Legislators, however, it has not in abundance ; but a wonderful fillip—to predict no other advantage to its interests—would be given to it if a statesman, as well as a Peer of the realm, could be induced to patronise the sport of coursing. Horse-racing boasted a Derby, and still exhibits for its respectability, no less than for its popularity, a Hartington and a Rosebery ; but coursing, in default of a statesman born in the purple, falls back upon the patronage once accorded to it by the eminent Miss Richards, who used to disport herself over the Berkshire Downs, and trudge miles on foot after the longtails in Ashdown Park. In present despair of such a statesman, but in hope of his

future acquisition, the old-fashioned courser, pure and simple, must fain be content to put up with matters as they stand.

Still, we must not be too hard upon the bookmaker, for he is only the natural outcome of the present unhealthy system of the Waterloo Cup coursing. It is useless any longer to try to eliminate betting from the general sport, and the bookmakers must be regarded as a necessary evil or mediator between the owners of greyhounds and the general public. The 'mean, murderous, coursing crew' cannot do without his services any more than can the owners of racehorses, for the former are nowadays quite as anxious for something far more valuable than the mere stakes as are their brethren of the Turf. What we would object to is that the bookmaker should be permitted such absolute control in a sport which, more than any other, was once free from the betting element. It was an evil day when quotations on coursing were first introduced into the published betting lists, and it need not take a very desponding man to predict the downfall both of the great meeting under discussion and of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race from this unwise innovation. Although the votaries of coursing are yearly increasing in numbers, it can hardly be said that they are drawn to it purely from love of the sport as its natural attraction; and though we are aware that coursing readers are not so numerous as those of kindred sports, yet it is necessary that, even at the risk of being uninteresting, we should give these particulars which are not exactly *couleur de rose*. 'Bah!' said a long frequenter of Altcar the other day, 'I tell you there is no genuine coursing in it. The best kennels are got at, Lord Sefton himself, with his immense stud and expense, can never win, and the market-riggers have got it all their own way. How different it was years ago. But now matters are getting worse every day. Sensation and professional betting are destroying the Waterloo Cup entirely.'

A stranger who might have acquired a 'book-learnt' knowledge of coursing, and mayhap have seen the sport at Ashdown Park or Salisbury Plain, would naturally be scandalised at observing the absolute absence of ladies from the Altcar plains, when it might have been supposed their interest in such sylvan sport would have insured a large attendance. The fact is, the presence of ladies is incompatible with the present dimensions and behaviour of a Liverpool mob on a coursing day. There is an odour of business—and frequently of something far worse—in the whole affair utterly destructive of female interest and patronage. A novice, too, might be puzzled, even after due study and attention to 'business,' to know whether or not he had lost his money on Coomassie or Mr. Bell Irving, being uncertain whether he had backed the little fawn herself or whatever other animal her nominator might run. There has been of course a regular 'thimble-rig' about the probable representatives of nominators; and when it became known that Coomassie, a 'dual winner,' was to run for Mr. Bell Irving, everybody conspired to place the nomination at the head of the list. But when

poor Coomassie broke down in training, what had you done, ye outsiders? Had you backed the man or the dog? The bookmaker obligingly informed you, no doubt.

The accident which put Coomassie *hors de combat* was the first genuine sensation, and it gave an immediate impetus to speculation. Where was the pea? The gallant Braw Lass was dead, Mr. Haywood was afflicted with distemper at Blakemere, Lord Fermoy's chance with Zazel, who missed the Cup last year by the skin of her teeth, would not be fit on the day, the Earl of Haddington had been disappointed in Haidée, the Earl of Sefton had nothing worthy in his kennel, and the Irishmen, though forward enough in training, could point to no animal as the acknowledged defender of the flag of the Emerald Isle. Various other candidates were mentioned as possessing a chance under these disheartening circumstances, and Scotland, under the Duke of Hamilton, with some descendant of Hawkshaw Pate, was currently reported to hold out a prospect of the safest investment. Still, the *cognoscenti* refused to put his Grace into the pride of place; and after a time, and when the thaw had decidedly set in, Lord Fermoy, on the strength of something done at home, and with her excellent reputation of last year, was firmly established at the head of the betting list with Zazel up to the Saturday before the draw dinner. This distinction was evidently accorded by speculators from the conviction that no other greyhound than Zazel would represent the nomination, Lord Fermoy being trusted not to lend the animal to start under foreign colours. Whistling Dick was another highly-fancied candidate from his last year's performance, but about Doon and Dear Erin, the nominations respectively of Mr. Salter and Mr. Douglas, there was an objectionable amount of manœuvring that must have made the very hair of the head of gentlemen of Mr. W. G. Borron's persuasion fairly bristle with horror. At one time nobody appeared to know which dog would represent either gentleman; and at last the finessing reached its climax when the fact of a recent bereavement in the family of Mr. Salter rendered it a matter of uncertainty whether he would not return his nomination to the Committee. Ample advantage was taken of this indecision and abundance of contradictory rumours; and, as might have been expected, the public generally stood aloof, fairly concluding that betting upon the greatest coursing event of the year had now become little better than endeavouring to discover the pea on a thimble-rigger's table. But men who rely mainly upon public form and antecedent performances were fully justified in placing Zazel at the top of the tree; and certainly Lady Lizzie was, by a similar standard, justly entitled to take rank second only to the favourite. Despite the manifestations of the professionals with regard to many other fancied candidates, it was clear that with the multitude at least these two were held to have superior chances to any other greyhound in the stake. It was pertinently observed in a sporting newspaper, 'coursing matters, as represented by the 'greatest event of the year, have been deteriorating until at last they

'exhibit the worst possible features of gambling, with little or none of its other advantages. If matters go on as at present, soon nobody will dare to bet upon the Waterloo Cup at all, and then there being no inducement to chicanery, matters will resume their ancient and, as it now appears, absurdly honourable condition.'

The ground was said to be capital 'going,' and the hares to be, notwithstanding the unusually rough time they must have had, strong and straight-backed. The latter of these rumours was incorrect in many an unfortunate instance, and the chances of some fair performers clearly destroyed in consequence; indeed, but for the unwearied attention of the keepers, it is more than likely that many more unsatisfactory trials would have occurred than actually did. The calculations as to weather were rudely upset. *Diffugere nives* would have been an unwarrantably hasty exclamation before arriving on the treacherous plains of Altcar.

'Buds were blowing, waters flowing,
Birds were singing on the tree,
Everything was bright and glowing
When'

the London division set forth from St. Pancras and other railway stations; but a change came o'er the spirit of the courses when a downfall of snow appeared imminent at any moment after the real commencement of business. The draw dinner, thanks to the ticket arrangement of Mr. Ludlow, was not inconveniently crowded; and it is unnecessary to say that everything in the shape of toasts, draw, and all other preliminary matters passed off most pleasantly under the presidency of the coursing veteran Colonel Goodlake, V.C. The betting, though brisker than before, did not even now assume prodigious dimensions; for those who had visited Formby and other quarters of the cracks still held strangely aloof, probably from a conviction that lack of adequate training had produced the usual effect in causing most of the competitors to be 'above themselves;' and reports of private trials were generally discredited, or thought worthless in such ticklish times. They exercised a wise discretion, as the result even of the first day's coursing more than amply proved, all the favourites coming to hopeless grief, one after another, in a manner such as has never perhaps been remembered by the oldest frequenter of Altcar during a contest for the great prize. Blackheath, Mr. Jardine's nomination, who had won a scrambling course with Lord Stair's Sutler, was withdrawn in consequence of the sudden and lamentable death of Mr. Magniac, the circumstance causing an increase of the gloom which was already more than sufficient.

The meet for the first day was the old trysting-place of North End, and Mr. Borron's Banner Blue was the first victim to fate from falling badly at a ditch. Then Doon, of whom so much had been expected, was well beaten in a great course by Shepherdess. Dear Erin found a victor in Marquis of Lorne, who ran for Lord St. Vincent, though had she been cleverer at her turns she might have

beaten her antagonist by speed. Lady Lizzie was drawn against the once redoubtable Barabbas, and much excitement was manifested in the encounter. The bitch led by three lengths, and getting in again at the turn never left the issue in doubt, up to this time alone sustaining the credit of public opinion on the favourites. Whistling Dick, with no end of reputation and pedigree, ran an undecided with Wood Nymph, and in a second trial was handsomely beaten after stumbling at the turn, to which he was first up. High Seal was out-paced by Athlete, who, in an attempt to kill, let in High Seal to score several times. The hare breaking, however, Athlete went away almost alone. At length, to crown misfortune and upset the shrewdest calculations, the famous Zazel was slipped against Mr. Pilkington's Don't be Headstrong, an animal deservingly well thought of in certain quarters. The crack, from a very even slip, was passed at the drain, but the hare coming round the bitch was favoured. An exchange of points, and the hare breaking from Zazel, Don't be Headstrong did all the rest of the work and killed.

The hopes of all the astute, and of all those who had speculated on probably certain winners as indicated by the betting quotations, now were necessarily focussed upon the hitherto unbeaten and supposedly invincible Lady Lizzie. There were, nevertheless, not a few of that order of lovers of the leash who invariably eschew everything, whether on the Turf or the coursing field, that has been highly patronised by the betting fraternity—who were confident that an outsider of the rankest kind would be landed the winner in this contest. They had been watching the performances of several comparatively unrecognised candidates, and every now and again the name of Captain Ellis—a gentleman enjoying the reputation of 'knowing a thing or two' in coursing matters—began to be mentioned; and Commerce, and another with an unpronounceable name, and who had been generally thought too insignificant for serious notice, now crept gradually into favour, and their chances began to be discussed with increasing interest and attention. But while Lady Lizzie stopped the way nobody was actually so audacious as to stand out decidedly in backing any individual greyhound as likely to beat her in the final spin for the riband. Ben Cruachan, however, it should be remarked, had won an excellent course against Master Owen, gaining the run up, and, after allowing him to get in, raced past him when stumbling, and finished with a kill. To a good judge of the sport, and with an appreciation of Master Owen's abilities, this performance of the son of Hawkshaw Tate's ought to have been an 'eye-opener' with a vengeance. It ought also to have been a matter of gratification that Queen Sybil—the name evidently redolent of the Swinburne kennel—had shone up so prominently under the banner of Mr. W. J. Dunbar, who always fights so stoutly for the honour of the Emerald Isle. That Mr. Briggs with Boyne was defeated by Mr. Haywood with Rinaldo, was a thing quite upon the cards, for the former was well known to have been peculiarly unfortunate from the double disadvantage of little training

and much disease ; and, meeting a foeman so worthy of his steel, it needed no professor of the art of divination to predict the issue of such an encounter.

In the first ties Plunger won a very lucky course against Shepherdess ; and Commerce, who was almost unheard of until this time, polished off Hamlet in a manner commanding much admiration, though it must be said in justice that the defeated dog had had a gruelling course before the encounter. Queen Sybil ran well, but was rather lucky in winning her course with Alice Conroy. Up to this time, and which may be said virtually to have concluded the first day's coursing, Regal Court won a course against Wood Reeve, which on all hands was considered to be a very unfortunate affair for the loser.

On Thursday, as by appointment, the meet was at Hill House ; ' but,' says a reliable reporter, ' we had no sooner got well clear of Liverpool, than we saw the fields covered with snow, and, arriving at the meet, it was some three inches deep. After waiting about an hour, and there being no prospect of a change in the weather, the stewards decided to postpone the meeting until the following morning.'

Accordingly on Friday, the weather having undergone a change, and a sharp frost having been succeeded by a genial thaw, coursing was begun at 10 o'clock. The Cup trials were run through, but the hares were for the most part weak, and jerked back in a perplexing manner, the result being that the trials were of a very ' fluky' character for the most part.

It goes without saying that Lady Lizzie's defeat by Misterton, who led her by two lengths, came round with his hare and killed, leaving the favourite fairly beaten, Misterton should, in the ordinary calculation of chance, have caused the latter to assume the pride in public estimation. But such was not the case. On Friday the sharp frost of the morning gradually thawed, and soon after ten o'clock business was resumed below Hill House, but hares, as before, still kept up the objectionable tactics by ' jerking back' from the river bank ; they were, moreover, inconveniently plentiful, and much delay was the consequence, and late the hour of finishing. Nellie Miller, after Plunger had polished off Star of Oaken in very decided fashion, won a most interesting course against Market Day, in which her clever wrenching and determined sticking to her game disagreeably astonished the partisans of her opponent, and secured her an easy victory. Commerce outpaced Camus, and, coming round with the hare, gave her a fair beating. Blackheath's withdrawal enabled Misterton to run a bye, and Ben Cruachan showed some excellent driving and stuck well to his hare in decisively beating Debdon Belle. Regal Court defeated Don't be Headstrong through the latter losing his place at the turn, when the hitch, scoring quickly and killing very soon, gained the *fiat*. This was a bit of bad luck for the loser.

For the third ties, Plunger and Nellie Miller ran locked together before the former gained the run up ; he floundered on to his head,

however, and Nellie Miller made the best of her advantage, but the hare coming round to Plunger, he drew again in front, killed and won. Commerce led Queen Sybil four lengths, and coming round on the inside, scored brilliantly twice or thrice; Queen Sybil then got in and wrenched twice, exchanged and, scoring once again, finished with a kill, which, being too early, destroyed her chance. Misterton ran an undecided with Wood Nymph, and the latter had a single-handed course, Misterton also running about a long while before being taken up, after which Wood Nymph was drawn. Ben Cruachan and Regal Court ran an even undecided, and in their second tussle a very near thing had to be settled by the judge. Ben Cruachan was first to the turn, though led from slips, and the hare doubling back short, the black made two good points, and coming outside, killed, and caused the hoisting of the favourable flag.

It became now an almost certainty that the sport could not be concluded within the week, for frost appeared to be inclined to hold the plains in his iron grasp. On Saturday morning a deputation from the committee decided that coursing was impracticable at the hour originally fixed. Fortunately, however, for all concerned, and especially for those from a distance and for the greyhounds, a start was at last made, and the remainder of the business of the meeting brought to a complete if not very satisfactory conclusion. Of the style of the coursing generally an idea can be sufficiently gained from the particulars we have given of some individual courses more or less interesting. These were the salient points mainly in some singularly dull and monotonous general work. And so on Saturday, the wind-up of the coursing for the Waterloo Cup being unusually uneventful, and the concluding trials being all of a kind that was characteristic of the entire running for the Stake. It will be sufficient for the general sportsman and reader to say that the final struggle was left for Commerce and Misterton, a probability by many calculated upon overnight. To describe the course is unnecessary, and would be uninteresting to all but the persons immediately or pecuniarily interested. It was a fair one—that is to say Misterton, the winner, scored more than Commerce, and gained the award in a course which was short and scrambling, and, unfortunately, by no means of that satisfactory and decided sort which has frequently distinguished the final course for the Waterloo Cup.

Misterton is the property and ran in the nomination of Mr. H. G. Miller, and is by Contango out of Lina. 'He made his appearance,' saith the chronicle, 'at Plumpton in September, where Larking Boy beat him in his first course. Entered in the Newmarket Champion Stakes, he won four courses, and was then beaten by High Seal. The opponents that he met and defeated were Prime Minister, Houlton, Brevity, and Rory O'More.' Says a coursing correspondent, prior to the meeting: 'I had rather a liking for Misterton at Newmarket, and quite expected he would have turned out a smart youngster; but his public trial last week at Plumpton with Star of Oaken was so very one-sided, that I am afraid the son of

'Contango has trained off.' And be it observed this deduction was clearly warrantable.

This was the most 'open' Waterloo Cup for many a season, no doubt, but 'atmospheric influences' interfered in every way to spoil its general success and to destroy all excitement as to its expected result. Mr. Hedley and T. Wilkinson discharged their duties well, but both must have been heartily tired out and weary of their respective tasks with such weak running hares and so much scrambling work. If a man were to seek to describe the coursing by one epithet, it is possible that 'stumbling' would be the most fitting he could employ. But this state of things was unavoidable, and reflects no discredit on anybody concerned, official or otherwise. The crowd was not so numerous as on many previous notable occasions; and we most gladly acknowledge the fact of their marked improvement in behaviour.

SIRIUS.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—February Festivities.

'THE winter of our discontent' passed away with the first days of February, to the universal joy of the inhabitants of these islands, and on the Sabbath afternoon and evening of the 2nd, King's Cross, Euston, and St. Pancras were crowded with erst frozen-out foxhunters rushing to their several hunting quarters.

'Fled now the sullen murmurs of the north,'

not to return, we trust, in the spring, and the pent-up vigour of horse and hound and man has been let loose over the shires and the Midlands, in quiet provinces, among Royal staggers, and modest currant-jellies, and all has gone merry as a huntsman's horn. Perhaps if anything we Londoners have been the losers by the change. There was a good deal done in the skating line during the frost, both at Prince's and less favoured regions. The Crystal Palace basins—the so-called lake in the Botanic, were happy hunting grounds for the golden youth of Sydenham and Marylebone, and from what we hear our young friends of both sexes had a good time. The thaw was no doubt a severe blow to them, and the Edwins and Angelinas could have taken up the refrain of the poor ballad singers on whom some worthy magistrates came down so hardly, and pleaded that they had no work to do. Then the afternoon bear-gardens—for they were little better—of the St. James's Park and the Serpentine were distractions to those people who like to see the London rough at play. There was also the opportunity for a study of that curious form of lunacy that prompts men to go on the ice when it is well known to be dangerous, and when they are expressly forbidden to venture. Unfortunately, the lunatics were all rescued, which is to be regretted.

It must be confessed, however, that there was a terrible monotony in the long continuance of frost and east wind—monotony in turning out of a morning, monotony in an ice-cold tub, monotony in half-frozen fingers, in red noses, and perpetual catarrhs. All these things were trying to the temper too, and we don't think any of our friends were desirable company until the dinner hour. That thawed them, and the smoking-rooms and the theatres com-

pleted the work. The latter have been all doing good business during the past month since the frost has left us, and with the return of our legislators to town have entered on a fresh lease of prosperity. 'The revival of 'Caste' at the Prince of Wales's has been and will continue to be, no doubt, a great success. It is, on the whole, perfectly played, and though we certainly miss Mr. Hare in Sam Gerridge—that talented actor, Mr. Arthur Cecil, singularly enough, failing to quite grasp the idea of the character—yet where else could we get such a representation of this popular play. Its popularity, too, is somewhat curious, because we hold it is hardly the best of Mr. Robertson's comedies, and we much doubt its holding the stage under cast and circumstances other than those to be found at Mrs. Bancroft's theatre. That lady, by the way, is still the same charming Polly Eccles, brimming over with fun and chaff, that she was eight or nine years ago. We cannot quite disguise from ourselves the fact that it is, alas, that length of time, but there is the same happy flow of spirits, the same joyous laugh, while in her acting in the scene where she seeks to prepare her sister for the knowledge that her husband is still alive, Mrs. Bancroft showed high dramatic power. The part of the sister, originally played by Miss Lydia Foote, is well taken by Miss Amy Roselle, and Mr. Clayton is George d'Alroy. The lady lacks a little of the intense pathos which her predecessor infused into the part, and is a trifle deficient in force when she detects her father in the act of pilfering the golden cord from her child's cradle, a situation which was Miss Foote's opportunity, but in the tender passages Miss Roselle is, in familiar phrase, 'all there.' Mr. Honey is the original Eccles, and the picture of a thoroughly soddened drunkard—drunk from the crown of his shapeless hat to the sole of his rotting shoe—is given with a fidelity which we must needs call admirable, while regretting, at the same time, that some defects of exaggeration tend to mar it. Mr. Bancroft is still Captain Hawtrey, and gives, if anything, a more finished representation of the good-hearted swell than he did years ago, but why are his moustaches so very impossible? Mr. Clayton's d'Alroy has been subjected to much criticism, and we venture to think, without cause. It is anything but a brilliant *rôle*, that of a typical—or what was supposed to be a typical—heavy dragoon, with a warm heart and no very great amount of brains, but who is a thorough gentleman, with the full intention of carrying out to the letter anything he has undertaken to perform. Mr. Clayton has, in our opinion, caught the idea of the author, if not to perfection, to something very near approaching it, and we fail to see where he is said to fail. The representation as a whole, and with the aid of all that attention to detail that characterises the Prince of Wales's, is a thing to be seen—and London is seeing it.

What shall we say of that other home of comedy which calls burlesque so much to its aid, and has, in its latest production, invoked farce as a coadjutor? 'Uncle,' at the Gaiety, is really and truly only a farce in three acts, but with the name of Mr. Byron attached to it as the author, and the comic powers of Mr. Terry as the hero, it crowds the theatre, or at least nearly does so, until, at ten o'clock, 'Young Fra Diavolo' fills up the vacancies with the presence of the Crutched Stick and Toothpick Club. Mr. Byron, in some way, seeks to disarm criticism by calling 'Uncle' 'a new and 'original farcical piece,' but then why, Mr. Byron, spin out into three acts what might have been compressed into one? A woman-hating uncle who suddenly returns from India to find the nephew he has made a handsome allowance to on the understanding that he was not to marry, in snug quarters in a suburban villa with a pretty wife, has nothing of novelty to recommend it. The situation, or something very similar, has been made the subject of

numerous farces, and it seems a pity that Mr. Byron has added to the list. Of course there is plenty of animal spirits, though the dialogue and the attempts at wit and humour are of the poorest. It seems hard to believe that in a three-act farce or comedy—call it what you will—upon one of the characters remarking that his wife and her maid have 'fallen out,' another character says, 'he hopes they have not hurt themselves,' but it is actually the case in 'Uncle,' and moreover, is received with much approval by the Gaiety audience. To say that Mr. Terry, as the husband seeking to conceal his marriage from his relative, and by passing off his wife as the property of his friend, subjecting himself to tortures of jealousy on that account, is amusing, is hardly necessary—but, then, he is Mr. Terry. Mr. Royce gives a clever sketch of the woman-hating uncle, who, by the way, caves in in the weakest way in the last act; and Miss Amalia is the typical 'Mary Jane.' It is weary work, but Mr. Byron can point to the crowded benches of the Gaiety as a proof that he has written a successful comedy, and that the managers who decline and the critics who find fault with his productions are in the depth of ignorance and imbecility.

'Young Fra Diavolo' is built on the well-known Byron lines, and fitted up after the equally well-known Gaiety fashion. There are the same dreadful puns, but which when uttered by Miss Farren and Messrs. Royce and Terry lose something of their weird meaning; there are the same exquisite costumes and the same entrancing little dances, which, when worn and danced by Misses Farren, Vaughan, Amalia, and the *petite* and childlike Gilchrist, assisted by that Gaiety sisterhood of the Carries, the Totties, the Lotties, and the Botties, never fail to fascinate the stalls. To criticise such a production would be unmanly. It and similar efforts from the pen of Mr. Byron and the workshops of Mons. and Madame Alias are but intended to beguile the passing hours of youth and old age. Requiring no mental effort, not even a study of the plot, there is just fun enough in them to gently stir our laughter, while they administer most fully to the desire of the eye. What more is needed? Mr. Hollingshead, wise in his generation, knows the requirements of all classes among his patrons. His is a quiver of many arrows, and he can appeal to our feelings and our senses with equal success. We wonder which is the most paying appeal.

Mr. Bronson Howard's 'Truth' at the Criterion will hardly have the run which 'Brighton' had at the Court. There was much original fun and humour in the latter play, but in 'Truth' these qualities are but mild repetitions of what has been so long amusing the town in 'The Pink Dominoes.' Unfaithful husbands and injured wives is getting now a somewhat threadbare theme, and though it is true that in the case of 'Truth' the infidelity is of the mildest, being a great deal more in idea than reality, yet the jokes and *doubles entendres*, with which the piece is rather too full, are not so harmless, at least not in the estimation of the audience, who laugh at them consumedly and with an evident relish for anything at all approaching the boundaries of coarseness and vulgarity. Mr. Wyndham is of course the leading character, a young Quaker, who tells the most awful lies to screen what after all was but a venial offence, even from the Quaker point of view. He of course amuses by his perfectly natural flow of spirits, and, indeed, the success of the piece, such as it is, is mainly owing to the go of the dialogue and the vivacity of the acting than to any dramatic merit it possesses. The Criterion company is worthy of better things.

'Pink Dominoes' at the Criterion having run its naughty course, the temptation to re-employ some of its cleverest points would seem to have been too great to resist. The result is the bringing more than one new piece in

which the husband and wife try to hoodwink each other in regard to certain little delinquencies that ought not to find favour in well-regulated families. In Mr. Sidney Grundy's 'Snowball' at the Strand we are again introduced to the 'Pink Dominos' as the motive upon which the remainder of the plot hangs. Mr. Felix Featherstone has heard so much from his friends of the piquant attractions of 'Pink Dominos' that he determines to pay the theatre a visit to satisfy his curiosity unknown to his wife. But it appears she has also arrived at a similar decision, and is bent on seeing the play to judge of its demerits for herself. Once in their seats they are conscious of the situation, without however supposing that one sees the other. This, of course, leads to a series of complications, which takes three acts to unravel, and as husband and wife are involved to an equal extent, the war of wits reaches a climax, when the lady is of course the conqueror. Mr. W. H. Vernon has never found a part better suited to his versatile talents than that of Felix Featherstone. Miss Ada Swanborough is also excellent as Mrs. Featherstone, and supports the dignity of the character with due appreciation. The maid servant, Penelope, is allotted to Miss Lottie Venne. The archness of the assumption is at once the most genuine bit of acting now to be seen, and undoubtedly forms one of the principal attractions of 'Snowball.' With Mr. Harry Cox, Mr. F. Wyatt, and Miss Gwynne Williams, the cast is admirably strengthened; and to do Mrs. Swanborough justice it must be said that no more exhilarating performance has ever been witnessed at the Strand than that which is now offered to its patrons.

Our hunting parcel is a large and we venture to think an interesting one.

The Queen's went out on February the 7th for the first time since long rest, and there were a good number out, considering that the Forest was the order of the day; Goodall was glad to welcome Sir George Wombwell, whom he had known so well in Leicestershire; there were several officers from Hounslow, while of regular followers were Lady Evelyn Kennedy, Mr. and Miss Coningham, and several other ladies, Captain Hanbury, Mr. Adams, Mr. Arthur Magniac, Doctor Orange of Broadmoor, Doctors Croft and Jones, Mr. Vials of Wokingham, Mr. Bowen May, and Messrs. Walker, Hughes, Boyce, and Saunders.

The hind, an untried one, was uncartered at Sir William Hayter's Lodge, and after the manner of untried ones, dodged about a good deal, but, nevertheless, ran stout and well, giving the hounds, who hunted beautifully some good work, after a great deal of running about the Forest, where the bogs and grips made many stick to the rides, by which some did not see the hounds again; at last they got into the open country and had a capital gallop to Binfield, where the deer was safely taken.

On Tuesday, the 11th, there were a good many people at Salt Hill, including Sir George Wombwell, Captain and Lady Julia Follett, the officers from Hounslow, and the regular London division. They turned out the deer on Mr. Cantrell's Farm, and he went away well, followed by about twenty men on horseback (supposed to have escaped from Hanwell), who evidently meant catching him if they could; but a strong fence over which the deer bounded pounded the lunatics, and left them looking vacantly about for a gate or gap. What motive these madmen had for trying to spoil sport we could not make out, but we were sorry the Master was not present to give them a few of his sensible observations as to how they should behave if ever they made their escape again. When the hounds were laid on the line of the deer they went away splendidly with a chorus of grand melody, and ran to Stoke Park, then to the village, back again to Wexham, through Black Park, then to Iver, crossed the railway to Drayton, where there was a

long check, and was ultimately taken on Drayton Moor, after running three hours and a quarter. The country was frightfully heavy, but the deer ran well, the hounds hunted beautifully, and Goodall never rode better in his life, and all that was wanted was the presence of the noble Master to keep the unruly field in proper order.

Dick Roake made a fresh start with the South Berks on Tuesday the 4th, and had a real good day's sport, one hour and a half first, and killed in the open, the fox being reduced to a walk; then they found again directly, and for the first forty minutes the hounds fairly held their own, when it is supposed that they changed, but kept on for two hours and then gave up.

Mr. Garth had a capital fifty minutes on the 5th, and killed. 'Sorry you killed him, Charles,' said a modern sportsman. 'Oh, sir, what do we come out for?' answered Brackley, whose face was a study at such an observation being made. But there are some very funny people who hunt nowadays.

The old South Devon country, formerly hunted by Captain Haworth, then by Messrs. Tom Lane of Chudleigh, Mr. Whidborne, Mr. Westlake, and Mr. Ross, has this year been divided, Mr. Tanner of Ashburton, near Newton Abbot, taking the Ashburton side, while Sir John Duntze of Exleigh, and Sir Lawrence Palk of Haldon House, hunt the Haldon side. There is plenty of country on both sides for three days a week—generally rough woodland, and on the whole not a good scented one, hounds have to use their noses and a huntsman his head, but the thing is now better done than ever.

They have got together a new pack of hounds, a very useful lot which can hunt a fox, and the men are well mounted. Nevard, the huntsman, has seen some good service and been under Cornish, with the Tynedale, David Edwards with the Craven, a rare old schoolmaster, with John Bailey when he hunted the Atherstone, then had a turn with Bob Worrall in the V.W.H., and after that with the Kildare; his whip is John Lee, once with Lord Portsmouth.

The South Durham had a good cub-hunting season, found plenty of foxes, and Claxon brought one to hand on an average one every morning, besides having some capital gallops over the open, their best day up to that period was New Year's Day, when they killed in the open after one hour and ten minutes, Sir William Eden the Master presenting the brush to Mr. John Harvey the ex-Master, who, although a bit over threescore and ten, enjoys hunting like a school-boy.

Since the frost the Quorn have had a lot of good sport, as the scent has generally been good; but the foxes have not run quite so straight as might have been desired. On Wednesday, February the 10th, they met at Six Hills, when a large field assembled, although a good many did not turn up until the hounds had moved off and drawn Thrussington Wolds blank; luckily for them no fox was at home, or they would certainly not have seen the fun; however, there were three or four in the Gorse close by, and one was soon away through the Wolds, pointing at first for Shoby Scholes, with the hounds close at him over the large grass fields to Hoby village, a finer line than which could not be found in any country. Up to the first check they had been going eighteen minutes, and a body of men riding after them with a determination not to be stopped by any obstacle. Gates were not opened, and back rails were not thought of; all charged everything that came in their line, and most who did so successfully, although, of course, there were some falls, and a good many before the run was over. The line then was by

Thrussington, not touching Cossington Gorse, but on to Seagrave, where they ran him in view under a bundle of sticks, from which he was quickly pulled by the pack and eaten. The time was about forty-five minutes. The next draw was Cossington Gorse, and two brace at least were at home. After a little bustling round the covert, one went away, and was killed at Mount Sorrel, after forty minutes of very pretty hunting. On Tuesday, February the 11th, they met at Markfield Toll Bar. After drawing two or three coverts blank, they found in Dr. Wright's big wood, and got away at once, the hounds fairly racing for twelve minutes up to the turnpike by Bradgate Old Wood, then turned to the right, as if for Martinshaw, but, leaving it to the left, ran straight on to and through Ratby Burrows, then over a part of the Atherstone country by Desford Station to Braunston, where he beat them, although seen not far in front of the pack just before, so that Firr supposed a fresh fox had jumped up and taken the place of the hunted one, as they lie out a good deal in that part, and so saved his life. This was a capital fifty minutes, which all seemed thoroughly to enjoy. On Thursday, February the 13th, a large field came to Brooksby. After partaking of Mr. Ernest Chaplin's hospitality, the hounds were ordered off to try the Spinnies close by; but, although they were drawn blank, Cream Gorse was not far off, and held a good one, who was quickly away, pointing for Frisby, but, bearing to the left, ran parallel with the turnpike road for some distance, then turning, ran a ring round to Gaddesby, where he was given up, either through a change of foxes or change in the weather, for shortly after this there came a heavy storm of rain, so that nothing more could be done in the way of sport. The run lasted thirty-five minutes, and there was no check to speak of until the last part. Captains Middleton and Elmhurst, and a few others, seemed to enjoy their ride over this fine grass country. On Saturday, the 15th, they met at Woodhouse Eaves, found first by Garendon Park, and ran a ring, the first part of which was rather fast, and the last good hunting, to the Privets, where he was killed. The next move was to Buck Hill Gorse, where they found, and, after running best pace for thirty minutes, the fox went to ground in view of the hounds. On Thursday, the 20th, they were at Beeby; first drew Baggrave, and found a lot of foxes, but could not ride after them as the snow was very deep, and balled very much; so Mr. Coupland decided on going to Scraftoft, where they soon found, and went away to the Uppingham Turnpike, where, being headed, he ran by Carvers Spinny and Quenby Hall, then by Cold Newton, leaving Tilton on the left, made his way for Skeffington Wood, where he went to ground. A trot back to the Coplow, a find in the Bay, and a kill before reaching Quenby, finished the day's sport.

On Thursday, February 6th, a very small field assembled to meet the Warwickshire at Lower Shuckburgh, and as there was still a good deal of frost in the ground it was not to be wondered at. The hounds did not arrive at Shuckburgh until a quarter before twelve, at which time Lord Willoughby, accompanied by his brother and Mr. Holland-Corbett, drove up. Amongst others present—The Countess Stockau, Mrs. Pritchard-Rayner and Miss Davy, Captain Wheeler, Captain Walker of Weedon, Mr. Walter Selby, Mr. Brown of Clifton, Mr. C. Rome, Mr. F. L. Wedge, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Kennedy, Captain Unett and his brother, Captain William Unett of the 21st Hussars, Mr. Rice, Mr. Kell of Leamington, Mr. Oldham of Southam, and Mr. Hall of Napton, the two last being regular one-day-a-week men with these hounds. Calcot was the first order, and Orvis had scarcely 'blown' his hounds out of covert ere a halloa proclaimed that a fox was on foot. The hounds soon settled to him in the gorse adjoining, whence

he was unfortunately headed back to the Bushes. Here he hung for a considerable time, but at length slipping away up wind with a well-dusted jacket, got to the hills, where several others were soon on the move. Besides the hunted fox (who was brought to hand there) a brace certainly slipped away unpursued, and a third was honoured with the attentions of two and a half couples of hounds but no horsemen.

These absentees at length returned as if from the direction of Braunston, and the Hills being now tried in vain, an adjournment was made to Ladbroke Gorse, the originally small field now dwindling down to some ten or a dozen horsemen. A fox was soon found in this favourite covert, and those who stayed were duly rewarded, for with little delay he broke as if for Shuckburgh, but being headed a few fields from the covert, bore to the right and took his pursuers at a cracking pace within a stone's throw of Priors Hardwick village, where a check ensued after as good a twenty minutes as the greatest glutton for pace could desire. The hunting now became slower, and although the hounds stuck perseveringly on to a mile or so beyond Prior's Marston, Orvis was at this point forced to give up further pursuit, but all who remained to see it thoroughly enjoyed this exceptionally nice gallop, which was in all about fifty minutes.

On Saturday, February 8th, the North Warwickshire met at the kennels, when after a very quick gallop of a quarter of an hour or so to ground from Bericote, they found a good old-fashioned fox in Waverley Wood, who ran through Bubbenhall Wood, only disdaining to enter Ryton, Ryton Coppice, or Frankton, and thence ran right on through Line's Spinny, by Holbrook Grange, to the Lime Works near Rugby, where he was viewed dead beaten, but, nevertheless, he managed to save his brush. The railways sadly interfered with the latter part of this extraordinary run.

On this same Saturday the Pytchley were at Badby Wood, where of course they found, and after a turn or two round that well-ridged covert, forced him away to the open, losing him at length near Charwelton Pools, where a second was found, who also checkmated the pack near Preston Capes after a run of considerable length. At Preston a third was found which Goodall brought to hand in Badby Wood. At Badby House, after partaking of Lord Massy's hospitality, yet another was on foot, who got the best of them near Dodford Holt. This good covert was next drawn and three foxes went away almost together, but the one which the hounds settled down to, ran them out of scent near Norton Park. This day proved that foxes are plentiful in this part, and perhaps after the routing they had, they may on a future occasion run straighter.

On Wednesday, the 12th, these hounds had an extraordinary run from Misterton. After drawing the reeds, they went off to the Old Gorse, from which a good fox was soon away, running sharp by Swinford Corner to Shawell Wood, where there were a brace of foxes; but the hounds steadily hunting stuck to one by Caves Inn on to Coton House, where they never hung at all, but ran on over the Lutterworth Road towards Churchover. Here, probably, being headed, he turned to the left towards Brownsover, then crossing the brook and the canal went on to Cosford, where he made a long turn to the right, as if the covert at Cestersover were his point, but turning short over Muntelow Lane, made straight for Newbold Revel. The hounds having steadily stuck to the line up to this point, still carried it on by Stretton Village, finally running the fox to ground in a hedge-bank, about a mile beyond Brinklow Station, where, being in the Atherstone country, he found sanctuary, although no hounds more honestly deserved

their fox than they did on this occasion. This was a very good hunting run. The time was one hour and a quarter, and the distance about ten miles from point to point; but as the oldest inhabitant had never known a Misterton fox take that line before, no doubt he was a traveller. After this many left, having had enough, but the others had a trot of one hour and a quarter back to Lilbourne to draw again, and here they found another and soon killed him near the village. Then they went off to Stanford Hall, got a fox away from the wilderness, and had one of the fastest things ever seen over the grand grass country between Stanford Hall and South Kilworth, turning by Swinford Corner to Mr. Gilbert's House, in to Swinford Village, where, although seen dead beaten, he managed to get shelter, after the hounds had raced him for seventeen minutes. This last run was simply a species of steeplechase, and those who took part in it were Captain Riddell, Captain Soames, Mr. W. H. Foster, Mr. Langham, Mr. Muntz, who was on his third horse, and Miss Davy, who changed on to a fresh one before they drew Lilbourne. Since then the Pytchley have had a succession of first-rate sport.

On Friday, the 14th, met at Brockhall. Dodford Holt was the first draw; although it had been drawn *twice* the previous Saturday a good fox was quickly away, and ran a good line under Borough Hill, leaving Daventry on his right, past Badby Park, and scorning the shelter of Staverton Wood, found refuge in a drain near Staverton village—a capital gallop of fifty minutes. Then drew Staverton Wood, and went away with a fox over the Banbury Road at a rare pace to Newnham, over the brook nearly to Badby village, through Badby Wood, recrossed the high road as if pointing for Griffin's Gorse, but turning to the right was pulled down at Catesby, in the Bicester country, after one hour and forty minutes. Saturday, the 15th. Had a capital gallop in the afternoon from Naseby Covert, going by Tallyho, leaving Scotland Wood on the left, never touched a covert, up wind as hard as they could go, and killed him in the lake at Cottesbrooke—forty minutes. Monday the 17th. Had a very good day. Met at Cransley, found in Cransley Wood, ran up to Old Gorse, through it, and over a fine country at a capital pace to Lampport, thence to Scaldwell, and lost him among some buildings—fifty minutes. Mawsley Wood was then the order, and a capital run was the consequence, although it was a ring. Some of the best of the country was picked out. We ran by Short Wood nearly to Maidwell, then turned to the right by Draughton, leaving Blue Covert on the left, and ran into him near Faxon—one hour and five minutes. Tuesday, 18th. They met at Althorpe, and had a very hard day. A good thirty-five minutes from Brington Gorse to Floore in the morning showed there was a scent, and then going to Whilton osier beds, they ran all over the Haddon country for nearly three hours, changing foxes at Ravensthorpe, and at dark found themselves at Vanderplank's Covert, with a brace of fresh foxes on foot, and were lucky in being able to stop the hounds, as the horses had only a trot left in them.

Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds had good sport in the cub-hunting season, and until they were stopped by the frost. The hounds, before the regular season began, were hunted by George Kennett, who came from the Herefordshire, in the place of Christian, during the absence of Lord Fitzwilliam in Ireland, and since his lordship's return he has occasionally carried the horn, but Lord Fitzwilliam is the chief huntsman.

He has a rare pack of hounds, both dogs and bitches, fifty-three couple and a half altogether; sixteen couple of which are this season's entry. They have plenty of foxes. The country is a long narrow strip, joined on one side by Lord Galway, who does not hunt enough on that side to drive the foxes back

again, but it is a long distance for him to come; and during the cub-hunting season Lord Fitzwilliam hunts part of the Badsworth country and draws Houghton Gorse, Howell Wood, New Park Springs, Oscar Bank, Shaw's Mill, &c., which they give up when regular hunting begins.

On February 5th Lord Radnor's hounds met at Honington, found a fox in Odstock, ran him for half an hour, and killed him right in front of Longford Castle. John Dale said if the drawing-room window had been open he would have jumped in, but Lord Radnor was at home, and viewed him. A rumour has reached us that his lordship talks of giving up the hounds at the end of the season, owing to a scarcity of foxes. We hope it is not true, and that he and John Dale may continue to have sport for some years to come.

On February 7th the Southdown met at the Dyke, but were obliged to leave the hills on account of a dense fog and wind and rain, and went on to New Timber Park Wood. Here they soon found, had a very fair ringing run, and killed. Found again at Danny, and strange to say, that after running a ring in Clayton Woods, the hounds ran away very fast to the hills, and, owing to the dense fog, clean away from every one of the field, and brought their fox from Danny to the Lewes river; then on to Connebury Park, where only two or three got up with them, namely, the Master, Mr. Ingram, and Captain Paley. Champion got up just as they were stopping at a quarter past five; but it was a great performance for a pack of hounds to bring a fox so far in a dense fog by themselves, they having hunted him for nine or ten miles all along the edge of the hills. On Saturday the 8th they had an extraordinary day from the kennels. It was a capital scenting day. They found in the Plashetts, and ran very hard for an hour and a half when Champion thought they must have changed. Altogether they were running from a quarter past twelve until twenty minutes past six. They crossed the river at Newick, from which they ran due north, and went over another river at half past five in a strange country; whether the hounds killed or not it is impossible to say, as Champion left four couples running on, as it was then so dark he could not see to get to them, and he did not get back to the kennels until a quarter-past nine. Out of a field of about one hundred and twenty there were only about half-a-dozen who stayed to the end, besides Mr. Streatfield the master, Champion and his two whips, Harry Parker and Charles Kennett.

From Fife we hear that, true to his traditions, Colonel Anstruther-Thomson has been hunting in the snow; and on the 15th of January, when the ground was covered with both snow and ice, the hounds met at Springfield station, drew Lady Bank woods, where they found directly, and went straight away through Lathirsk on to the Lomond Hills, to Pitlow, through the park and up the hill on to Pitclairlie through the Wood, on to Wood Mill, leaving Melville House on the right, to Fernie Castle, over the brook to Rankillour, through the park nearly to the Mount, over the Cupar road and over the railroad, where the hounds were stopped when it was quite dark. It was exactly six minutes to twelve when they found, and eleven minutes to five when Pickard stopped them, after running and steadily hunting for four hours and fifty-five minutes; for they had to do all the work themselves, for it was such bad riding it was quite impossible to keep close to them. The hounds must have run nearly thirty-five miles over a fine wild country. Only Mr. Wyatt went the run, but Mr. Blyth cut in at Pitclairlie as they crossed his farm, and he had the best of it for the rest of the run. On Thursday, January 23rd, they met at Kilconquhar station, found as fine a fox as ever was seen, in the afternoon ran him for twenty minutes to ground, bolted

him, and ran him as hard as they could race for forty-five minutes, and killed. The fields and roads were nothing but sheets of ice with about an inch of snow on the top; but, of course, the horses were roughed, and so they got on famously.

Mr. Wyatt was again out and well in it, and Colonel Babington joined them just as they killed. Colonel Thomson had out twenty-seven couples of hounds, and only one was away at the finish. On Saturday, the 1st, they met at Ayton Hill, found several foxes in Glenducky Hill, after running about the hills for nearly two hours, they ran one down to the Tay and along the side of the river, when he jumped up in view of the hounds, and they raced him into Newburgh Town and killed him in the street. The Colonel was delighted; then, on Saturday, the 3rd, they met at New Inn, found at Ramornie, and after running one hour and twenty minutes, killed close to Falkland Road Station.

Bob Pickard thinks hunting in the snow is rare good fun, but he will not be sorry when the weather breaks and he can have another taste of the real thing.

Up to January the 27th, the ground had been covered with snow just eight weeks. Since then there has been an awful bone in the ground and lots of ice on the roads, so that some howling falls have occurred on the way to covert. On Saturday February 15th, although it was stormy, they had a capital scent; they found a fox on a bog at quarter to four, when the hounds ran clean away, and they did not know where they went; probably the fox got to ground. Colonel Thomson did not get up to them until after dark, and had an awful job to get them home. As it was pitch dark he had to carry a stable lantern, and did not reach the kennels before a quarter to nine.

The H.H. have been doing very well since the frost, but they have not had any brilliant run, and the scent at times very bad.

The Hambledon have had a few good days. On February 9th they met at Broadhalfpenny Hut, found several foxes in Highdown Wood, but it being a rough windy morning they could do nothing with them, so trotted away to Hinton, Mrs. Tooker's place, which is always a sure find; a brace of foxes was soon on foot, one was killed in covert, the other going away, but scent being bad, his line could hardly be marked for a couple of miles, and he was given up. They then went to Chidden Gorse, where a good fox went away with the pack close to him over the hill to Duncombe, from thence he run the whole length of the Eastmeon Vale, where there was plenty of fencing and plenty of grief, on to Oxenbourne Lith, where he laid down, got him up again, and run him very fast over Butser Hill to Buriton Hanger, when they turned short over War Down into Highdown Wood, and the hounds were stopped; this was a good run of one hour and a half. Mr. Long as usual was well with his hounds all the time, Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Hasler rode the vale in good form. February 10th they met at Idsworth, found in Horndean Holt, hounds were close to his brush, they never left him, and killed in a quarter of an hour; found again in Idsworth Hanger, run a ring and away towards Chalton Gorse, sent him through this and Boscombe on to Chalton Park, where he turned, and running the same line back they killed him in Boscombe Coppice, a fine old dog fox—time about thirty minutes. A third fox was killed in a very short time afterwards, having evidently done some work. A fourth fox was found in Blendworth Lith, going away as if for Hinton, turned short at Catherington, heading back for Chalton Gorse, here hounds raced him till they reached the gorse, when it came to slow hunting, and in about twenty minutes he went to

ground. The scent this day was most extraordinary, hounds racing at times and sometimes hardly able to own the scent.

The Hursley have had a good share of sport this season. They had a capital day's sport on February 11th, the meet was at Little Somborne Park, they found directly in Winter Down, went away over Common Down, pointing for Leckford, bore to the right for Dumpers Oak, through Mr. Allee's small coverts, leaving Upper Somborne to the right on to Ower Copse, through Westwood over the open, past Farley Mount, and instead of going into Parnholt he turned short back, and was killed crawling into Westwood; time two hours and ten minutes, almost all in the open, an old dog fox. Wednesday, February 19th, they met at Standon Gate, a fox was halloed away from Page's Rows, they ran him a fair pace to Westwood, where there were two or three foxes afoot, but at last got upon the hunted fox's line, and hunted slowly back to Page's Rows, where he went to ground; they drew some small places, and then went to the old Ivy Tower in Hursley Park, where a fox was made to jump down, hounds were soon on him, and they raced him for thirty minutes to ground in Hursley Park; although a ring, it was a first-rate run. This part of Hampshire is most fortunate in masters: Mr. Deacon for the H.H., Mr. Walter Long for the Hambledon, and Colonel Nicoll for the Hursley.

Though stopped for many weeks in our hunting, nevertheless the Tedworth had some surprisingly good runs over the snow, Jack Fricker never losing a chance when there was any possibility of getting over the ground. We commenced after the last hard frost on February 3rd with a good hunting run from Quorley Gorse to Eastover; and improved on it the following day by first killing a brace in Clinch Common, and then getting a first-class gallop from North Copse under Oare Hill across the Vale, losing near Chissenbury Gorse. On the 6th a clinking forty-eight minutes from Absell Copse, killing in Savernake Forest. On the 8th two rare down gallops, the first, thirty-eight minutes, from Lake, killing on Vespasian's Camp, and the second from Stagg's Gorse, losing somewhere near Netheravon, and the pace Monarch, Frederick, Gossamer, and Bouncer led us up wind through Sir Edmund Antrobus' Gorse nearly to the Cat at Charlton being something terrific. Lord Radnor's division were represented by Mr. Duncombe Bouverie, Lords Trafalgar and Somerton, and old John Dale; they returned home most favourably impressed with the stoutness and condition of the Tedworth. It will not surprise me if the latter asks that gallant old Marksman may pay another visit to Longford Castle.

On the 10th we had one of the finest runs we have enjoyed for years; we had hardly entered a small outlying bit of Everleigh Gorse, and the huntsman remarked, 'Likely lying, this; no rack-ways here,' when up jumps a fox close under the nose of the first whip's horse. Away through the Gorse and Everleigh Ashes, and heads straight for the Pewsey Vale, down the hillside, leaving Milston to his right into the Vineyard at Fyfield, close to which Jack's horse got hung up in a binder in jumping a narrow-topped bank, with a stiff fence on top, from which he was with some difficulty extracted; turning sharp to the right over the Great Western Railway and the canal close to New Mill, bearing to the left by Draycot into North Copse, on nearly to Oare Village, up Huish Hill to the right between West Woods and Clinch Common, through Gore and Manton Copes, nearly to the withy bed over the railway into the north-western corner of Savernake Forest, near the brick kiln. Here the pace improved, and racing past the Cottage Hospital and Folly Farm, over the hill to Stichcombe into a hanging leading up to Hens Wood, down the open on the Marlborough side into a small

chalk-pit, where Bounty and Nelson rolled him over. Time, two hours fifty-two minutes; every hound up. This was a magnificent huntsman's run, the fox being headed not less than three times in the Pewsey Vale. It was a day on which hounds could not be left to themselves, and the huntsman's intelligence and perseverance were called into play; those who know him need hardly be informed that Jack Fricker proved himself in every way worthy to carry the horn, which he has done for so many years with credit to himself and satisfaction to the field. But few of those who paraded at Everleigh Manor to partake of Mr. Curtis's hospitality got to the end of this famous run, and the Tedworth are much to be congratulated that Everleigh should have so straight an occupant. Further good luck has stuck to us, as the following day we had a brilliant forty minutes from Ramally to ground under Savernake House. On the 15th a fine hunting run, most of it at great pace, from Gollards through Ampot Wood, across the park round by Quarley Hill and Wood, Middlecot, Grateley Station, and, scent failing, we lost near Ampot. On the 19th, Lord Macclesfield being out, a beautiful twenty-seven minutes from Penton Gorse (which row, being up again, invariably holds a good fox), killing at Tangle. After killing a ringing customer from Ramridge in Captain Tyssen's laurels, as bad luck would have it the Captain's old lame vixen unfortunately was not lying to ground, and the hounds, getting a view, pulled her down. She was regarded as quite one of the family, and had put her cubs down two years running in front of Clanville, where I may mention that in no country house is genuine, old-fashioned, open-handed hospitality surpassed, especially to fox-hunters. In the summer it used to be the gallant sailor's great delight to watch the vixen and her cubs at play, and on some one remarking that lame foxes were better killed, as they did most mischief, the old sportsman mournfully replied, 'But sir, my vixen was an exception; she never did any harm in her life.' On the 20th four runs, three of which were undeniably good, killing one fox close to Hens Wood, and another against the palings of Littlecot Park. This was a desperately severe day, both for hounds and horses. The following were in nearly, if not all, the good things:—Lord Algernon St. Maur and his sons Percy (7th Fusiliers), Ernest, and Edward, Honourable P. Wyndham, M.P., Sir Edmund and Miss Antrobus, Sir Claude de Crespigny, Sir W. Humphery, Captains A. Wellesley (Grenadier Guards), Tyssen (R.N.), Knatchbull (10th Regiment), Mrs. Gully, Rev. W. and Mrs. Awdry, Messrs. Fowle, Allen, Powell, and Bailly.

January proved a complete blank with the Badminton hounds, with the exception of a good gallop on the 18th, when they met at Bidstone, and ran fast from Methuen's Gorse by Corsham Park, and killed at Heywood. February opened under more favourable auspices, with a capital run on the 3rd from Cowage, though the frost was hardly enough out of the ground to make riding enjoyable. From this date up to the 20th, when the enemy again interposed, the hounds had more or less sport every time they took the field; but our readers must be content with a short extract of the same. On the 5th they found at Greatwood, and ran a large ring over the best of the country, until they got bothered by the canal under Bittlesea Wood. They found their second fox in Miles's Gorse, and ran hard nearly up to Webb's Wood, where they checked—a hard day for both hounds and horses. On the 10th a fast gallop from Newnton Lodge, killing their fox, after running through Titcombe's Gorse, at Upton Park, in seventeen minutes. Found again in Shifton Wood, ran very hard through Weston Birt and Silk Wood to Boldown Wood, where they lost. On the 11th they were running all day over the Sodbury Vale, killing their first fox at Doddington after a pretty

spin. On the 15th they did little until the afternoon, when, finding at the Reservoir Cover, they ran a cracker to Bittlesea, Christian Malford, Avongrove, through Gatcombe almost to Bremhill Grove. Hounds fairly beat horses all the way; Walter Barnard, the second whip, having the best of the riding division. They afterwards caught an old fox, a well-known inhabitant of Christian Malford Wood, who has often shown a dislike to facing the open, but has now received a final notice to quit. On the 17th they found their first fox at Angrove, killing him in fourteen minutes, near Burton Hill, and then had a clinking run of two hours ten minutes from Binckum, crossing many miles of exceedingly deep country, and killing near Swallett's Gate. The horses were fearfully tired in this run, and more than one failed to reach home that evening. On the 19th a gallop of one hour thirty-two minutes on the Hills, with a kill (the meet being Widcombe Mill), completes our chronicle.

Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds have also been busy in the interval between the frosts. Three good days on the 8th, 10th, and 11th, the find on the latter date being in the new gorse planted by Mr. Hayward at Quedgeley. The maiden draw turned out most satisfactorily, a real good fox taking them up to the hills and back again to Hardwicke, where he was killed, Mr. Henry Baker and the huntsman having all the best of the return journey. These hounds had another very hard day on the 13th in the Thornbury and Kinton country, finishing at Eastwood, the going being so deep that only one horse in the field could raise a canter at the finish, and many stopped altogether. They had another capital gallop on the 17th, from Hall's Withy Bed to Pea Pole Wood, back again almost to the find, and then a ring over the marsh to Moor Grove and Berwick, where they killed him. Grief was very plentiful, the *rhines* affording ample accommodation for all visitors, including the young lady who was presented with the brush. Last, but not least, we must record a really good gallop on the 20th. The morning was snowy, and there was no sport until after luncheon at Berkeley Castle; a good fox was found at Westfield Brake, who ran at a great pace up to Clapton Brake, through the deer park, left Lobthorne on his right, very nearly to Oakleaze, turned to the right, and crossing the road nearly got to Lower Stone, and then to the left again, leaving Tortworth on his right, through the corner of Daniel's Wood, and was killed in the open at Damery Mill. Time, fifty minutes, with only one check. Many dirty coats and some very moist ones among a select party at the finish, which included Messrs. Burgess, E. M. Grace, W. H. Miles, Major Chapman, Captain and Mrs. Palaiet, Messrs. Jenkinson and Matthews (2), with a few more.

From the County of Cork we hear that the natives and the members of the United Hunt in particular, have been knocked about and shut up by the frost the same as other people. Previous to the first frost they had their share of sport, but they were shut up entirely from December 6th to the 30th, just as they were in the midland counties in England. Their cub-hunting season had been better than usual, Harry Saunders having accounted for twenty-one and a half brace of foxes and two badgers in twenty-three mornings; and by accounting for them our readers must bear in mind that he did not *kill* that number, as the country could not afford it; at the same time if the stopping arrangements were as good as in some countries, most of them would have come to hand, and they then had some very good runs; but here the foxes are always in trim, for what with Sunday Packs, Scratch Packs, Harriers, and the Established Pack, the U.H.C., poor pug has a lively time, for hares are scarce and Charley has to find sport for the whole country, and as it is said there are some who hunt all the year round, we need not say that foxes are

not so plentiful as they might be, and good coverts have been drawn blank which used to be alive with foxes. Since the frost they have had many good gallops, but the best was on January 3rd from Ballyvolane, when they had a nice run, of about eight miles, to ground without a check. On the 8th they were at Fermoy Wood, when, after killing one and a long draw, they found a good fox at Ballyclough, ran to Ahern and nearly back to where they found, over a big country, and there were a good many dirty coats at the finish. On the 15th, met at Clonmult, found in Garrylawrence, skirted Corrin, and ran as if his point were Ballyvolane; but the pace not being to his liking, he turned short back by Corrin, across the mountains to Balard, where he was fresh found, and from here they raced him over more mountain country to Bailly's Plantation to ground after a run of about two hours, and some few checks enabled some of the field to see where they finished.

On the 15th, met at Knocknahorgan, found an outlying fox in a glen, who went away on the opposite side to which the hounds were drawing, and as there was a very ugly river at the bottom, Saunders had to take a dip to put his hounds on the line, by which they got a few fields' start, then they raced for about thirty minutes, so that many could not raise a trot. There was a good field out, including Mr. John Gubbins, the Master of the Limerick Stag Hounds. This fox first made for Temple Michael, and ran straight through it into a fine open grass country with big fences; but here our correspondent says his geography was a little out of order, and all he can say is that several hares got up, which made some of the field doubtful as to what they were hunting; but as he truly says, he has often seen hares run the line of a fox; then somebody viewed a foxy-looking dog, and then the hunted fox was taking things easy towards Carrignarvan, where he knew he was welcome, and to recover him was quite out of the question, so they then went back to Temple Michael, where they found an artful old dodger, who lay so close, that leaving the covert he ran into the mouths of two bitches who stopped his career for ever: then went on to Kilquane, a nice gorse, which always holds a fox; here they found, and went away at a clinking pace over a good line of country, but the scent got worse, and it was getting late, the hounds were whipped off for fear of disturbing another covert. At the meet this day were Mr. Hare, the master, Mr. Gubbins and his brother from Limerick, Messrs. Waters, senior and junior, Mr. and Mrs. Saddler, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Shee, and Messrs. Martin, Clare, Donovan, Russel, and several others our correspondent did not know. But the run of the season was from Lisnagar on a very wet day, when only a few of the right sort put in an appearance, and some who never stay at home on account of the weather were stopped by distance, but at the meet were Messrs. Montgomery, Furlong, Gearon, Rice, Nason, and two or three farmers. After drawing Lisnagar blank, went on to Glenakip, and found at once a fox which tried to hang in covert, but they rattled him out, and with the hounds close at him, went away to Glendinan, through the plantations, right away to Glenagowl on towards Ballyhoolie Mountain, where he turned and ran back within a field, where he was found, then on again to Glendinan, where they ran into him in a garden after a very fine run of one hour and a quarter without a single check. The pace was too great for the majority. Saunders had out the dog pack, eighteen and a half couples, and all were up at the finish. A rougher day but a better scent had not been seen this season. On the 18th they met at Castle Martyr, the seat of the Earl of Shannon, who, like a true sportsman, takes very good care to have foxes on his property. At the meet were Mr. R. D. Hare, the

master, Mr. Gubbins, Mr. Uniacke and his son, Mr. and Miss Longfield, Mrs. Coppinger, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Garde, Mr. and Mrs. Saddler, Captain Donellan, the Messrs. Bowles, Mr. Nason, and others. They were not long before they found one of the right sort, and no sooner was he found when away they went, first to Domadha, and on to Strand Road covert, which he did not enter; but lay down a field or two short of it; when the hounds hunted steadily on up to him, the fox jumped up in view, and then they raced him for about two miles (the fox and hounds in the same field), pointing for Lisquinlan, where he got on to the top of a thatched house and one or two hounds with him, which ended a capital run, which was run at a cracking good pace throughout.

February 1st, when they met at Glengnora, was the best specimen of a wet day ever seen. The natives in this part are not particularly soft or shy of a shower of rain, but not one single man made his appearance, save and except a gentleman who lived close by to the meet, who kindly took pity on the hounds and horses, and made them as comfortable as he could; but as the day grew worse, the hounds went back to the kennels to get ready for Monday, the 3rd, at Templeboden, where there was a good muster. At the meet were Mr. Hare, Mr. and Miss Longfield, Miss Smith-Barry, Mrs. Saddler, Captain Beamish, Captain Bell, Mr. and the Misses Waters, Messrs. Uniacke, Rice, Furlong, Montgomery, Murphy, several Muskerry gentlemen, a few from Duhallow, some officers from Cork, Fermoy, and Queenstown. They first drew Glenafouka blank, then a patch of gorse near Templeboden, and found directly. The fox and hounds were all away at once, as if they meant Dundillerick, but turned to the left, as the pace was very smart at first, and he tried the earth at Templeboden, but that being stopped, he had to move on, but tried to break, but was headed by the field, for in this country (as in others) they get all round a covert instead of up in one corner, so that where there are only passes on the mountains where hounds have to hunt in single file, the horses take the path, and if the hounds don't get out of their way they get ridden on, or whipped into the short prickly stuff. Unfortunately there are no fences on the mountains to stop them, so if the field can only get up steam enough to catch the leading hounds, which is not hard to do on bad scenting days, then they are happy. Next comes a check, and the horses pull up by instinct, for positively many of their riders don't know whether the hounds are hunting or not; but only let them race for a few fields, and go a good thirty-five minutes, and you would require a telescope to see the same parties. But to hark back, the fox now had to run the blockade through the hounds, took another turn round the covert, and made his point at last in spite of the field; then the hounds ran very merrily to Cahirduggan, to ground in a drain, where they left him.

The men are much better mounted this year than they were. Saunders rides a very clever dark brown, by Mainstay, five years old, who has plenty of pace, no matter how big the country, and manners fit for the Duke of Connaught. The hounds are an honest, hard-working lot, and Harry Saunders does all he can to show sport.

We had hoped to have received an account of the doings in Meath, under the auspices of Mr. Trotter, and of the Kildare. We are glad, however, to hear that the new huntsman, Charles Atkinson, is much liked by Mr. Forbes, the master, and others. His hounds look A1, but the thrusters think he is a trifle slow in getting them, and he has not quite learnt the art of getting over this strong country quickly enough to please those who hunt to ride.

The Queen's County have had three very good days during the past month. On Wednesday the 12th they met at Corbally, where after killing

one in covert, found a regular tough twisting old customer at three o'clock, and were regularly hard at him until seven o'clock. On Saturday the 15th they were at Timoney, from which they had a very good hour and a kill in the open. On Monday the 17th they met at Abbeyleix, found in Knapton Woods, and had a very good hour, swimming the river Nore three times, but lost him after all by his getting to ground, much to Rawle's disappointment. Then they found again at Derryfore, and had a good run over the Balinakill road into Blandsfort, then ran the road up Monkennard Hill, past Mr. Brennan's, over the Garryglass road, on to Moyadd, where as the earths were open he got to ground. The master and Mr. Hawkesworth had the best of this gallop, which was over a big and heavy country.

Several good hunt servants, who are members of their benefit society, will want fresh places at the end of the season. These men ought to have a priority over those who do not belong to it, as to do so is to a certain extent a badge of respectability, as every member must have a certificate of good conduct from his master before he can join. A list of them is published weekly in the 'Sporting Gazette.' Owing to the Quorn having supported their claim to the Billesdon country, Sir Bache Cunard's hunt servants are all unavoidably thrown out of their places; a fact which masters of hounds in want of servants should duly consider.

While on the subject of hunting, we would call attention to a recent publication which is likely to supply a recognised want, to sportsmen choosing their whereabouts for the hunting season, or for a limited visit. We allude to Part I. of 'The Hunting Countries of England,' by Brooksby, which has just been issued, in a half-crown form, from the 'Field' office. This little work, which it is intended to extend to completeness, is designed, as stated on the fly-leaf, as 'a Guide to Hunting Men,' giving them in a concise but light and readable form the details of each country as at present existing, its facility of access from London, its most suitable centre-points for stationary horses, its characteristics, from a riding and hunting point of view, and the description of horse most suited to its requirements. The constantly recurring questions and answers on these points with which every sporting newspaper teems show how great a necessity exists for such a work of reference. From it the inquirer will gather at a glance what class of country he may expect to find should he visit a certain Hunt: and he will thus learn whether such a country is likely to fall in with his tastes, habits, and means. To a man about to buy or rent a residence in the country it will be especially useful. Hitherto he has had nothing to guide him under the head of hunting beyond the specious descriptions to be obtained from the house agent. However, the object of the series, of which the volume under notice forms Part I., will best be gathered from the introductory chapter of the book itself. The information given evinces strict attention to accuracy of detail; and the maps referred to as illustrating the geography of the counties are Stanford's railway and station maps. This first volume includes the Belvoir, South Wold, Brocklesby, Burton and Blankney, Fitzwilliam, Quorn, Cottesmore, Puckeridge, and Old Berkeley. The series will be continued by weekly instalments in the 'Field' during the forthcoming summer, and subsequently republished in periodical volumes similar to the one already issued.

Many of our readers will learn with regret that Bailey, the Cambridgeshire huntsman, broke his leg when walking out with the hounds during the frost in January. He is progressing favourably, and, during his absence from the field our worthy master has carried the horn. He has shown excellent sport, notably on Tuesday the 11th, with a fine fox from the covert of

G. O. Newton, Esq., of Croxton Park; and on Friday the 14th from Cole's plantation, and, as a corollary, he finished with a kill by the L. & N. W. Railway at Stow on Friday last, after a grand hunting run of two hours and twenty minutes.

In General Peel the turf has lost a pillar and a beacon light, and the political world a politician of strong convictions, great shrewdness, old-fashioned—we might say obsolete—consistency, and stainless honour.

The fifth son of the first Sir Robert Peel, he was born in October, 1799, went in due course to Rugby, and got his commission in the army in 1815, a few days before Waterloo. He was returned for Norwich in 1826, and sat for Huntingdon from 1831 till 1868, when he gave up public life. He was Surveyor-General of the Ordnance under his brother (the second), Sir Robert Peel's administration, from 1841 till 1846, and filled the office of Secretary of State for War under the second administration of Lord Derby, and also under the third, from which he and Lords Salisbury and Carnarvon retired in 1867, owing to their fears respecting the Reform Bill—'a leap in 'the dark,' after taking which, however, the party landed on its feet. He was very successful at the War Office, by reason of what his brother, Sir Robert, called his 'excellent head,' energy, industry, and common sense. Military men, too, regarded him not only as not an enemy, but as 'one of 'themselves.' In the House he was a great favourite, and highly respected. As to his turf career, those who have read (and we may observe *en passant* that every one taking any serious interest in turf matters ought to have read) the evidence given before the Rosebery Committee in 1873 will remember that General Peel, answering a question of the Duke of Richmond's, said, 'I have had more than fifty years' experience [in the breeding of horses]. 'The first animal I ever bred was in the year 1821 (I was then a confederate 'with my brother, Mr. Edmund Peel), and in 1823, that is just fifty years 'ago, we won three two-year-old races with her; and in the following year 'she (Fille de Joie) ran in the Oaks, and came in second to Lord Jersey's 'Cobweb.' His colours, the now classic purple jacket and orange cap, were first registered in 1831, and in the following year he won the Two Thousand with Archibald, ridden, as most of his horses were, by the handsome Arthur Pavis, to whom reference is made in 'Coningsby.' In 1837 he won the famous Waterloo Shield at Goodwood, with Slane, and beat Lord George's grey Momus, in a celebrated match with Vulture. In 1838 he ran second with Ion for both Derby and Leger. In 1840 his Dey of Algiers beat a good and large field for the Chester Cup, and in 1844 he owned the winner and the second, Orlando and Ionian, for the Derby, though Running-rein passed the post first. In 1848 his Dacia, after running second to Mr. Crawford's Cur for the Cesarewitch, took the Cambridgeshire, his Taffrail, trained in a different stable (William Arnall's), being second. In 1849 he ran third to the Flying Dutchman and the mysterious Hotspur for the Derby, and in 1851 won the Hopeful and Clearwell with Kingston, by Venison, out of his old favourite Queen Anne. He then disposed of his stud to Lord Ribblesdale, and did not appear again as an owner of racehorses till Lord Glasgow in 1869 left him and Mr. Payne his horses. General Peel sent his portion of them to Joseph Dawson, and won the Newmarket Handicap with Enfield, the Shropshire Handicap with Cleveland, and several races with the good, game, and good-looking Lady Masham, whom he put to Hermit, and who produced for him Peter, the winner of last year's Rous Memorial and Middle Park Plate. Even from what we have said it will be seen that he had more than his share of good fortune on the Turf, and to add that he showed extraordinary judgment in breeding is superfluous. To men-

tion a few of his winners and their descendants, there were Slane; Ion and his descendants, Wild Dayrell, Buccaneer, and Salvator; Queen Anne, from whom came Kingston, Ely, Queen Bertha, and Silvio; Teetotum, the dam of Asteroid; Tadmor, the grandsire of Hermit; Miss Twickenham, the dam of Teddington; and Vulture, the dam of Orlando, and the ancestress of Teddington, Marsyas, Moulsey, George Frederick, Albert Victor, Petrarch, Julius, Camballo, and Doncaster. On the great question of horse deterioration he held the opinion—to quote again from his evidence before the Rosebery Committee—‘that there are quite as good horses now as there were at any period, but that there are more bad horses bred in proportion to the good ones than was formerly the case. . . . Formerly, the proprietors of racehorses were the breeders of them . . . they kept and bred them entirely for the purpose of their own racing. At that time it would have been very difficult indeed to purchase yearlings; now, nine-tenths of the horses that are bred, are bred for sale. The supply very quickly followed the demand. When those large prices were given, which were given some time ago for yearlings, almost everybody took to breeding for sale, and stud sales were organised all over the country. The result is that a great many more horses are bred now than formerly used to be; and, in my opinion, there are a great many more bad ones in proportion to the good ones: for this reason, that those who were breeding for sale generally hired or purchased a stallion, possibly a very good one in himself, but they put all their mares to him, whether the cross was most suitable to him or not; whereas a private breeder would select the stallion to which he would put his mare. I am borne out in this by the fact that although there are now very few private breeders, compared to the public breeders, almost all the great stakes are won by animals bred by private breeders, and not by those that are purchased.’ His evidence on that occasion is so instructive that we cannot resist giving a few more extracts from it. Being questioned as to the cost of breeding horses, he said: ‘It is not possible to bring a thoroughbred yearling to face Mr. Tattersall at the hammer under 100*l*. The cost of each horse we [at Enfield] keep, I take to be 40*l*. a year, which is about 15*s*. a week; that would cover all expenses. Then you must take the cost of the mare for the year before you produce your yearling. . . . And if you add 20 guineas for the sire, you may depend upon it that you will find that you could not breed a thoroughbred yearling under 100*l*, . . . and that would not meet the expense in cases where the stallions cover mares at 50 guineas apiece, or even at 30 guineas, or 20 guineas.’

As to the soundness of horses now, he said: ‘My own experience has been that the horses of the present day are quite as sound, or sounder, than at any former period.’ And as to whether the stayers of the present day are as good as the stayers of fifty years ago: ‘I stated my opinion that the horses which have won the Alexandra Plate in the last three or four years, were quite as good as any that I ever saw,’ and answered the question, whether he did not consider that the [small] fields that start for that Plate are evidence that there not so many horses of that character, thus: ‘No; in the present day horses run together so often that it is easily ascertained which horse has any advantage over another; and you cannot get a horse to run for three miles with 10 stone on his back, with very little chance of winning.’ Lord Falmouth having put it to him: ‘You would say, therefore [because he has not only the difficulty of showing speed and endurance, but has to face every sort of obstacle], that a horse which won the Liverpool Steeplechase was a better horse than a horse which ran on a *beaten* [? the Beacon] course one hundred years ago, at least he would have to encounter greater difficulties?’ He replied with quiet humour, ‘Yes, he

'would have to encounter greater difficulties.' With all his ability and common sense he was essentially a Tory of the old school in his hatred of innovation, and though he 'believed you would improve breed of every kind 'of horse in this country, except cart-horses, by crossing with a thoroughbred 'stallion,' and that, therefore, the soundness of thoroughbred stallions was a matter of very general importance, he 'would not put any restriction for the 'sake of improving the breeding upon notoriously unsound or bad thoroughbred stallions, and thought the best thing would be for people to say "We will not hire your horse unless you produce a certificate of soundness," and that it would be better still if they employed their own veterinary surgeon to examine the horse; that would be better than legislation upon 'the subject,' and by legislation he doubtless meant legislation by either Parliament or Jockey Club. The latter assembly, which, much as we approve the professed object of Mr. Anderson's bill, we should be very sorry to see abandon its duties to the former, will soon have to sit in judgment on the rule making 'entries become void on the death of the persons 'in whose names they are made.' Mr. Edmund Tattersall, in his able letter addressed to the members of the Jockey Club and owners and breeders of racehorses, makes some excellent suggestions, but we hope that the Club, taking our view of the matter, will entirely abolish the obnoxious rule, but in future enabling, if not directing, Messrs. Weatherby to call upon nominators or transferees of nominations (in the classic races, at all events) to demand immediate payment of the stake. As it is, the death of the nominator of a good horse not only spoils sport, but injuriously affects his personal estate if he be the owner, or renders comparatively valueless the property of an innocent 'purchaser for value.' The reasons, besides a stern 'hatred of 'innovation' which have kept the rule alive, are doubtless (1) the fact that forfeits are not legally recoverable; the objection to let executors be 'off' or 'on' as they choose; and (2) the difficulty of collecting stakes from purchasers (some of whom are here to-day and gone to-morrow) in the event of the death of the nominator. These reasons would exist no longer if, in accordance with our suggestion, Messrs. Weatherby are instructed as we have mentioned above.

And the young generation closely follows the old. The Duke of Newcastle died somewhat suddenly on the morning of the 22nd at the Park Hotel, St. James's, where he had lived for the last two or three years. His career as a racing man, and by that he will be best remembered, was brief, though it may be called brilliant, for the fame of Julius and Speculum helped to atone for a lot of rubbish that carried the violet and white hoops anywhere but to fortune. The duke was a leading power in the Heath House stable at one time, and he shone in the racing firmament a fellow star with the Marquess of Hastings. Then hoops were your only wear. Badminton, Donington, and Clumber owned the blue, the scarlet, and the violet, and it was a more or less fine time. The Duke of Newcastle was a heavy bettor when he fancied his horse, but he was not a reckless plunger, as were so many of the men of what has been called the Hastings era. His star, however, set early. For some years he has not been seen at any race meeting, and his name was unsyllabled and unsung. It cropped up occasionally in the law courts, and this winter we were reminded of it in the fashion. Some of the treasures of the old masters at the R. were lately one of the finest Poussins we ever saw, came from C. of Newcastle.

Curious coincidence. Coomassie, the well-known Chesterfield Cup two years in succession, and a split

her pastern joint; this year the great Coomassie greyhound, the winner of two Waterloo Cups in succession, has had a similar fate.

If our readers wish to renew acquaintance with the pleasant pages of 'Pigskin and Willow,' an old friend with a new face, they will find it published by Tinsley Brothers, with the addition of two or three sporting stories, which Mr. Byron Webber tells with the pen of a ready writer. 'The Jacket of the Earl' is very good, so is 'In Spite of the Stain'; and we can only hope to soon see something else from the same author.

The sober walls of the Freemasons' Tavern and the quiet denizens who dwell in Great Queen Street, heard a sound of revelry by night or rather in the early morning of a certain day in February, that must have rather astonished them. It was on the occasion of a ball given by the golden youth of the Crutched Stick and Toothpick Club to their friends. Happy club to have such friends. To that old tavern, redolent of masonic mysteries, of famous port wine in the days when men and Masons drank that liquor, of city feasts and great feeders, resorted a gallant company,

'And all that was brave, and all that was fair,
And all that was lively, came trooping there.'

We have slightly altered Mr. Præd's lines, by the way, but never mind. The ball was late, for most of the guests had important engagements in helping to minister to the amusement and gratification of the play-going world before they could put by the sock and buskin—though we doubt if the latter was largely represented—and appear in modern costume. And, charming as the ball was, how much more charming it would have been if the guests had come straight from the footlights, if the Terror of Terracina had appeared in those white satin garments which we know so well, if Zerlina could have brought her 'twinkling feet' as they appeared in her native village, and sweet little Connie her black stockings. But these are vain imaginings. Sufficient to say that the faces which charm us so on the stage would have held their own in any press of fair women, and so seemed the brave men present to think. Who were there? Nellies and Violets, Kates and Emilies, Ediths and Annies, the flowers of burlesque flocks, and the only fault was that the flowers were comparatively few, for the men far outnumbered the ladies. Who were the belles?

'There's many a black, black eye, be sure, but none so bright as thine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little ——— in all the room I swear,
So thou shalt be Queen of the Ball ——— thou shalt be Queen I declare!'

Dancing commenced at one o'clock, and the lights were not extinguished till half past seven. The supper was admirable, so was the dry Bollinger. The hosts did their *devoir*, as became Crutched Sticks and Toothpicks, and as if they felt that much was expected from them, rose to the occasion. The whole arrangements were as perfect as they could be from the first dance to the last farewells. These were the only drawbacks. The last cloaking of the last fair shoulders, the last pressure of the parting hands, the last 'Good night,' are apt to leave one in a rather melancholy frame of mind; and perhaps to some Sticks and Toothpicks may have occurred Shelley's line,

'How happy they who *never* say good night.'

* With the Driver's humble apologies to Mr. Tennyson.





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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. R. J. STREATFIELD.

THE latest addition to our portrait gallery is the Master of the Southdown, that well-known pack in which, together with the Harriers, winter visitors to Brighton take such delight. Mr. Streatfield, who is a Sussex man by birth and property, entered life in 1844, and in 1862 received a commission in the 5th Dragoon Guards, with which gallant corps he served for three years. Both during and subsequent to his military career Mr. Streatfield resided much in Yorkshire, and was well known with the York and Ainsty, but since 1870, when, on the resignation of Mr. Christie, the present member for Lewes, he took the Southdown, that country has of course claimed him.

Mr. Streatfield brought great experience to the position of M.F.H., manages his field with tact and energy, and in his huntsman, George Champion, who has now been with the Southdown over twenty years, he has a servant *nulli secundus*. Mr. Streatfield holds a commission in the West York Yeomanry, and is an owner of considerable property in the county of broad acres.

EARLY ENTRIES AND LAPSED LIABILITIES.

THE decease of General Peel, and the consequent disqualification of horses nominated by him, whether in his private capacity or as manager of the Glasgow Stud, has of course had the effect of stirring up all the old controversies, and, we may add, of reopening all the old sores in connection with the voidance through death of liabilities incurred by those who regularly dispose of yearlings burdened with such engagements, or casually transfer them to different ownerships at any time previous to the date of forfeits becoming due. Such an enforced withdrawal of prominent favourites for the Derby and other important events has, of course, occurred pretty frequently; and upon each occasion a cry has arisen for reform in this particular, and a demand for reconsideration by the Jockey Club of the rule which has so long been in force relating to voidance of nominations by death. We are ready to admit that there is much reason in the arguments raised and urged by opponents of things as they are; and that a certain amount of inconvenience and disappointment must always be in danger of attaching to purchasers of horses saddled with ready-made liabilities which they may never have a chance of fulfilling for their new masters. *Primâ facie* it is hard upon Mr. Stirling Crawford that Lancastrian should be summarily debarred from sporting the 'all scarlet' at Epsom this year; and this not through any fault or *lâches* of his owner, but solely because his original nominator for the Derby has been removed by death. Continuing our recapitulation of 'hardships,' it will probably be considered somewhat unfair that the obligation of the breeder to nominate the *élite* of his yearling string for the great races of the future is forced upon him by circumstances beyond his control, namely, through the impossibility or undesirability of bringing his yearlings to market in time to shift the onus of making engagements for them upon other shoulders. Custom, policy, and, above all, opportunity must be consulted in the disposal of such valuable property as thoroughbred stock; and seeing that 'all the 'markets overflow' with this commodity prior to the day for making entries for the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger, breeders cannot be blamed for postponing their sales until Doncaster (especially if long-established usage is in favour of the sale taking place there), while many of those hailing from the North are positively compelled to do this, for the simple reason that their youngsters are not forward enough in growth and condition to enter a sale ring before 'nomination day.' Again, it may be urged on the part of the ring that these (in most cases) sudden withdrawals affect their books in a highly prejudicial degree, especially in instances where leading favourites have been the victims, as in Peter's case; though we are bound to say such considerations should not be allowed to carry too much weight, seeing that they are only the chances of war, and that book-makers have so much the best of it in the long-run, provided they

conduct their business after a legitimate fashion. There may be also some slight disadvantage to vendors of yearlings, in point of prices realised, seeing that a 'pyramid of forfeits' is bound to detract somewhat from the value of a yearling; though such incumbrances are frequently forgotten in the heat of competition for its possession, and it is only the less likely-looking animals which suffer by reason of their being deeply engaged. Thus it is clear the advocates of a new order of things are able to show the existence of some very solid grievances, and we do not wonder, as time brings round instances of such hardships, that the demand for readjustment waxes louder. Still, no proposed alteration in existing rules and regulations appears to be able fairly to grapple with the difficulty, which, hydra-like, presents itself fresh-headed after each apparent decapitation, and appears to defy all efforts to render it less formidable, whether by lopping, pruning, grafting, or any process by which its recognisable features and aspect can be maintained.

The remedies which have been from time to time suggested are various and multiform, but, whatever apparent shape they may take, they all resolve themselves into a few leading propositions, differing somewhat in detail, but the same in principle, and involving such radical alterations that it may well be doubted whether the remedy is not worse than the disease. A postponement in the date of the closing of entries for the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger has found favour with many who would, by extending the time, thus include the nominations of purchasers at the later sales of the season, and so leave all, as it were, to stand by their own acts and deeds, irrespective of the fancies or ideas of those from whom their goods were purchased. No doubt this is the simplest and easiest way of overcoming the difficulties of the situation, and would find favour with all, provided it contained nothing likely to lessen the prestige of the great races, an important constituent of which prestige has always been the numerical strength of entries, and the ultimate value and richness of the stakes consequent upon such abundance of nominations. Now, we fancy that a postponement of the date of naming from July until (say) the middle or end of September, would have the effect of materially thinning the ranks of candidates for 'classical 'honours,' inasmuch as more time would be given for reflection to those who in the meanwhile had become owners of yearlings, and less inducement would prevail to enter youngsters in the hope of improvement and development, which must now be considered to account for the appearance of so many 'impossibles' among the lists of competitors. It is true we might obtain a more select entry, perhaps, by means of the eliminatory process certain to result from more time being allowed for consideration to breeders or owners of yearlings; but, admitting to a certain extent the desirability of none but high-class animals being nominated, is it altogether expedient that we should lose sight of that element—call it chance, speculation, enterprise, what you will—which is so important a factor in the composition of the great successes, important prizes, national

features, as it is intended our Derby, Oaks, and St. Legers should be, of course in the sporting sense of those expressions? Somehow we like to see every one 'cutting in for' the ribands of the Turf, however remote his chance of success may be, and whether this sentiment is a right one or a wrong one we shall not stop to inquire, because its universal prevalence is a sufficient argument for the soundness thereof. Rather than alter the existing date for making entries, we would take a step backwards, and prefer to see the Derby and St. Leger converted into huge Produce Stakes, as a still further means of encouraging the element of chance in nominations, however desirous we might be of excluding it when things came to be narrowed down to the final issue. But this is never likely to be, by reason of inherent difficulties which will suggest themselves to the most ordinary thinker; and we now proceed to the consideration of other remedies touching, not the making of entries themselves, but the alteration of, traffic in, and dealing with such when made. At first sight such a system, as advocated by not a few, may seem plausible enough, but, upon examination, very grave questions cannot fail to suggest themselves as to the expediency of thus subverting, confirming, or, in any way, assuming control over the acts of others, whether alive or dead. We have fully considered the matter in all its bearings, and nothing can shake our belief in the necessity of making every one responsible for his own actions, without the loophole given of escape from what has been soberly and seriously enacted. We foresee the intrusion of a whole host of difficulties and dangers when the option is given of shouldering the responsibilities of others, or of declining them, as various motives may suggest; and we cannot see that it makes any difference whether we choose our course of action during the lifetime of the actual agent or after he has ceased to exist. Assuming that a nomination is a man's own 'act and deed,' can it be regarded in the light of a chattel, to be disposed of during his life, or to be inherited or in any way trafficked in after his death?

As we have before remarked, all other schemes propounded for the solution of existing difficulties resolve themselves into modifications of the propositions just discussed, and the subject has received sufficiently exhaustive treatment at the hands of those possessing the largest experience and the best information, to preclude all hope of a settlement likely to be satisfactory to all parties concerned. Both breeders and purchasers of racing stock which comes to the hammer subsequently to the second Tuesday in July have certainly good reason to wish for an alteration of existing rules; but facts may fairly be set against fancies, and we opine it will be found on examination that the leading Northern breeders, and others who have made Doncaster their emporium of late years, have no reason to complain either of the prices realised by their yearlings or of the luck of their nominations to the great races of the year. In fact, the time-honoured 'dust-bin,' no less than the present sale-paddock at the Mecca of racing pilgrims in the September of each year, have

been veritable gold mines to dabblers in yearling stock as compared with similar centres of operations in the South; and against such lucky bargains, during the last twenty years, as Caractacus, Hermit, and Galopin (Middle Parkers all of them) among the Southrons, the Northerners can boast to have sent forth Musjid, Thormanby, Kettledrum, Pretender, Doncaster, and Sefton to swell the ranks of Derby winners. The roll-call of heroes and heroines of the Oaks and St. Leger discloses a state of things similarly creditable to the thoroughbred nurseries situate in and around the 'county of acres'; and we have only to attempt to force our way through the serried ranks of 'excited Yorkshire,' clustering thick as bees round the sale-ring, when the Tickhill, Neasham, or Malton lots are engaging Mr. Tattersall's attention, to realise the fact that the clause 'with their engagements' is not one which seriously militates against the satisfactory averages realised for years past by the Scarboroughs, the Cooksons, and the P'Ansons of our day. It is, then, for the reasons urged in favour of the law of nominations as it now stands, and against the proposed alterations therein, that we would, with all respect for the opinions of others, advocate the retention of that law upon our racing code. That it has worked comparatively well so far, few will be found to deny; and it may be that, in attempting to botch and patch so ancient a fabric, we may bring the whole edifice down about our ears, to our great confusion and dismay; whereas, if left alone, with all its faults and inconsistencies, it may uphold, for many years to come, the structure which we have so long regarded with natural feelings of pride, not only by reason of its antiquity, but because of its innate grace and nobility. We should regard in the light of a national misfortune any diminution in the glories of our so-called 'classic races,' which in these latter days still continue to hold their own against far more munificently endowed creations of modern racing enterprise and liberality. This is an indication of vitality which speaks volumes in favour of adopting the adage of *quieta ne movere*; and the very first step of departure from the law as it now stands would inevitably point to other degrees of the sapping process, whereby the Derby and its kindred races would sink gradually into a state resembling that of the hypochondriac, requiring an endless application of remedies for imaginary maladies. If our advocacy of existing rules be objected to as 'sentimental,' we are fairly entitled to urge, *per contra*, that in racing, as in other matters, both of business and pleasure, sentiment is found to prevail, and is, moreover, an element which we cannot afford altogether to disregard. Now and again the 'burning' question of disqualification by death will flicker up, be fanned into a flame, and then die out; but we trust implicitly to the good sense of those in whose hands the destinies of the Turf are placed, not to disturb 'for an idea' an institution admittedly imperfect, but, in spite of its imperfections, the best compromise that could be devised.

THE SALMON AS AN OBJECT OF SPORT AND NATURAL HISTORY.

WROTE the Editor of this Magazine to the writer of this article, one day during the 'drear December' which we have recently experienced, 'Why not utilise the long dark evenings to which you allude by arranging for "Baily" some of your salmon lore? You ought to have information regarding the natural history of that magnificent fish, and its value to anglers in the way of sport as well as a contributor to the national commissariat, which, if well stated, should prove interesting to my readers.'

Just so. But 'well stated,' the very proper qualification in the communication referred to, doth sore perplex me. So much has been, and is being written, about the 'monarch of the brook,' so many persons affect to know all about it, to have angled for it in foaming streams, and to have filled their sacks with it in inaccessible places, that my poor experiences as an angler, and particularly as a student of the natural history of *Salmo salar*, will, perhaps, prove but tame reading. Besides, it appears to me so difficult to describe the capture of a big salmon on paper, that I have long since come to the conclusion, after reading descriptions of many brilliant salmon-catching exploits, that those best able to describe the sport are the worst possible fishers. A notable salmon angler of Scotland, now, alas, no more, namely, that genial spirit, Alexander Russel, for so many years Editor of the 'Scotsman' newspaper, used to assert that the fine writers about fishing, who occasionally fledge their wings in the magazines, are 'enormous impostors' 'not fit to wield a salmon rod.' 'Brother Sandy,' as I used to call him, was a man who entertained strong opinions, and was never afraid to express them, no matter what the subject might be, whether theatrical or theological. I remember on one occasion his saying of a minister of the gospel, 'He calls himself an angler for men's souls. Poor fellow! if he be as poor a hand in the pulpit as he is on the river side it will be — few souls he'll catch.' Another time I heard him say of a well-known *paper angler*, 'Him catch a salmon! It's far more likely that the salmon will catch him.' Although Mr. Russel's book, 'The Salmon,' was not a success, in a commercial sense, it well deserved to have been so, because it is full of the subject, and discusses the natural history, legislation, and economy of the salmon fisheries, as well as the sport it affords to the angler, in a learned and loving spirit. It is a pity that the work was unsuccessful; its non-success made the author bitter upon other books of the kind; some will remember that, in taking notice of a fishery book in the 'Scotsman,' or at any rate in referring to the subject, he spoke of some authors as 'begging, borrowing, or stealing' their matter. Mr. Russel fought manfully in those battles of the salmon which were so common a quarter of a century since; but to be the editor of the great Scottish organ of liberal opinion, he was wonderfully conservative in all he said on

the subject. His articles in the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' Reviews attracted attention, and it is these papers, as well as portions of his 'Scotsman' articles, which compose his book, 'The Salmon.'

I have called attention to Mr. Russel's book because it affords me a capital point of departure for what I can relate about the salmon and the economy of our salmon rivers, as well as the natural history of the fish; but before I am finished with what I have to say, my readers will, probably enough, feel tired of the whole matter. Nevertheless it will be my endeavour to interest them to the best of my ability, although it must be confessed I am rather a prosy angler. When I set about catching a fish I like to catch it, and in doing so seldom have time to 'moon' about the green leaves, descant on the perfume of the new-mown hay, or note the droning hum of the homeward-bound bee. To me the trying for a salmon, not to speak of its capture, is downright hard work; and I hate all the humbug with which 'paper anglers,' as Russel called them, invest the work. I remember how James Wilson, the Professor's brother ('Christopher North's' brother), used to declaim against the modern upholstery of angling (*temp.* 1840), and the gaudy flies, like nothing in nature, which the anglers of the period used to *busk* (*i.e.* dress) for the delectation of the salmon, 'just as if all salmon were fools.' When one goes to catch a salmon one must take the trouble to provide a bait which will as nearly as possible seem to the fish one of the insects to which it is accustomed; a fly of Scotland, not a brilliantly painted moth or other insect of some part of the tropics. This is, of course, a delicate subject to write about, as each particular angler feels himself able to instruct his brethren of the gentle art in the best modes of making a fly—a fly, too, that will be sure to kill. 'The Professor,' in my young days, was a wonderful instrument of capture; but for my own part, I never find any flies so killing as those which can be obtained, for 'a consideration,' from some local angler (poacher or village cobbler), who knows the humours of the local fish far better than an occasional visitor can possibly do. In the many written accounts of angling feats which I have read, I never get what I want, that is, what I may call a naked account of the feat which may have been accomplished in landing some particular fish, big or little. There is a tendency, perhaps unwittingly, on the part of the hero to magnify the feat he has accomplished; the office and work of the angler is often exaggerated, either by himself or friends, so that little accomplishments of no moment whatever are frequently so disguised when made to assume their literary dress as to be beyond recognition. On one occasion, a few years ago, whilst with a party on Lochleven, I succeeded, without any trouble whatever, in taking, by means of a minnow, a three-pound trout. In starting we had proposed to go right out to begin fishing at a distant place near 'the sluices,' and in order not to lose time I threw out the minnow, and ere five or six minutes had elapsed had hooked the boat the fish referred to; and in the course of and friends—there were three of us, only one of

was a practised fisher—we took in all fourteen fine fishes, none of them, happily, when we came to weigh in, under a pound weight. Judge of my surprise when, a day or two after, I read in a newspaper of a ‘Great feat on Lochleven; capture of a three-pound trout by an ‘Edinburgh gentleman,’ &c. My work was painted in glowing colours, and I was set down as one of the giants of the time!

Harking back, however, to the salmon, the readers of ‘Baily’ must bear with me if I give them the plain prose and the plain truth of a day’s salmon angling: ‘Saturday, August 25th, caught two fish ‘in the Isla, and had a good run with other two, which I lost, one ‘of them taking with it a few yards of tackle: one fish, a grilse, 5 lb. ‘13 oz.; the other, also a grilse, 6 lb. 9 oz. The two fish, which ‘escaped, apparently rather heavy, say from fourteen to sixteen ‘pounds. Time, from 2 to 5.30.’ That is, to appearance, a rather bald entry of feats accomplished some years ago; but I will show all whom it concerns how, by means of a little literary craft, that afternoon’s work might be worked up by a good *littérateur*—a ‘paper angler’—into a capital article.

I was living at the time in a small hamlet near the town of Alyth, in Perthshire, called locally the ‘Brig o’ Rivven’; but the night before the day of my angling exploit, I had passed the evening in the hotel at Alyth with two sporting friends bent on grouse-shooting. We had a ‘donal’ or two in excess of the right quantity—a ‘donal,’ I may explain, is the slang of the place for a small measure of whisky—and next morning I felt just a ‘wee thing’ out of sorts; but, having accomplished a little writing which I was bent upon, my fishing-boots were drawn on, and half past twelve saw me *en route* for a place on the river Isla which lay some few miles from that part of it where I was residing. It was a peculiar day, not at all warm but singularly cloudy, the clouds suffused with rain, and every ten or twelve minutes there came a smart shower. About two o’clock I reached my commencing place, accompanied by Charlie, a smart barefooted boy about twelve or thirteen years of age, who knew the locality. My rod and line were soon in order, and selecting, as I thought, a good place, I began the business of the day, and speedily became immersed in it. But, although I exerted myself enormously, I caught nothing. A fish or two leapt almost within hail of my line, just below a place where there ran a tolerable current. I had the feeling strong upon me that I was among the fish—but none of them looked at my fly, which was one bought, a year previously, in Waterloo Place, Edinburgh, and which was said to be ‘a killer’ on the Tay and its tributaries. How long I flogged away with the ‘killer’ I cannot say, probably for an hour and a quarter; and I might have gone on doing so for a similar period, had not a good genius come to mine aid.

‘What kind o’ a flee hae ye on?’ said an eccentric-looking person, somewhat like a cross between a poacher and a strolling player, as he laid down a parcel of what proved to be fresh-water mussels, and addressed me sharply.

'There it is,' said I, rather in an ill-natured tone, jerking the line towards him; 'look at it, if it is of any interest to you.'

'I'm thinking, sir, it's o' mair interest to you than to me; it's weel 'seen ye hae never fished the Isla afore, or ye wid never expect till 'tak' a fish wi' a bit thing like that.'

'I certainly never have,' I replied, taking stock of my queer-looking visitor.

'Man, ye'll nae mair catch salmon wi' a flee like that, than I'll 'catch a whale when I'm gathering my pearls,' said my interlocutor. 'See here, sir, try this,' and before I could answer him he pulled out the remains of an old pocket-book, and, taking out a fly, fixed it on my line in almost an instant of time, at any rate with a dexterity which I could not but admire. 'Ye'll get a fish or twa wi' that 'flee. I hae only twa left, and there's the ither ane; tak' care o't, for 'ony sake, for if ye git a wild bit beastie on it'll soon hae that braw 'rod oot o' yer han' and leave ye gapin' there wi' astonishment.'

'Well, but you'll allow me to pay you?'

'Ou ay, of course. The next time ye're at the hottel send for 'me an' I'll bring ye a dizzen; they'll cost ye a bit half-croon the 'hail lot o' them.'

And he made off at once, without giving me time to offer him a dram or ask his name.

'Who is that fellow, Charlie?' I asked, addressing the boy who 'was attending me.'

'That's the Prince o' Wales's ain pearl diver, sir, he's a gran' 'fisher.'*

To make up for lost time, I began industriously to feel the water with my new fly. Its effect was magical. At about the third throw I was startled by the music of my reel; having turned round for a moment to address the boy, I did not see what had occurred, but only *felt* the result; bringing my rod at once near to the perpendicular, I obtained a tolerable command of the fish: happily there was plenty of room for him to play himself out. After darting here and there as if he did not very well know what to do, or what had happened to him, he found a place to sulk in at the far side of the water. A few stones well aimed by Charlie soon dislodged him from his hiding-

* I have not ventured to give what Tam the pearl-fisher said in the exact *patois* spoken at Alyth in Perthshire; the style in which Tam, Charlie, and all the people speak is as follows: 'Fat 'na flee are ye fushin' wi'?' which, translated into English, means, 'What kind of fly are you fishing with?' One day when I was starting for a little trout-fishing in the Den of Airlie, an inquisitive old woman asked me the following question, 'Far are ye gaen to fush, man, an' 'fat are ye gaen to fush for?' which simply means, 'Where are you going to 'fish, and what are you going to fish for?' Apropos of the Den of Airlie, a beautiful spot near Alyth, once upon a time when I was being shown over the house with a party of friends, who were laughing heartily at some passing witticism, the old dame who acted as cicerone became horrified at our mirth; 'Wheesht,' she said, 'wheesht, Lord sake, haud yer tongues, or ye'll dirty the 'paint!' The house at Airlie, I may explain, was at the time in the hands of the white-washers. My friends of course laughed all the louder at the old woman's idea of the paint being soiled by means of their hilarity.

place, and sent him off up stream at a terrific pace for about thirty yards, where he halted and gave me time to reel up. Little by little I wore him nearer and nearer to me, and in a couple of minutes or so I succeeded in bringing him into a shallow of the river, where Charlie, getting a landing-net below him, brought the fish to grass—a beauty indeed. Either my fish was a cowardly fellow that had not the spirit to fight hard enough for his life, or I was a better angler than I thought—at all events the fight was concluded in about twelve minutes' time, and the salmon, killed by a blow on the snout with a long stone by Charlie, lay on the grass the spoil of his captor, who was not a little proud of his feat.

In the Isla there is a great variety of water; it seldom goes far without a break into a series of whirling eddies or rapid runs, and at some places of its course the banks are covered with trees and other *impedimenta* of the angler. After my success with the pearl diver's 'flee,' as he called it, I became ambitious, and thought perchance to land a fish of sixteen or twenty pounds. With this view I changed the venue, marching on, accompanied by Charlie triumphantly bearing my fish, to another part of the water. Having made a short cut of it by crossing some fields, my fly was soon again seeking for a victim on a tolerably varied part of the stream. Before beginning work, however, I took stock of the surroundings, and planned, in "my mind's eye," my order of battle, should I be so fortunate as to get on to a big fish. I shall not weary the reader with a minute description of the Isla at the place where my second essay was made. I had chosen a stretch of water to begin at that was as free as possible from trees. There was, I may state, a pretty good body of water in the river way, and likely to be more. Setting to work with all my might, my first half-dozen casts were unheeded, but at about the seventh throw I was fairly startled by a terrific rush made at my pearl diver by a huge animal, and at the noise which the unwinding of my reel caused—'a twenty-pounder at the very least,' I thought mentally. 'Eh, but that is a big one, sir,' said Charlie, and it was a big one judging by the momentary glimpse of the fish which I had as he dashed violently up the water, taking out my line in a style which, long as it was, quite alarmed me. Now, as the saying is, 'I will tell the truth and shame the devil,' I was so dazed and alarmed, I did not know what to do for a little time; nothing occurred as I had planned that it should occur, and for the first time my eyes beheld two immense boulders that divided the stream, and which I had not seen before. 'He's below that big stone, sir,' said Charlie; and so he was, and there he sulked for a good seven or eight minutes. He would not be dislodged; admonitory hints that he was wanted, and many gentle tugs of my line, were alike disregarded; it was all in vain that my anxious attendant industriously stoned him—he was immovable. Reeling up all I could venture of my line, I held my rod, as nearly as possible, at an angle of 45°, and so comported myself as to be prepared for any vagary that my captive, in his anxiety to be free, might perpetrate.

But it is ever the unexpected which occurs. My fish came out at length from his hiding-place as gently as a sucking-dove, and as leisurely as may be made his way down the stream quite openly, but in a moment, as if he had been mocking me or trying to throw me off my guard, he turned and, dashing up water, leapt like a harlequin clean over the great boulder, and snapt my line in twain; yes, he went away with the pearl-diver's magic 'flee,' and left me looking my wonder and amazement! It was quite dramatic.

'Eh, what a deevil that ane's been, sir,' said Charlie; a devil indeed, I thought.

Such is a description of half of my day's angling. I shall not inflict the rest of it on my readers, because it was pretty much the same thing over again. I shall never forget the leap of that fish, so quickly performed, so cleverly achieved, as to be in the circumstances quite sensational. It was, as I have indicated, the work of a moment, but for all that I had time to see the *modus operandi* of the whole affair. The fish went back a bit as if to acquire the necessary impetus, and then rushing forward and throwing itself completely out of the water, it curled itself up into a crescent, and, straightening as it gained the other side of the huge stone, went down with a most terrific splash into the stream; my line was cut upon the edge of the boulder. I learned anon that my fish with the hook and line was a few nights afterwards speared by an industrious Alyth handloom weaver, who did a 'little poaching' on the quiet; it was much wasted, and weighed eleven pounds; my idea of its weight when I saw it bound out of the water was that it would be a fourteen-pound fish. I may say here, that nothing is more difficult than to estimate the weight of a salmon, or indeed any fish whilst it remains in the water. Some people guess fish while in the water that, when landed, are found to weigh eight or nine pounds, at double that weight, and it is an old saying that those fish which anglers lose are always the heaviest.

I make no pretensions to give instructions in angling, but I have seen men with no tackle to speak of do far more execution in a trout stream than others armed with what Russel used to call the 'upholstery' of the art. For salmon-fishing a good heavy rod, not less than fifteen feet all set up, is requisite, and the reel ought to be capacious enough to wind on about eighty yards of good strong line. To play a salmon so as to exhaust him and get him ashore is an art that may be learned, but certainly cannot be taught, on paper. When a man by fair good work can hook, play, and land a twenty-pound salmon, he may fairly be admitted into the front rank of anglers. Catching a salmon on the Tay or Tweed, or on one or other of the numerous tributaries of these great streams, is very different work to angling on the Thames, or for the same fish of various other English waters. In my opinion, and I will submit to correction if wrong, the best fishing that can be got in England, trout- or salmon-angling excepted, is pike-fishing. I like to kill a pike; it is a grand pleasure, although it is not to be denied that,

tyrant as he must be proclaimed, he has his mission. Were it not for the all-devouring propensity of this fresh-water shark, some better fishes would be much too plentiful and much too lean; it should always be kept in mind that a given acreage of water will only carry a given number of fish of eatable weight and condition: this is a phase of the economy of a salmon river which, in the anxiety for 'quantity,' is often overlooked.

The perplexities of salmon growth, about which it will be appropriate to say a word or two here, seem to increase instead of diminish. No sooner is one point of salmon controversy dismissed than a new one arises. For many years we had a burning controversy about the 'par problem,' and even now, after no end of wrangling, there are still people who say they are not convinced that the par is the young of the salmon, or that grilse increase another stage. Although some persons hold all those things as 'settled,' it will do no harm to say a few more words on the par and grilse controversies, and on the natural history of the salmon generally.

The salmon is altogether a very remarkable animal. It is born in the fresh water, but fattens in the sea. That of itself is sufficiently astonishing, as there is only another fish endowed with similar power, but it is a power which manifests itself in an opposite way to that of the salmon; the eel, to which I am now alluding, spawns in the sea but lives in the fresh water. Broadly stated, these are the leading characteristics of these two fishes. We are, however, very ignorant of the natural history of the eel, the doings of that fish being surrounded by commentators with a great deal of what must be purely imaginative thinking and writing. Of the natural history of the salmon we do know something definite. Moreover, it is a fish to which we can obtain access during several months of the year; and although we cannot follow it into the 'dark unfathom'd caves of ocean,' we can see it at the period when it is most interesting, namely, when it is seeking in some tributary stream of a great salmon river for a procreant cradle, in which to deposit its eggs. Each female fish of the *salar* family yields about one thousand eggs for every pound of her weight; in plain language, a twenty-pound salmon should yield about twenty thousand eggs. These ova, after they are deposited by the mother salmon in the shallows of the upper streams and in the affluents of our salmon waters, are fructified by the milt of the male fish. A kind of rough excavation is made by the parent fish into which the eggs fall as they are voided by the female; the gravelly bottom being covered over by the two salmon and the eggs left to their fate, perhaps to be swept away by some mighty 'spate,' or, if all goes well, to be nursed into life by the music of the murmuring water.

For a hundred days and a hundred nights, if no bad fortune befall them, the eggs remain before the little fish, which at the end of that period they contain, have strength sufficient to burst the bars of their fragile prison and come into the wide world of waters to begin life

on their own account. The infant salmon when first seen is a tiny, ungainly, timid creature, living on its umbilical sac, giving no notion of the size it will attain, or the grace which in time will characterise it; for the salmon is, without doubt, the most shapely fish that swims in the sea. From the day of its birth till it is a year, and in some cases two years, old, the young salmon is known as a par, and for many a long year the par was supposed to be a separate and distinct fish—a par, and nothing but a par; a fish that was born a par, and remained a par for ever. It is a curious feature in the life of a salmon, that one half of any particular brood cease to be par, and become smolts, at the end of a little over twelve months from the date of their birth, whilst a period of a little over two years usually elapses till the other moiety of the same breed become similarly changed. Until it ceases to be a par, and grows into a smolt, the young salmon cannot live out of the stream in which it was born; at any rate, it dare not venture into salt water without incurring the penalty of death. Happily, till it becomes a smolt and has assumed its migratory dress as a scaled fish, the young salmon evinces no disposition to change quarters; but no sooner has this change taken place than the fish is impatient to visit the sea. At the Stormontfield salmon breeding-ponds on the river Tay, where it may be said that, during the last quarter of a century, many millions of young salmon have been reared, the newly changed par have been seen in their impatience to leap from the water in which they were reared, anxious to proceed seaward; but be it noted that, when the time came for the exodus of the young fish, and the gates were opened to admit of their exit into the Tay, only those fish which had become smolts availed themselves of the liberty to go away; the others, although the sluices remained open for some time, evinced no indication to depart, and remained for one year longer!

No reason can be assigned for this curious feature of salmon growth; all sorts of ideas were ventilated by way of explanation: it was once thought that the emigrants of one season were all male fish, those of another season being all of the other sex; but observation and examination soon gave an emphatic *no* to that view of the par problem, and so the anomaly—if what is a fixed feature in the life of the animal may be called an ‘anomaly’—continued to vex men’s souls for fifty or sixty years, till the time, in fact, when Shaw and Young made a series of well-arranged experiments and found out the truth; but even the truth, as expiscated by these gentlemen, was unpalatable to one body of the controversialists; they continued to be of the same opinion still, after having been convinced against their will. Nor did the experiments conducted at Stormontfield—where the fish were made, so to speak, to grow in presence of the public—escape without an accompaniment of sneers—sneers which have not yet ceased, although nothing can gainsay the fact that par have been proved to be the young of *salmo salar*, in the first and second year of their age respectively.

It is well that the female salmon (as also all other fish) is very prolific, the mortality being so vast. Assuming that twenty thousand eggs are deposited by a given fish, it is not too much to calculate that a third of the number will fall into the devouring maws of a host of enemies which assemble with an instinctive hunger at the spawning season, and to whom salmon ova are as a tid-bit; another third of the eggs is generally borne away by the stream before they can be fertilised by the life-giving properties of the milt, which leaves us with say seven thousand of the original brood. Hundreds of the young fish, unable to seek their own food, perish of starvation, whilst other hundreds are sought out by enemies such as the pike, to whom they form a dainty meal; and when the smolts at length reach the goal of their ambition, and enter the sea, they find a devouring army of miscellaneous marine monsters ready to decimate their ranks; in short, of the twenty thousand eggs which have been deposited, it is questionable if more than two in every hundred is able to attain an age at which they may have the power of repeating the story of their birth.

The rate at which a salmon grows, and the age it attains, have often formed the subject of controversy. Some writers assert that a grilse never becomes a salmon, which is just as much as to say that a female calf never becomes a cow; many naturalists maintain that the salmon is of slow growth, while others contend that it increases in size with astonishing rapidity. I have studied all the phases of salmon life with considerable attention, but cannot express an opinion on the subject with any great degree of confidence. Last year (1878) was somewhat remarkable for the large number of big fish which were taken, not a few being landed that weighed over forty-five pounds—some, indeed, were caught that were five pounds heavier. What will be the probable age of a fifty-pound salmon? Of the many experiments made to ascertain the rate at which smolts make weight, and of how quickly grilse grow, it was found, in several instances, that grilse made flesh at the rate of about one ounce every day; and of the rate at which smolts grow into grilse, it was ascertained as a fact, that fish liberated from the ponds at Stormontfield, say in the month of June, when they weighed little more than an ounce, came up the Tay at the end of August weighing from three to five pounds!—their brothers and sisters of the same hatching being still in the par stage, tiny samlets of half an ounce! Let it be understood that I am here generalising my information. I have the exact data, however, on which I have founded the preceding statements, the information having been placed at my service by Mr. Robert Buist, superintendent of the Tay. It is necessary to state this, in the face of the very varied opinions which are entertained as to the ratio of growth. The salmon nursery at Stormontfield is worth seeing, and Peter Marshall, the keeper, will be proud to explain to visitors all about his curious charges. He has been there since the beginning of the experiments, and is well versed in all the niceties of pisciculture; persons intending to try salmon-breeding could not

do better than consult 'Peter of the Pools.' The salmon ponds are situated about five miles from the fair city of Perth, a nice drive.

For these many years past—for a quarter of a century, indeed—over half a million of well-grown smolts have been on an average thrown into the Tay every year, so that the river ought now to be well stocked, and that it is well stocked, as rivers go, is evident from the number of big fish which it yields—fish that, judging from the size they have attained, must in all probability be from ten to twelve years of age. If the river were but poorly stocked, the chances are that no fish would, for so long a period, escape the nets of the fishermen.

The Tay rent-roll is now over 20,000*l.* per annum; and to pay such a sum and provide the material of capture, as well as give wages to the workmen and interest on the capital employed, requires that, at least, a hundred and twenty thousand fish, each of the average weight of ten pounds, should be caught every year, and each individual fish should be of the average value of ten shillings, which would yield a total sum of 60,000*l.* to pay the rent, also the other expenses just specified, and allow a fair profit to the men who lease the various fishing stations. My own opinion of several of the Scottish salmon streams is, that they have culminated. I do not think that such well-managed rivers as the Spey and the Tay could, with advantage, be fuller of fish than they now are. When it is considered that the Stormontfield ponds feed the latter of these rivers with half a million well grown young salmon every year, in addition to the number which is bred naturally in the stream and its varied tributaries, the Tay must indeed be populous, notwithstanding the hordes of enemies that prey upon the fish. A few figures will demonstrate that fact. Let us suppose that there are left, at the end of each season, as many as 5000 breeding female salmon, each of them able, on the average, to deposit 20,000 eggs; that gives us the almost incredible number of 100,000,000! If only a fifth part of these grow into fish, and a fifth part only of those fish reach the sea, and but a fifth part of those which do reach the sea return again to the river to afford sport to the angler and food to the nation, as well as to perpetuate their race, there must remain in the water an enormous stock of valuable salmon, of many different ages and of all sizes, from tiny par to venerable sires and matrons that show by their weight the growth of years, as also the wealth of food to which they have had access.

It is difficult to say at present (13th February) how far the present salmon angling season will prove a success; up till now the takes have been poor as compared with the opening week of last year, but then the winter just past has been an exceptional one, and as warmer weather comes in, and the snow water becomes exhausted, the prospects of anglers may perhaps improve. One or two fine salmon have been captured—in particular a 32-pounder which afforded fine sport to an accomplished fisher. The lessees of the commercial fishing 'shots' are not despairing of a fairish 'back end' season, but

a good spring affords them their best reward, as in the early months of the year fish bring about double the price they do in July and August.

I have finished now, but have not nearly exhausted my subject. Sportsmen may blame me for not saying more about salmon angling, but I have really said all I know, or rather all I know how to say. When I come to interview the 'Great Lake trout' of Loch Awe, with which I have a slight acquaintance, I will take that opportunity of recurring to 'the salmon'; meantime, I trust that the brief *résumé* I have introduced of the natural history of that valuable fish will not be thought uninteresting, even by anglers, who probably know all about it as well as I do myself.

'A SERMON FROM THE STAGE.'

'WE are fearfully and wonderfully made, especially women,' was one of the funniest of Thackeray's sayings. One thing is quite certain, which is that when one of the softer sex writes unaffectedly about her own inner life, she generally produces a very charming narrative. As an instance of this, a little book written some years ago, called 'A Woman's Thoughts about Women,' probably dissipated more bigoted theories as regards the rights and wrongs, the virtues and follies of women, than all the preaching of all the Churchmen of all ages, simply because the authoress was one of the *γυνῶθι σεαυτὸν* (or query *σεαυτήν*? I don't know which) school. Some ten days since I read, or rather devoured, an autobiography of a lady who bore a world-known name, and who gives to the public the story of her girlhood, which takes us back to the days of the old legitimate drama—days when our grandfathers ruined themselves by gambling, and shot one another in duels sometimes, when our grandmothers made Bath and Weymouth centres of polite society, and (though let us say it behind our hands) some of them took snuff; when political riots were not uncommon, and when England generally was much disorganized.

In plain English, Mrs. Pierce Butler, formerly known as Miss Fanny Kemble, has published entire reminiscences of her girlhood, and takes us before and behind the scenes of fashionable and unfashionable life—especially stage life, when she trod the boards herself—from the days of her childhood until her first retirement from public life on her marriage in 1834.*

As a daughter of Charles Kemble, and niece of Mrs. Siddons, she moved in the best London society, and constantly met and was received at the houses of the great celebrities of the days of George IV. onwards, and in a most graphic and unostentatious manner she has described the inner life of an actress who was brought out as a star in 1829. As in the case of Macready, she

* 'Records of a Girlhood.' Bentley, London.

tells her hearers that from first to last appearing in public was utterly distasteful to her, and though she had an appreciation of Milton and Shakespeare which amounted almost to an infatuation, she disliked acting, as an exhibition. In describing her early childhood she makes herself out to have been a regular Topsy, self-willed and determined, and tells how Mrs. Siddons urged her to pray to God to make her a better child, and her reply was that it was no use, as she had tried it, but always came out worse. She goes on to say that when a little girl in France she was taken to see a man guillotined, as a warning for bad conduct, and fortunately arrived too late, and only saw the assistants taking down the machine, though she has a strong reminiscence of an ugly red puddle. At a more advanced age she went to a first-rate school in Paris, where she remained for three years without coming home, until her education was completed; and there she acquired strong religious tendencies (which seem to have pervaded her whole life), occasioned by her taking a fancy to part of the studies, which consisted of hearing and making notes of sermons, and—although she says nothing about it—doubtless she was a good divinity scholar. On her return to England, after three years' absence, she witnessed all the struggles of her father, Charles Kemble, in connection with the Covent Garden management, and although absolute poverty did not appear to have set in at any time, the embarrassments about litigation and unsuccessful management made the position very harassing.

Her three great amusements were reading, riding, and dancing, and also fishing, of which her mother, a foreign lady, was passionately fond. She says her mother would spend whole days in a boat at Weybridge, perfectly happy, without a nibble. The authoress always baited her own hook—though it went against the grain—as she did not like making anyone do for her what she disliked herself; and she remarks that if she were a man she would not like to marry a woman who could put a worm on a hook.

The family difficulties at last induced her to go on the stage, and she made her *début* as Juliet, to her father's Mercutio, in 1829, her mother coming on, after an absence of twenty years, as Lady Capulet, to give her courage. An aunt, whom she calls 'Dall,' to whom she was devotedly attached, was her *chaperone*; and, being a manager's daughter, she escaped the ordeal of the green room, and had her own private rooms and her own maid, and to a certain extent life was made comparatively easy to her. Still her mind was not the least changed, and though she could read Shakespeare alone by the hour, she hated the idea of acting it; in fact, so little did she believe in personal representation of the character, that she says that she only saw one Romeo in her life who looked and acted the part, and that was Miss Ellen Tree. The description of her first appearance is most beautifully told. There are full particulars of the waiting in her room, the agitated inquiries about her by her father outside the door, the fatal knock, and the portentous message, 'Miss Kemble called for the stage,' her suspense at the wing in an almost senseless

state, by the side of her aunt Dall and Mrs. Davenport, who plays the nurse, and precedes her on the stage by one minute, her terror at the burst of applause which greeted her mother's entry, the consolation of little Keeley (Peter), who in a half lachrymose, half humorous style, says, 'Don't mind them (the audience) Miss Kemble, only 'fancy they are rows of cabbages,' the cry from Mrs. Davenport for 'Juliet,' her being pushed on the stage by Aunt Dal, her rushing almost unconscious into her mother's arms and clinging to her, and her feeling that what she was saying was inarticulate amidst the thunder of the house. Then she tells how she gradually forgets about herself, and when it comes to the balcony scene she imagines that she really *is* Juliet, and the words of Shakespeare seem to come naturally, and ring like music in her ear.

No doubt her *début*—setting aside party influence—was a success; and she tells of the supper at home that night, the present of a gold watch which her father gives her, and which she places under her pillow, and goes to sleep happy and thankful. The way in which she talks of sudden prosperity is very fascinating. She is engaged at thirty guineas a week, and there being few, if any, rehearsals, as Juliet had a long run, she enjoys life to her heart's content. She compares the joy of having a carriage to ride in to walking in muddy streets, and debarring herself from the luxury of a hackney coach for economy's sake; she revels in the sudden influx of wealth acquired by the sale of a play—which she had written when seventeen years old—to Mr. Murray, the publisher, which enabled her to purchase a commission for her younger brother in the army; in the delight of buying a horse for herself and one for her father. You can almost hear her laughter at her joy in prosperity, and witness the glee with which she rushed off to balls, parties, and dancing at noblemen's houses after the theatres, where her father or mother would stay to any hour, so long as she dances, and is happy. Without the least suspicion of tuft-hunting she relates how she enjoyed the society of the best and noblest in the land; and, doubtless, all the saloons of peers, ministers, authors, actresses, and publishers, were open to her as the star of the season, and ghosts of celebrities of the past, such as Lord Melbourne, Lord Russell, Mrs. Norton, Count d'Orsay, Theodore Hook, Brougham, Walter Scott, and others too numerous to mention, flit away across the stage, and we seem to hear them talk as if we were really listening to them. But above all things one of her brightest reminiscences appears to be being taken by George Stephenson on a railway, in the primitive railway times, and having the mysteries of the steam-engine explained by him in his broad Northumbrian dialect.

Like all stars of course she had to 'go the round of the principal cities and towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and, *more suo*, the Irish gave her the warmest reception. She is very funny about the prudery of a Bath audience, before whom Shakespeare had to be somewhat toned down in what *she* thought perfectly harmless parts; but her great difficulty was in the utter inefficiency of some actors

in the provinces, who could not even remember their cues and left her utterly stranded at times.

And now, Mr. Baily, I must bring in an illustration of one of the miseries of bad actors taking important parts, which was told by Edmund Kean to a venerable old gentleman now alive, who says he heard the story from the great actor himself. It is this. When Kean was 'starring it' in the country, the company was so undermanned that the manager had to put on a scene-shifter or two, and one came on as a murderer with about two or three words to say, though the rendering of the part was important; and he was so utterly petrified by Kean's voice and eye that he forgot that he was acting. Kean turned on him and shouted, 'There's blood upon thy cheek,' whereupon the wretched super clapped his hand to his face in terror, and shouted equally loudly, 'Is there, by Jove, then that d—d barber has cut me again!'

In spite of Miss Kemble's exertions things at the theatre grew worse, and much as she dreaded it, she consented to go with her father for two years to America. She tells most graphically of her parting with the *employés* and stage servants at Covent Garden, who were very numerous, and how the little call-boy broke her fairly down by giving her a bouquet of flowers as a farewell gift.

The American trip is peculiarly interesting, as it gives us an insight into the state of the country and of society before Brother Jonathan made the enormous strides which he has accomplished within the last half century. She was very well received, but she must have gone through great fatigue and excitement, owing to the rough travelling. There she has a great trial in the loss of the aunt who had never left her side. Her diary concludes very abruptly in June 1834, by an announcement, 'This day I married Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, U.S.'

The authoress has done a real good by publishing her book in the autumn of her life; it takes us behind the scenes of home and theatrical life of quite half a century ago, and 'she nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice.' She laughs at herself about her love of dress, and is in raptures about a pair of white shoes with diamonds (but 'paste, mind you,' she writes) in the rosettes. And she tells how, on the stage, when showers of real tears were running down from her eyes, she remembered that they would spoil her dress. She relates how, when Miss Ellen Tree (afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean) played Romeo to her Juliet, and declared that she would do the whole part and carry Juliet's dead body across the stage, her answer was, 'If you do I will kick and scream the whole time;' and how when a cousin played Romeo, and carried her according to conventional form, he whispered to her, *in transitu*, 'Lord, Fanny, you are a lift.'

True it is that Miss Fanny Kemble was a manager's daughter, and came forward under peculiarly favourable auspices when the Siddons-Kemble party yet had power, but her book adds one more to the great lessons, that a lady born and bred can raise the profession by her own high stamp of character and conduct and by

endless study ; and somewhat points a moral and gives encouragement to carrying out an idea, which has often been hinted at, that there should be a regular national dramatic school in England for the ladies and gentlemen who wish to make the stage their profession. Don't let it be imagined for a second that I am insinuating that there are not at this moment plenty of ladies and gentlemen on the stage, but there might be ten times that number, who, if the opportunity offered, would raise the drama to its old status, provided always that they have naturally histrionic gifts.

We of to-day might pick some holes in the acting of the old-fashioned tragedy-queen school could they come back. Mrs. Siddons, whom Sydney Smith describes as 'stabbing the potatoes and calling 'for a fork as she would for a dagger, at dinner,' might be too strong food for us, but depend upon it that there is much which existed in those days which we have lost. If ladies and gentlemen who have an innate aptitude for acting would be content to enter the profession, and beginning at the bottom of the ladder, would play very small parts and perfect themselves by hard study in them for small remuneration, and thereby would help to make good plays run, the taste for real genuine acting would revive again generally, and theatres would not depend on 'stunning extravaganzas,' in which many of the actresses, or rather performers, rely too often on very *broad* jokes, and the very *narrowest* garments, and are less beholden to the pronunciation of the letter 'H' than to a happy knack of winking to the gallery, smoking cigarettes, and adoption of pot-house slang.

And talking of extravaganzas, compare some of those of to-day with the fairy stories, such as the 'White Cat,' 'Puss in Boots,' and 'Cinderella,' the 'Arabian Nights' tales, told pleasantly on the stage, and when Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews had the Olympic and Covent Garden, or when the Keeleys had the Lyceum, where the best actors and actresses took their parts and some of the first artists in London took charge of the scenery ; and let us look back to a time somewhere about the same era, when Macready put 'Acis and Galatea' on the stage at Drury Lane, and the 'Mask of Comus' was produced at Covent Garden.

If some of the blatant crowd of the Puritan and Evangelical party who howl at the stage as a Pandemonium, would join with those who *bonâ fide* want to retain the good and exclude the objectionable ingredients, and make it what it ought to be, viz., a school for morality, wit, and humour, and would cultivate the society of theatrical people and blend them with our families as part of ourselves, the same as men and women of all professions and trades are part of our daily circle to-day, they would do a real good. But they must remember one thing, which is, that it is their turn to *listen* and not to *preach*. They should bear in mind John Kemble's reproof to the parson, who asked, 'Why do people go to the play and don't come to church?' 'Do as we do,' answered the great actor, 'we make the moral of fiction appear so real that people believe it to be truth, whereas you have the grandest truths in the world to

'deal with, and make them appear like fiction by your own handling 'of them.' Nothing is more terrible than a rhapsodical low-church parson, who fancies that he has dramatic power and throws his arms about like a windmill, and rolls like a pig in a fit. I really don't know which is the most terrible, the elderly howling fanatic or the puppy with the curl on his forehead, the diamond ring, and white cambric handkerchief. All that is wanted for acting or preaching either is to feel what one says, and an earnest manner of conveying your feeling to the audience. Contrast for one moment the 'tearing 'a passion to tatters' of the demonstrative preachers, with the simple and touching style of a preacher who brings out simple truths in his natural voice, and who is preaching to himself as well as to his audience, as Shakspeare did.

It only requires a very slight push now to make good local entertainments the *nucleus* of good local acting, and I am sure an attractive cheap theatre under very *strong* management in most country towns would do an infinity of good. In penny reading and local entertainments we often find a very fair promise of dramatic talent, which only wants education and cultivation and hard study, to enable good plays to be fairly represented by the home people who would condescend to be taught to discard the mannerism of bad actors, and to know what is wit and humour and what is vulgarity; but the antipathy of the Puritan party to any semblance of stage costume or effect stamps out any spark of histrionic fire which there may be, and drives away the better educated who would try and produce an amusing entertainment which would combine morality and real interest, in favour of the rude and vulgar men who defy the parson and go 'as near the wind' as they can. This narrow-minded class of ecclesiastics (who, by the bye, are wonderfully handy with their knives and forks) correspond with the Puritans who flogged the poor players during the Commonwealth, and brought on the world, by a process of reaction, the blasphemy and ribaldry which disgraced the reign of Charles II. At a country penny reading, where a very clever barrister gave Sergeant Buzfuz's speech in 'Bardell v. Pickwick,' one of the straight-laced parsons complained to the Committee that the reciter 'put on his wig and gown,' in fact, he said, 'I *wholly* disapprove of Pickwick.'

Nothing but patient and steady learning will ever succeed. I should like to know how many days and nights of hard brain study Miss Ellen Terry went through before she felt at home as Olivia at the Court Theatre, or as Ophelia at the Lyceum; and the good critics say that her acting is quite up to the best of the old school. A stage manager, of very many years' experience, once told me that he could make a decent actor of anyone who had good natural address, provided he or she had never learnt conventional tricks and mannerisms, if they would begin at the beginning, and be persuaded to put down a hat, open or write a letter, deliver a message, or enter a room precisely as they do in every day life; and the reason why amateurs so often fail is because they want to make a part of every little incident. And he said, moreover, that the great stars who have the real

business of the play so appreciate the aid of those who conscientiously fill the minor characters, that they are sure to recommend them for engagements. To show that the thirst for good acting still exists, let anyone try to get in, without bespeaking a seat before, at one of the small theatres, such as the Court or Marie Wilton's, when real good actors and actresses are there. See, again, how Mrs. German Reed's little theatre is always crammed, because success depends wholly on good talent. Mrs. Pierce Butler very aptly compares the stiffed-backed Puritanical school in America—one of whom told her that if he called on her his congregation would leave him—to some of the great divines and churchmen in England who were her intimate friends and who watched over her career. And remember, as I said before, her book proves her to be a woman of deep religious views.

It is not often, Mr. Baily, that I have time to read modern books, but to show how much I believe in my text, *i.e.*, Mrs. Butler's 'Diary,' I can assure you that I read the three volumes *twice* through in thirty-six hours, as I felt that I had got hold of not only a most fascinating book, but also a book containing real moral truths pleasantly put, which would do us all real good, if we could apply them; as the moral is, 'Be unselfish; honour your father and mother, and be a kind and affectionate sister; fight on and do your best, and don't despair, and when good luck comes, revel in it and enjoy it.' As I never saw Miss Fanny Kemble, or even knew that she was alive, and never saw her publisher, and was a worshipper of the Helen Faucit school in tragedy, and of the late Madame Vestris and Mrs. Nisbett's school in comedy, this cannot be called a puff, but must be interpreted as what it really is, 'grace after meat.'

Mitcham.

F. G.

THE THAMES TROUT AND ITS CAPTURE.

THE Thames Trout may be said to be the autocrat of the river in which he lives and moves and has his being. Since the recession of the 'lordly' salmon, this fish has held his own as absolute chief of all fin in the Thames. Magnificently handsome, splendidly brave and strong, and wily withal, he has established a right to his patrician place in the commonwealth of fishes; and, as an instance of the eternal fitness of things, it may also be remarked that only those who possess exceptional angling qualifications may hope to be his captors. Patience and peculiar skill and pecuniary means are required for success, for this member of the *salmonidæ* is solitary in his habits and capricious to a degree, so that much time and watching are necessary factors in a capture. (I once heard a celebrated trout-fisher say that each Thames trout he had taken had of late years cost him quite 5*l.* for every pound of its weight.) The reward, however, is worthy. No one who has tasted it can ever forget the *vinum dæmonum* of the brief struggle between himself and his gallant quarry, and espe-

cially is this so if fine tackle be used, and the fish, as is commonly the case, large.

In order to justify what may seem to the uninitiated an exaggerated panegyric, I will briefly recount the points of the natural history of the Thames trout which seem to characterise it as I have described. Ichthyologically it is a 'brown trout'—*salmo fario*; but how different is it to some of the miserable fingerlings comprehended by the same name! Its size seems to commence, so to say, where the size of its relations leaves off, for it is a rarity to catch a trout in the Thames of under 3 lb. weight; and there are but two or three rivers in England producing the brown trout of that weight. I certainly have seen a Colne trout of eight pounds and a Wick fish of six; but these, like the traditional plums in a workhouse pudding, are few and far between. The general contour of a well-fed Thames trout is strongly indicative of strength and good living; indeed, in one or two I have seen, the stomach was of almost aldermanic proportions compared with the length, and the quantity of food it contained has been very surprising. I once took ten bleak from the maw of a five-pound fish. Its colour, or rather colours—who shall describe them? The gentle, velvety brown on the back, shading and mottling off with iridescent brilliance to a silvern white on the belly, flecked thickly with carmine spots, and its brilliant eyes, set in gold, are themes for a poet rather than for a practical angler. He who has seen the Thames trout come to bank in the soft glow of a June evening and watched the fluttering hues of the dying fish, has appreciated what no word-painting can convey. Altogether this fish is a noble piece of water-going architecture, fitted for the quiet, smiling, dimpling eddy, or the boiling, passionate weir cataract, in the fierce course of which it often pursues its prey.

The causes of its great size and strength as compared with that of other closely-allied trouts do not seem very easy to discover. Trout from the Wick and Colne closely approximate in appearances, but are not so game, nor do they seem to attain such Herculean dimensions. Ten, and occasionally twelve pounds are registered by a Thames trout, and instances are not wanting of even greater weights. A few of these registrations occur to me at this moment. Jesse, in his delightful 'Angler's Rambles,' notes one of 16 lbs.; a relative of mine picked up one at Weybridge in 1862 which weighed 23 lbs. (Apropos of this, I may say that, notwithstanding Mr. Buckland's opinion that it was *not* a Thames trout, I have good reason for believing it was, and so here mention it.) Yarrell mentions a sixteen-pounder; and at the well-known hostelry close to Marlow Weir there is a beauty encased, which could not have scaled less than seventeen pounds. My father (now Queen's fisherman), during his time at Chertsey took several magnificent fish above the decimal; but altogether I am justified in saying that the weight is somewhat degenerating latterly. This probably arises from in-and-in breeding, and I am glad to note the introduction of fresh blood at Maidenhead, Chertsey, and elsewhere, as likely to increase the already fine proportions of this *salmo fario*.

Returning, however, to the subject of the cause of the acknowledged large size of Thames trout, I would here hazard the conjecture that the immense quantity of the *pulex gammari* (fresh-water shrimp), the plenitude of the favourite bleak, and the numerous presence of the big stone-fly are collectively the cause of the fish's development. Anent the latter article of diet, Mr. Francis says, 'The large Thames trout are always more upon the rise when the 'big stone-fly' (which is a perfect monster on the Thames) 'puts in 'an appearance in April, or when the few green drakes that are 'found in it show themselves.' And my experience confirms this. However, the cause is not actually demonstrated, and probably never will be, and indeed it cannot be said to be a very important matter.

The habit of the Thames trout is generally more solitary than that of other trouts. There is seldom more than one at a given spot, unless a great disparity of size exists. Early in the season—in April, generally—the large trout take up their abode contiguous to the older weirs, and there remain until either that 'con-summation devoutly to be wished,' their capture, results, or the autumn floods warn a retreat to the more congenial depths of some historic barbel hole. From the submerged 'camp sheathing,' or from the oily circles of a near eddy thence issues *salmo fario* when the first rays of the April sun are turning the weir stream to a cataract of silver, or when the evening sun sends ruddy tints aslant from the glowing west. Out darts this glorious hunter, and woe to the hapless bleak anigh when the hour for feeding is come. By-the-by, the Thames trout is unfailingly punctual in his feeding hours, a fact which the skilful angler makes use of, as will be hereafter seen.

So much for the general natural history of the Thames trout; it is now time to turn to the subject of his capture. As the reader is doubtless aware, the recognised commencement of angling for this fish commences on April 1st. Although legally he may be taken some time before, the fish is earlier undeniably in inferior condition. The crisp, sunny days of April bring out all his sporting powers, and these abide till August, when he begins to feed less ostentatiously, and gradually drops out of observation. A fine, bright April day, with a light breeze from the south-west, is therefore a fit and agreeable time to try for his troutship, and not unfrequently are the best and most fish of the season taken during the first week of that month of smiles and tears.

There are three recognised methods practised by Thames trout fishermen in the capture of this fish—spinning, fly-fishing, and live-baiting, and I propose to consider them *seriatim*. Trout are not unfrequently caught when barbel fishing with a lob-worm, and unfortunately a great many are taken every year on the pernicious night line; but, as these methods are clearly abnormal, I shall make no further mention of them, save to unqualifiedly condemn the latter. I have known lines baited with live fish purposely laid for this noble fish—aye, and by Thames fishermen too, whom I could name, encouraged by patrons who, whatever may be their social *status*, can only be described as 'pot-hunters' of the worst kind.

Spinning for Thames trout is *the* mode, and a very attractive one it is, requiring very much skill to carry out neatly and successfully. In order to convey such practical detail as may be relevant, I will begin explaining this method with a description of my ideal of a spinning-rod. It should be of bamboo, and not more than fourteen feet in length; the rings should be of solid metal (German silver is better than brass, and brass is better than steel), and in no case ought they to be small. I think the smallest ring should allow an ordinary-sized pea to pass through. The top ring may be of the same material as the others, but one turned out of agate is preferable. Such a rod as I have described can be obtained of Little, Fetter Lane, whose splendid stock of spinning-rods I have lately had the pleasure of inspecting. The winch may be of brass, and of moderate size to suit the rod; and the line should be of eight-plait, not too stout, hard dressed, and of green colour. I mention these particulars, not because they are here superlatively important, for the tackle-maker I have named would be able to point out the usual form of Thames spinning-tackle as well as I can, but that the uninitiated, if such of my readers there be, may see what comprises the angler's outfit.

The spinning-flight and trace are a matter of importance. The trace for Thames trouting cannot be too carefully made. The best silkworm gut must be used, and the entire length of the trace should be quite four feet. The gut should be selected and tied, so that towards the hook end it tapers, and in no case is it necessary for it to be very coarse. Before using *always* remember to *soak it* in water and try it before affixing; by the omission of this simple plan many a good fish, sought for maybe for weeks, has been lost.

In the matter of swivels, I prefer small dulled brass ones, and they should number at least four. This number comprises a double swivel placed below the lead nearest the hook, unless my adjustable lead be used (see 'Baily's' for February), when the double swivel is not necessary. With the ordinary form of drilled shot, however, that bane of spinners, namely, 'kinking,' is apt to occur, unless the double swivel is attached as described, and if this occurs, the trout spinner has a most annoying evil to contend with. I prefer brass to steel, because it does not rust. The leads should not be nearer than three feet to the bait for ordinary spinning in deep water, and not so near for comparatively shallow parts. The above 'little wrinkles' are very useful to the tyro, so I pray the accomplished angler not to pass them in scorn.

The flight—if a real fish be used for bait—in my opinion, cannot be of better pattern than that known as the 'Thames' flight. I personally don't like Mr. Pennell's arrangement, and that by Mr. Francis is to me equally obnoxious. An ordinary four, treble-hook flight, with double gut between the hook, well baited with a small bleak by a skilful Thames fisherman, is 'an arrangement in white,' which, as it perfectly gryrates and glimmers through the water under the bright sun, is a bait I believe it a moral impossibility for a hungry Thames

trout to resist. But it must spin truly and not 'wobble'; and it must be going through the water at the right pace, or *salmo fario* will have none of it. A word as to throwing the bait. This should be practised until it falls on the water like a snowflake. Only *practice* can give this result. At the termination of the throw the point of the rod is swiftly, but gently, raised, which checks momentarily the impetus, and the bait therefore falls minus this—in fact, falls with the amount of force it would possess if it had simply dropped from a height of a few inches instead of having traversed perhaps twenty yards in air. Another method in which the line is thrown from the reel is practised, but although pleasant and effective in use—'when you know how'—it is not much in favour for Thames trout-fishing. In spinning, the bait should be thrown sometimes up and across stream, for it is frequently just at the bend—or rather, when the bait describes a section of a circle as it passes from a state of being drawn *down* to *up* stream—that a fish seizes it. Strike twice sharply—then play your fish. *How* to do this is incommunicable by language.

Fly-fishing for Thames trout has proved eminently successful in the hands of a few accomplished Thames anglers (*par exemple*, Mr. Lukyn of Sunbury), but it is a method not likely to become very fashionable. To all intents and purposes it is pursued in a similar style to ordinary salmon-fishing, and an ordinary grilse-fly is most affected by the fish. The rod may be a double-handed salmon rod, or one of lighter build. I saw some capital 'Castle Connell' single-handed rods at Little's the other day. Their peculiarity consists in the joints consisting of a splice instead of a ferule. It is easily adjusted and very safe. Of course a lighter fly must be used with these.

'Live baiting' for Thames trout to some may sound like 'poach-ing,' and I have left a consideration of it to the last, because it is perhaps the least fashionable. In my opinion it is far from being the least artistic or effective. The tackle does not all assimilate with that employed by the jack-fisher, and being of a special make and design, and requiring special and delicate knowledge for its use, it requires explanation in full, which I proceed to give. First as to rod. This is usually about twelve or fourteen feet long, and of light materials. The whole of it is composed ordinarily of deal and lance wood. I prefer the Nottingham make, it being specially constructed in view of the light line to be used. Those made by Wells of that city are exquisite alike as regards lightness, strength, and taper. The line is a Nottingham twist and not thicker than sewing thread, but of great comparative strength. The reel should be a light running one, and the gut bottom attached to the line may be of ordinary silkworm-gut, well selected and carefully tied. The hook is a single No. 1 or 2 whipped on to the aforesaid gut. The bait is a lively bleak.

In using this form of tackle, the following is my procedure. I, of course, first of all, ascertain by careful watching *where* a trout feeds; next, at *what time* he feeds each day. These are indispensable

requisites, and it will be generally found of inestimable value if you have really made up your mind to kill him. Watch not only the time but the precise spot of his first strike at a bait. Having done this, fix upon an evening and lower your punt from above to within about thirty yards of the spot where you have observed he starts his evening meal. A weight should, of course, be gently lowered overboard, and Piscator may now indulge in the fragrant weed for a quarter of an hour or so, for it is well to be early at the trying-place. Do not move from your seat in the boat till you hook your fish, sit calmly, and when a few minutes from your arrival have elapsed, as quietly adjust your bait which is in the bait-can at your feet, and drop it overboard. Gradually pay out the fine twist till your bait is swimming at the top of the water (it is a top-water fish, and therefore will not bore down) some ten yards or so below the spot in which you have seen the fish rise. Wait patiently till the sonorous and, to you, musical roll of his first plunge tells of his appearance. Reel up quietly and leisurely now, to the exact spot where this took place, and ply the bait by means of the governance of wind and stream to and fro, and hither and thither. Presently, when perhaps the suspense is passing into disappointment, that glorious plunge on the water's surface will be repeated, and your bait will be seized with a shake of his troutship's head, which will send the blood thrilling and fluttering through every pulse. 'Count eight, and strike sharply, thus fixing the hook. A trout usually takes the bait head first, like a perch, hence you will have him of a surety. Play him carefully and deliberately, and use your landing net only when he is thoroughly exhausted. There is no more deadly way of fishing for Thames trout than this, and it has the merit of giving the trout every chance of breaking away, because of the fragility of the tackle; hence, it cannot be said to be 'poaching,' nor can the captured fish be said to have submitted to the skull-dragging process of ordinary live-baiting.

I remember the first Thames trout I ever took fishing in this way. It was a beautiful June evening, on the old Fleet at Wraysbury, and I had duly calculated when and where to find my quarry. I 'shot' the weir in my light punt, and floating down the swift stream to within twenty yards of the eddy and shallow whereby a nice fish (as it afterwards turned out, 6 lbs.) disported himself every evening at half-past seven, or thereabouts, I dropped the weight overboard, and lighting a cheroot prepared the tackle I have in the preceding paragraph described. The time was just seven, and I sat in the golden glow with finger on reel, waiting the advent of the fish. The rippling water gurgled and splashed in pretty fury at the resistance of the punt head, and the voices of the night sounded from the neighbouring shore and the meadows stretching beyond. The night jar could be dimly heard in the far copse, and the bats fluttered ever and anon round my head; the lowing of cattle homeward passing sounded sweetly mellow in the gathering gloaming, and the pretty little sedge-warbler lent her tiny treble to the chorus of evening songs to which all things seemed to contribute—even the distant murmuring weir.

Under the boughs fringing the water, a water vole busily swam, the field-cricket could be heard close by it; now and then, streamwards of the old willows, some great white-mouthed chub smacked his lips over a moth or other toothsome morsel. Suddenly the soul-stirring vigorous rush of the water Nimrod I had come to vanquish roused me from the enjoyment of the calm association so peacefully attending the dying day, and I reeled up to where he had struck. He was rather earlier than on the preceding evening, and had slightly altered the *venue*. However, raising the rod aloft, I let the soft wind play with the fine line in such a caressing manner as to gently induce the bait to wander hither and thither in the neighbourhood. Presently, as it slowly found its unsuspecting way to a most trouty lagoon near where I expected my fish, out he came! The tiger springs with unrelenting velocity on his unsuspecting prey—the shark darts with all the impetuosity of its cruel nature on the fear-stricken or drowning victim, but, surely, there never was so determined and voracious a rush made by a fish before on a miserable bait—two seconds elapsed, the keen barb was fixed, and with fierce struggles the trout was doing battle for his life. Up and down and across, now boring like a pig, now flying aloft a yard out of the water; the fight was prolonged, but the ‘seal was set,’ and in ten minutes, *absit ad plures*, his troutship had gone over to the great majority. And what a ten minutes for me! Ye gods, if there be ‘a joy not promised at our birth,’ as the quaint old angler-poet sings, it is that of duelling with the ‘lusty’ Thames trout—a joy that flushes the cheek with delicious excitement, and brightens the eye; that thrills the nerves and sets the heart bounding; and as the gallant fish, courageous to the last, gradually yields its failing life amid the gathering twilight, what sense of satiety can equal that of the captor in its delicate pleasance?

I have had some delightful *rencontres* with this aristocratic fish since, but never has one left such vivid recollections. I have also met with curious incidents illustrative of the cleverness and resource of the Thames trout. Of this one instance I specially recall—the fish struck at a spinning bait in the boiling water of Chertsey Weir, and smashed out its brains but escaped the hooks, though there were thirteen.

Though space is running short, I cannot refrain telling the circumstances of a remarkable trout capture which occurred to a friend at Shepperton Weir. I was fishing with him, and preferred remaining in the punt, when he announced his intention of mounting the cross beam of the weir. I knew the danger of vertigo, unless one has had some recent practice in spinning over the receding water, and referred to it, but he persisted, and was soon up and with coiled line in hand urging out the well-arranged bait. All at once a yell from him told he was fast in a fish, and the next moment, with another yell, he tumbled rod in hand from his high perch into the seething water beneath. He spun round and round in the sharp whirlpool occasioned by the falling water, and then disappeared to reappear again some dozen yards down, minus his rod and hat, and hurried down by the tumultuous stream. I knew he could swim

but little, and without waiting an instant I threw off coat and hat, and jumped in after him. In a few minutes I had him stranded and spluttering on a sudden shallow below, not much the worse for his ducking. The next second I saw that the line had become wound around his legs, and I directed my attention to unwinding it, especially as the rod was at one end somewhere—the line being very strong and still unbroken. By degrees I drew up the floating rod and began to reel up, when, ‘by Jove!’ I cried, ‘your fish is on now.’ ‘Give—give—me the rod!’ he panted, and, all dripping as we were, we stood, and in ten minutes managed to land a splendid little trout of $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Probably the first time an angler’s legs were converted into fishing-rods. We got off our improvised landing stage, after much vociferation, in the lock-keeper’s skiff.

In conclusion, just one note on this fish as a food fish. I am quite of opinion that it is equal to salmon. There is an unmistakable salmon-flavour, and the flesh cuts red, and between the flakes the salmon ‘cream’ is unquestionably superimposed. Of course, killing a Thames trout is like killing tigers and lions and other kindred *rareæ aves*, and he who does so is hailed by his fellow-anglers as in some sort the hero of the hour. In his own opinion he certainly is so, and almost requires the old Roman admonition ‘remember that thou ‘art a man.’ Consequently, he rarely is likely to eat his capture, but prefers its apotheosis by Cooper, with the record ‘Killed by ———, date ———, weight ———.’ Nevertheless, this fish is, as I have said, an excellent substitute for the salmon now lost from the Thames, and, as he is non-migratory, he would increase and multiply in the upper reaches of the river, where the abominations of Barking Creek are not, and the purity of the water is not outraged by chemical pollutions. I would suggest the artificial breeding of this valuable species, and the systematic distribution of its ova and alevins throughout England. This could be done at a comparatively small outlay, and thus, perhaps, the noblest of our game fishes would be saved from what at present seems inevitable ultimate extinction.

JOHN H. KEENE.

THE EMPRESS IN IRELAND.

THE course of hunting, like that of true love, has not run smoothly in Ireland during the season of 1878-79. It began with the most brilliant promise of sport. Cub-hunting, which is, perhaps, as necessary a process for the perfectioning of a pack of hounds, and for educating the young horses destined to share the toils and glories and perils of the chase with them, as is drill, parade, and manœuvring to an army, never was more actively and extensively carried on in Ireland than in the period which intervenes between the fortnight of grouse shooting and the week of partridge popping (rather a farce this year), and never did the inquisition reveal a more satisfactory total of young litters and old foxes than awaited pursuers in the fast-approaching season. Scent, too, was satisfactory in this

rehearsal period, and not a few good gallops were enjoyed before the homing of hay and corn for the season. If ever there was a year of promise it was this one, but from the time the curtain rose, and the hunt servants appeared at the opening meets in the full flush of unsullied pink and snowy cords or leathers, disappointment and disaster dogged the huntsman's career, and baffled his hopes and prognostications. For five or six weeks the spell of sunshine, and pastures almost arid from the want of their normal liquefaction, vetoed any effort of the cunningest craftsman. A few good runs, of course, cropped up every now and then under exceptional circumstances, but these gallops did little more than establish the rule of an extremely low average, and from Dan to Beersheba and Beersheba to Dan the cry of 'Ichabod' was heard on all sides.

Then came the glacial period, and the long interregnum of frost and snow, broken only by a few mocking and illusory thaws, which tempted men to return to their hunting quarters, but gave them little or nothing to do when they reached them. For six or seven weeks the hunting story became a record of frosts and partial thaws (just as English history is said to be a volume of little wars), a pursuit carried out under circumstances which had always been held to be of the *non possumus* order. At last, after ever so many premature pæans had been chanted by exulting pursuers, came the raising of the siege and the removal of the interdict, when the large legion who live, move, and have their being in the paths of pursuit, and who had been meditating an exodus to Pau or Patagonia, were once more released from their durance vile and permitted to indulge in the sport of kings with plethoric horses, lethargic foxes, and hounds more or less demoralised by the long jubilee of inaction and repose. Up to what may be called the hunting renaissance or revival in Ireland, it would be hard to say what pack had the best or the worst sport. The Curraghmore cubbing season was a very brilliant and bloody one, and in the last days of October, when the line between private and public hunting, rehearsal and performance, is very thin and shadowy, the pack and its small band of followers had a few notable gallops. The rest of the season has been unequal to its beginning. The same story holds good of Meath. The latter pack has ever since done all that could be done to make good weather of it, but the results have not been commensurate with the liberality, enterprise, and judgment which have directed its operations, and put into the finest hunting country in the world about the best equipped and appointed canine army that ever undertook a campaign against that foul felon the fox. *Hostis gallinacei generis*—a pack of hounds is not made in a decade, hardly, indeed, under a generation—but as hounds the Meath lot will bear critical inspection, while the horses that accompany them—a corps of high-class 14 and 15 stone hunters, selected with the greatest care, judgment, and expense—will challenge comparison with anything within the kingdom, and not fear the resulting verdict. In their Dublin country they have had half-a-dozen very high-class runs, and one or two under exceptional circumstances, when scent quickened marvellously towards nightfall,

and men rode their fences without happily being able to measure their depth and width.

The Kildare hounds, another beautifully turned out pack, under the auspices of their second-season Master, Mr. W. Forbes, have had a very poor, unsatisfying season, redeemed from utter insipidity by three or four brilliant scurries, chiefly in their vale county, marching on the Meath and Dublin territories, and a good week in the middle of March.

Galway has been very happy in some eight or ten days of exemplary sport, but even here the season cannot be extolled, save for its show of foxes.

Westmeath, the last territory admitted into the Hunting Congress—to use an American simile—has perhaps never been more fortunate in its number of foxes and the capacity for hunting them than it ever was, and Mr. Montagu Chapman, the Master, and Matthews, the huntsman, may feel proud and pleased at the satisfaction which the sport they have shown has given their followers.

In Kilkenny, Colonel Chaplin and Jack Tidd have been far more fortunate than their neighbours, and the Kilkenny foxes have kept up their traditional fame for stoutness, only surpassed by the pack that brought a good many of them to hand. Lord Doneraile has had one extraordinary run, the Duhallow pack, his neighbours, a few good days, while the Limerick hounds—which, to the regret of all his countrymen, Sir David Roche is giving up at the end of the present season—have had almost more than their share in the parsimonious distribution of sport in this year of negatives. And so, too, have that northernmost pack, the Louth. Nor should a few rare, old-fashioned runs with that most masterly pack, the Carlow and Island, be unsung here; but then here, too, these runs were exceptional.

This is, I think, a fair summary of the hunting state in Ireland up to February last, when the long pent-up tide of pursuit broke through its barriers and spread over the fair pastures of the Emerald Isle, so cruelly debarred for many weeks from the ‘wearing of the green.’ It was a year of deep depression, yet hunting helped us not to dispel the gloom. There was a run on the banks everywhere, yet we had few really good runs *over* them. Our cattle trade was menaced with extinction by the American invasion; yet our horses, once our pride and delight, brought us no joy. They were eating their heads off, and losing condition in their boxes daily. February was hardly true to its own *sobriquet* of ‘Fill Dyke’ this year, for though we had a few heavy rain-storms, which for some days made the brooks and ditches in the vale country almost lip-full, the general character of its weather was a frosty dryness, most deadly to scent in a year such as this, when the rain gauge has been abnormally low, and on Saturday, the 22nd of this month, a snow-storm set in from the west and whitened the whole surface of the earth, though it did not stop the course of hunting, as a warm sun turned the snow-flakes into water long ere the noontide hour had been proclaimed from

steeple and clock towers. It was on this date that the Empress of Austria landed on Irish soil, and, losing no time in the metropolis, pushed on to her hunting quarters at Summerhill, the directors of the Great Midland and Western Railway having escorted her to Kilcock, the nearest railway portal, in a well-fitted and furnished saloon carriage. The enthusiasm of the Irish population—who certainly, sooth to say, have not had much opportunity of basking in the rays of royalty—must be imagined, for I could not attempt to describe it here. Suffice it to say, that though it has been very general and very heartfelt, it has never overstepped the boundaries imposed by good breeding and self-respect, and that though Her Majesty has been an object of intense national interest and curiosity, she has never yet been intruded on by vulgar inquisitiveness, or pestered by officiousness. Bonfires have blazed in her honour; everywhere arches have spanned the roads she passed on her way to meets, but every demonstration that I have seen was controlled and curbed by an instinct of good breeding which does credit to the Irish nation.

We were one and all, I think, heartily glad when the Empress arrived at Summerhill, for the oracles of social knowledge had spoken so oracularly as to her advent, and had spread such ambiguous voices about, that many believed the visit to Ireland would never be *un fait accompli*; that the Empress was busy sacrificing to Juno Lucina, and meant to pay no votive offering at the shrine of Diana Celtica, and that though her hunters were to be seen at exercise occasionally and in the hunting field, their fair and imperial owner would not cross the yeasty seas to ride them. (When I said her hunters I ought to have written the remains of her stud, for three beautiful horses met with fatal accidents in undergoing their preliminary schooling and preparation.)

On Monday, the 24th of February, all our doubts and fears were dispelled, for several hundred pursuers, who took the chance of the Empress having sufficiently recovered from the fatigues of her long voyage, and attended the meet of the Ward Union Staghounds at Batterstoun Station, some fourteen or fifteen miles from Dublin, had the pleasure of seeing Her Majesty leading nearly all through one of the best runs which this pack has had this year, and witching the microcosm of Irish pursuit by her intrepid mode of sailing over a country which requires more, perhaps, than any other *de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*, both in horse and rider. The district which introduced the Empress to the pleasure and perils of Irish hunting is a rich basin devoted to the pasturage of innumerable cattle, and as timber is not plentiful, the fields are naturally divided by deep fosses, often margined by a bank on either side which a bold horse can nearly always cover in his stride if sent fast and resolutely at them, but which very often detain the craning hesitator till ropes and proper tackle can be procured for the process of hauling out. This basin has its own system of drainage, and the main stream—here, perhaps, the Tolka river—is fed by countless tributaries, from the little troutbeck to the sluggish dyke; hence capability for water-

jumping is a *sine quâ non* in a Ward Union hunter, for the practice is perpetual and recurring, and no two water-jumps are precisely similar in the circumstances of take off and landing width and depth.

A special train had brought down a regiment of pursuers and their horses from Dublin, and, in addition to these great numbers, there was at the meeting place a very large number of sportsmen from Meath, Louth, Kildare, and, in fact, from all points of the compass, who had come on the off chance (for no one knew precisely Her Majesty's movements) of seeing the great Queen of the East, who had come, like her prototype of Sheba, to listen to the wisdom of the Solomons of western hunting, and to learn by practical and personal experience if the reports about Irish hunting grounds and Irish pursuit were an exaggerated myth or a tangible reality.

The Solomon of the day was Mr. Leonard Morrough, the popular president of the pack, to which he has devoted much time, energy, and good judgment, and with very marked success; for whereas it was the fashion to sneer at stag-hunting generally, and to say unpleasant things anent the calf and its pursuers, few who came to sneer at the Ward Union system but remained to hunt regularly with them, if only their nerves and their horses were equal to crossing the splendid arena of continuous grass pastures. Mr. Morrough's hunting biography has been published in 'Baily' already, so I will say no more about our captain of the day; nor can I stop to introduce your readers to hosts of hunting celebrities who are cropping up on every side, or to their mounts either, some of which have won name and fame in the annals of the chase and chasing too. The day is a cold, grey day, full of frost, and likely to end in a snowfall, so men are galloping round a field to keep up animal heat till the guest of the day appears on the scene, riding up from a hunting box close to the station, where she had mounted, about the only house visible from our standpoint.

The Royal Stud Book tells us of the births, deaths, and marriages of kings and queens, so we know that the Empress of Austria is out of her teens by a good deal, but really to look at that lissom figure whose outlines that marvellously tight-fitting brown habit reveals, one would feel inclined to cavil at the record of dates. Her Majesty is riding a nice blood-like brown hunter of good substance, by Domino, whose only demerit is a tail or flag worn slightly crooked, and the seat gives the idea of strength and suppleness, combined with ease and elegance, such a seat and pose as can only be acquired by great practice, but which the habit of constant riding has not caused to degenerate into carelessness or eccentricity of carriage, as is often the case. With Her Majesty ride Prince Lichtenstein, Count Larisch, Lord Spencer (mounted by his whilom aide-de-camp Major Kearney), and Captain Middleton, popularly known as 'Bay Middleton,' who has the responsible position of Her Majesty's pilot-in-chief over the grassy billows of Meath, Dublin, and Kildare.

We are in motion now, and after twenty minutes' trotting we pass by Dunshaughlin poor-house, with its famous gorse hard by,

and entering some green fields the hounds are laid on, and with not a nose on the ground, not a stern in the air, away they race before the huge *cortège* have realised the fact that the gallop has begun. A quartette are in front, the Empress, Captain Middleton, Lord Spencer (who knows this country thoroughly), and Mr. Morrogh. There are deep ditches and wide in Hungary I trow, and I have some shadowy recollections of a hunting country round Pardubitz not unlike some parts of Ireland, but I do not think the Empress rode over a series of such banks and ditches as those she sailed over in to-day's run in any previous experience abroad. A ditch of eight or nine feet, protected by a sloping bank, must always look big, and here they are generally very deep, but pace carries a bold horse over almost anything, and the less they are looked at the better for all parties. A turn, rather a sharp one, now lets up the rear-guard. It is evident that, in the classic words of Whyte-Melville, men 'are on an engagement 'to ride with the Wards' to-day, and before two miles are covered there is the usual amount of croppers and crowners (Imperial crowners, of course), and all the fun of the fair. Up to this point the line was as good as a steeple-chase course, far better, indeed, than most. Now comes a bit of deceiving-looking moory ground, and here the Empress found the local experience of Mr. Morrogh of immense advantage. Again there is a sharp turn to the left—another mile over a bit of ground fit for a Grand National, almost brings us to the Meath railway, crossed near Pipers Hill, an elevation of only a few feet, which, however, reckons for much in this flat vale; then the line goes on south-westwards by Bally Maglasson, on and towards the Hatchet, when the forty minutes of splendid pace is succeeded by a check and slowish hunting through Moyglare and on past Moygaddy to Maynooth; here the wearied quarry, seeing the college gates open, rushed in, and among learned dons and profound professors a capture was effected—Her Majesty being one of the few up. This fine run is estimated at fourteen miles. I think twelve would be nearer the mark; it was over a beautiful line of country, but very large of obstacle, and whether going fast or at moderate rate Her Majesty rode every fence as it should be ridden, and astonished all by her nerve, grace, and good judgment.

The Empress's next experience was with the Meath Hounds, mastered by Mr. Trotter, and the meeting place was Lismullen, Sir John Dillon's park, a few miles from Navan. Cloudless skies, a summer sun, and a holiday crowd of pursuers, with a legion of foot people occupying every coign of vantage, boded ill for a successful day. Foxes were found in Walshe's Gorse and Corbalton, and hunted over beautiful lines of country, but with no drive or dash, and the field had dispersed for the most part, when a second or third fox was found at Corbalton, and pushed on to Somerville, a four-mile point, at great pace, when night stopped further pursuit. This run the Empress saw well, riding Cameo, a charming and very perfect hunter when hounds are running fast, but not too fond of pottering about.

The third day the Empress took her part in the chase of an outlying red hind, who had beaten the Ward Union Hounds, and was well carried by a famous grey mare ridden for some seasons by poor Charlie Brindley, the celebrated huntsman of the Ward Union Hounds for more than a generation.

The fourth day Her Majesty hunted with the Meath Hounds, who met at Larracor, a name ever associated with the genius and eccentricity of Dean Swift. After some hunting from Trotter's Gorse, and blood gained for the hounds, we scurried across country to the Bull-ring Gorse, when, spite of a crowd who welcomed the Empress with the heartiest of greetings, we found a fox directly, and pushed him along over a rough line of country without the slightest pause, check, or hesitation for forty minutes, till he gained sanctuary in the open earths of a Kildare covert, Ryndville. The Empress was one of five who 'finished' along with the pack, unstoppped by a huge bank a few hundred yards from the who-whoop. Her mount was a nice brown horse called Mercury. This was followed by a capital gallop from Agher, which Her Majesty did not join in. On Friday she hunted again with the Meath Hounds, but, though a mask was added to the saddle dees of the huntsman, there was nothing that could be called by the name of sport, much less brilliant sport.

On Saturday she joined the Kildare Hounds at Donadea Courthouse, close to Sir M. Aylmer's castle and park. Nothing of much interest occurred till Laragh Gorse was reached. A quick find, and a quick departure sent every one galloping as hard as they could till they reached the famous Laragh fence, a big bank and ditch much overgrown by timber. This obstacle Captain Middleton and the Empress crossed about the first, and with a pack racing in a half circle to Courtown for some twenty minutes were never, I think, caught.

The Monday following, the Empress joined the Ward Union Hounds at Culmullen, and had a brilliant half hour ending at Summerhill. On the next day she hunted with the Meath Hounds at Scariff Bridge; the day was utterly uninteresting, unpleasantly windy, and barren of sport.

On the Wednesday that succeeded there was an enormous meet at Normans' Grove to see the Empress with the Ward Union Hounds again. The fun began with two miles or so, over a beautiful track, from Caulstown to a point near the Fairy House Grand Stand; then came some road riding, and a fine hunting run on to Athcarne Castle, where the deer was taken in the river Hurley. The Empress again rode the cream of this chase, and was beautifully carried by The Widow, C. Brindley's grey mare.

Thursday was spent with the Meath Hounds, who met at Allens-town, the residence of their last popular Master, Mr. W. H. Waller. The cream of the day was a very fast gallop from Rathmore Gorse to Clifton Lodge, and round by the Hill of Ward to Moyagher, where the fox got to ground. The Empress was brilliantly carried by Easton, an old favourite.

Friday was spent by the Imperial party with the same pack again, who met at Dunsany cross roads, but had no sport, though they killed a fox or two, till late in the evening, when they had a smart gallop from Beltrasna Gorse, for which Her Majesty did not wait.

On Saturday the Empress elected hunting with the Kildare Hounds at Enfield, but saw little sport, though foxes were hunted from Rathcore Hill and Cappagh Gorse, over very pleasant and inviting bits of country.

In the week that followed the Empress did not hunt, owing to indisposition, and, to the regret of many, she missed two good days with the Ward Union Hounds, and the run of the season, in Meath, on Friday, the 14th of March, from Colistown to Galtrim, some ten miles done at express pace. Moisture has once more supplanted the frosty brightness which baffled hounds, and the Empress will not have so frequent occasion to use her fan, which she always carries in her saddle.

On Saturday, the 15th inst. Her Majesty had recovered sufficiently to ride again; but to the chagrin and disappointment of a vast number of the *αριστοι* and *αρισται* of the island, who had assembled at Celbridge in hopes of seeing her hunt with the Kildare Hounds, Her Majesty took a special train and proceeded to Cavan, where Mr. Humphrey's enterprise has established a pack of stag-hounds, though the country to traverse is not inviting, being broken up into a series of little hills and narrow inclosures, which make pursuit rather a toilsome progress. Here Her Majesty saw one or two very clever horses belonging to the establishment, and had rather a moderate half-hour's stag-hunting *in excelsis*.

Monday, the 17th of March, is, as most people know, the anniversary of St. Patrick, the saint of Ireland *par excellence*, and claimed equally by contending creeds. Of course, it is a holy-day in Ireland, and as it was wafted about by the Press and the Post-office that the Empress of Austria had made arrangements to meet the Ward Union Hounds at Calmullen cross roads, near the Drumree railway station, the concourse of horse people, carriage people, and pedestrians may be imagined more easily than described by me. Notwithstanding the multitude, there was very little delay. In this district the fields are large, the ditches wide and deep, and the character of the country one wide area of pasturage, with plenty of brooks for the cattle, and the bottom lands somewhat deep and holding.

The foot people behaved like patricians. The carriage folk made a gallery of a hill, which gave them a view of a mile or two of the pursuit, and this began near Beltrasna fox-covert, and looped round towards Kilmore Farm, where at a bye lane there was a check of a minute or two. Then Mr. Morrogh, the Master, who was Her Majesty's pilot for the day, in Captain Middleton's absence, with his Imperial convoy, Mr. Powell of Melton reputation, and a few more, got away close to the pack, who ran fast but most crookedly over a grand line of heavy grass bottoms, well brooked and ditched, till

Ballymayglasson was reached. Through the farm they ran fast, crossed the Meath line and took their quarry in Caulstown, beyond the famous Black Bull, Her Majesty, Mr. Morrogh, and Jem Brindley the only followers up, though Mr. Powell, who had had a fall, joined them almost directly. This is estimated as one of the best and fastest gallops the Ward Union Hounds have had for a long time, though the stag twisted so much in the best three miles of his course that many lost their leading positions for the time being.

The next day was devoted to chasing and capturing an outlying red hind, who had baffled the Ward Union Hounds, and haunted the glades and pastures near Carton, the Duke of Leinster's fine park—a pleasant day and a pleasant chase, but not very interesting or exciting. This was followed by a good hunting run next day with the Ward Union Hounds, who met at Batterstown station and took their quarry in Moyglare, a chase of nearly ten miles, but not all at good pace.

Thursday was, I fancy, the fastest thing the Ward Union Hounds have had this year. A bye-day, in honour of their Imperial visitor, was quickly and quietly arranged, the meeting-place 'the hill of the Mullagh,' the hour two o'clock P.M. It was a very small congregation and very select. About twenty men rode it, and some three or four were out of it in the first mile or so. The deer got very little law or time allowance, chose a beautiful track by Gaulstown, Creemore, Piper's Hill, Wood Park, and Ham Wood, the capture being made at Killarkin, which was witnessed by only two or three; an officer of the 7th Dragoon Guards, on a charming grey hunter, being one, the Master another.

Friday was given to the Meath Hounds, who met at Culmullen. The field was enormous, the crowd overwhelming in number. There was nothing done till they got to Beltrasna Gorse, from which point they had a hunting run towards Summerhill, followed by a very quick ten minutes from Drumlargan, in which the Empress got off well, emerging from the crowd. Her last day was in Kildare, at Hortland Gate, and if a cold east wind, forbiddingly keen, and an array of thrusters equal to any occasion, could have reproduced a Billesdon Coplow run on its Irish replica, Her Majesty would have surely had it; but the scent was very cordial, and foxes not wanting, circumstances ruled against a good day, one fox from Hortland getting to ground too soon for sport; another, from Mount Armstrong, choosing a miry, boggy track, fatal to pace, and Her Majesty did not wait for a hunting run from Laragh.

This is a hurried sketch of the Empress of Austria's hunting experiences in Ireland, which she hopes to repeat next season, a wish in which Ireland concurs most sanguinely. Her best sport has been, perhaps, with the Ward Union Staghounds, as the glorious uncertainty of fox-hunting in spring is too well known. Her Majesty took a forward part in every run she joined; a leading one sometimes, and over every sort of country, from the biggest to the trappiest; yet in some eighteen days she had nothing resembling a fall, save on one occasion when her horse slipped and she jumped off her saddle.

Of her suite Prince Lichtenstein rode straight and well to hounds. The causes for her sudden departure from Ireland are too public and sad to dwell on here; but her resolution does honour to her head and heart.

SPORT FOR BAD SEASONS.

FEW men fond of hunting will, we fancy, forget the season of 1878-9, for such a one has scarcely occurred within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant of our favoured (with bad weather) Isles. It is not every one who can, like Colonel Anstruther-Thomson, find clever old hunters and quick cobs or ponies to ride with safety through frost and snow; and, although many packs get out for a few days when the snow is at a certain depth, there are very few men who would care to ride valuable horses in following them, and perhaps equally few who have hacks, or, with an already useless stud, eating their heads off in idleness, would care to buy them for that purpose. There are few men, also, for whom the exertion of following foxhounds on foot would not prove too much; and Colonel Thomson gave up hunting on foot, as has been recorded, from the fact that his men were so liable to take cold going home. This is reasonable, for although snow would in a measure handicap the hounds, as regards pace, it oftentimes carries a wonderful scent, and is quite as tiring to men as it is to hounds; moreover, foxes know but little law, or exercise but scant courtesy in this matter, and are as likely to break away and run a ten-mile point through snow as in open weather. It is not easy for men on foot to head and stop them when there is a scent, and this entails not only violent exertion to keep on the line of the flying pack (more violent, indeed, than most men, not being professional runners or members of some athletic club, would care to encounter), as well as a long walk home, perchance in the teeth of a biting north-east wind. To ninety-nine men out of a hundred hunting on foot, through frost and snow, with foxhounds, or even ordinary harriers, is not exactly the style of amusement needed. Sancho Panza said, 'Where we least look for it, there starts the hare,' or very similar words conveying the same meaning, amongst his host of proverbs; and truly sport often turns up in the most unexpected quarters, as my experiences during the past winter will show.

I accepted an invitation to pass a few days with an old friend, who had pitched his tent in a country that was rather strongly and thickly enclosed as regards fences, but not overburdened with wood; indeed, there were no large coverts, as the term would be understood in some countries, and, in consequence, there was little to hang hounds up for any length of time, even if they chanced to run into such woods as there were. A day or two spent in shooting the park and the coverts, which were not very strictly preserved—for in this region foxes were more esteemed than pheasants—passed away agreeably, and, if the bags were not of the battue order, they con-

tained variety of game enough to please the most fastidious, not forgetting a good sprinkling of the king of birds (in a table sense), the woodcock, who especially haunts these wild regions; ducks, mallards, and teal also rose before us from the ponds and springs which were to be found in the small coverts; an occasional partridge was flushed and knocked over from the gorse on their edges, and altogether some as pretty rough shooting as could well be found fell to our share. At length the coverts had all been shot, the gorses pretty well cleared of rabbits between gun and ferret, and the outlook was apparently getting blank for those who did not care to spend the whole day on skates; and, let me say, that after arriving at a certain age, and experiencing many open winters in which the only iron on which the foot rests is the stirrup-iron, the man who essays skates, and endeavours to recall the graceful attitudes in which in his earlier years he cut figures of eight, and otherwise delighted the eyes of those less skilful than himself, finds his limbs far less pliant, and his falls more numerous, than he anticipated, and, instead of witching the world with graceful attitudes, he is apt to arrive at the conclusion that not only has he made himself ridiculous, but that he has received numerous contusions, which, should the frost break and a thaw set in at once, may disqualify him for getting into the pigskin for some time.

One evening at dinner, after a slight fall of snow had occurred, which just about served to replenish what had been worn away by partial thaw and friction, and gave a consistency of two to three inches over the face of the country, although, of course, it was much deeper where old snow and the drifts still hung about, our host, pouring the first glass from a bottle of port, said—‘I think we shall have to put the guns by for a time, as all the lying I have has been pretty well worked. There is no chance of a thaw. What do you say to a bit of hare-hunting to-morrow?’

‘Hare-hunting!’ was the general exclamation: ‘Why you have not a pack of harriers within miles; and, in the state the country is in, we could not ride to them if you had, supposing horses were forthcoming, which seems very unlikely.’

‘True, my friends,’ replied he. ‘There are no harriers and no horses, save my own, and I certainly don’t intend to mount you hair-brained fellows on them. Why, Stepper there would as soon charge an oxer in three inches of snow, and risk breaking his own neck and my horse’s back, as take a second glass of that port, which I see he is bent on doing. Templeton is very little better; and, if hounds ran three fields, I should have four horses ruined for the season, if not for ever. No, no! You wear your own boots, and run your hardest, and I will find a very efficient substitute for harriers.’

‘What, you don’t mean those little crooked-legged black-and-tan beggars, that would tire doing two miles an hour after a bath-chair?’ said Stepper, who, when at home, hunted in one of the fastest countries in the British Isles. ‘I can’t stand that. Templeton, I will shoot you fifty sparrows for a pony a-side, or ride the carriers.

'pony—I can buy him for a tenner—against our host's cob that runs in the errand-cart, from Spring Coppice to the West Lodge Gate; it's under a mile, and not a bit of timber in the line. Catch weights, and either man leading over to be disqualified.'

'Done,' said Templeton, 'to both matches if you like. What will you take for the errand-cart steed?'

'Nothing, as he is a good, useful slave; and I advise you both to give up the ride. But you can shoot sparrows, or pigeons, for that matter, as long as you like. My neighbour at Bramscote has a dove-cote, and sells all he can to the landlord of the Bramscote Arms, because he says, as a rule, people shoot so badly that most of them come back, and he can sell them over and over again.'

'Capital!' said both. 'We will have the pigeons and the steeplechase in the morning, and then see what your turnspits can do afterwards.'

'You may call them turnspits,' said our host; 'but, if you really care for hunting, you will alter your opinion before you have had an hour with my Dachshunds; and if you don't say they are just the very thing for a man somewhat past the prime of life to follow on foot, I am very much mistaken. They can hunt the lowest scent, go through the closest covert, and, where there are any deer to shoot, nothing can equal them, for they don't press them enough to drive them right away from the coverts, but just keep them moving, and afford you many more chances of a shot than ordinary hounds, though I am bound to confess that broad and deep ditches are against them. I tried them with a bloodhound, who had been entered to and was very steady at deer, and found that they had a great advantage, as where he had to leap over the brambles, and was continually hung up in them, they went beneath, and kept their deer moving at a steady pace, without greatly alarming him.'

With such a party as — had assembled, to will and to do were synonymous terms; and, ere the night grew old, an order was sent to have a dozen pairs of pigeons in readiness by ten o'clock the next morning, articles for both matches were drawn up and signed, our host being stakeholder and referee, and Templeton stood first favourite at 5 to 4 for the pigeons, while Stepper, from his known disregard of everything in the shape of broken bones, had slightly the call as regards the steeplechase, though the betting was neither so heavy nor so fast and furious as those not well acquainted with the members of the party would have anticipated.

'Now,' said our host next morning, when breakfast had been discussed, and the weeds were got well under weigh, 'no time is named in the conditions for these matches, and no distance fixed for the traps; suppose you have them both off to-day? We can finish by twelve o'clock, and have some fun with the Dachshunds afterwards. What do you say?'

'Of course they will shoot at thirty yards rise,' said Major Flagfall, who was the greatest gambler of the party; and having put a tenner on Templeton, thought the extra distance would be all in his favour as the better shot.

'Why, neither of them would hit a church at that distance,' replied our host. 'Let them shoot at twenty-one yards rise the first half, 'and twenty-five the second, and old —— won't get so many of 'his birds back,' and, most of us taking the same view, the traps were so placed. 'Now,' said our host, 'call pull for yourselves. 'There are five traps, and you use both barrels. Toss for choice.'

Up went the coin, and Stepper won. 'Pull!' cried he, without sighting his traps even. Away went a rattling bird, bang! bang! and down he came, well within bounds. Templeton then took his stand, cool, erect, and self-possessed, sighted his traps, gave the word, and, as the bird rose, covered him carefully; bang! hit hard, but still going; bang went the second barrel; hit again; but see, he is towering, and, by Jove! comes down just out of bounds. Stepper walks up laughing and careless, calls 'Pull!' fires both barrels, with, as his friend Captain Counter declared, both eyes shut, and knocks his bird over like a nine-pin. 'Bravo, Stepper!' said those who had taken 2 to 1. Templeton took his place once more, less cool, less self-possessed, and evidently put out at having tailored his last bird. 'A 'clean miss, by Jove!' said he, throwing down his gun, as the next sailed away scatheless. 'It's this confounded snow. I can't see the 'least.' Then came a succession of misses on both sides, until it was Templeton's last bird, which he killed handsomely with the first barrel, but nevertheless lost his match.

Now for the ponies; and out came as sorry a couple of steeds to ride across country in a frost as any man need wish to run his eye over.; Nevertheless, up got the jockeys with as much sang-froid as if they were mounting the favourites for the Liverpool. It is true the line selected was not very severe, as where there was a fence, for the most part there was a gap; but the ditches, such as they were, seemed deep in snow, and deep enough to bring a horse or pony on to his knees and nose. Moreover, there was a juvenile brook in it, not broad, not deep to a hunter, but a fair leap for a pony or cob. 'I suppose this beast can't jump,' said Templeton, slipping half-a-crown into the hand of the man who brought out the cob that journeyed on errands. 'Not to speak of,' replied he; 'but he 'always runs loose in these meadows all summer, and there is a 'regular track they come up to the gates at feeding-time, across the 'brook and all; give him his head, and he is sure to come home 'safe.' 'All right,' said the Captain, sitting down on his rough unkempt steed like a second Jem Mason. Very carefully were all the gates locked as they went down to start, and Stepper, who never could help larking, was forced to send his nag, a blood-looking weed, at some sheep-hurdles which came in his line, and which he took well in his swing. 'Two fives to one I beat you, Templeton,' said he; 'this beast jumps like a stag; I shall come as straight as a line 'on him.' 'Done,' replied the other, and the bet was made.

'Go,' said the starter, Major Flagfall, and Captain Stepper, whose broken-down thoroughbred, remembering the days when he was in much better plight, jumped away at the hint, with a strong lead, albeit he was lame on three legs, and halted on th

fourth. Nevertheless, he hustled along at smart gallop and leaped the first two little fences and the sheep-hurdles in a way that surprised those who knew nothing of his antecedents, while his delighted owner, who had loaned rather than sold him, shouted, 'Come along, 'Capting; well done, Capting; he'll do it, he will, never fear.' Captain Templeton, on the other hand, dropped his hand, laid his ash plant well down his steed's shoulder, and, as advised, left him to find his own way to the lodge gates, in doing which he diverged somewhat from the line selected by the flying Stepper, and as his pace was none of the best, soon found himself hopelessly in the rear. Nevertheless, his course was a safe one, and to be depended on in such weather, for he sought a line of cattle creeps where the ditches had become so hollowed out at their banks that there was no need to jump, and so pottered contentedly along until the brook was reached, which he negotiated in the same way, walking calmly in and out. In the meantime, Stepper, seeing a low rail and easy place, sent his old crock forty miles an hour at it, and, as might be anticipated, slipped in taking off, and landed well in instead of over; as the horse was on his back in the brook, and Stepper on his in the snow, of course Templeton walked in, as they say in Turf parlance, thus making matters even, save the bye bet on the race.

'Now,' said our host, 'just a snack and a glass of bitter, and then 'we will see what my crooked-legged ones can do with a hare.'

I had not a very high opinion of Dachshunds, never having seen them save on the show benches and in the streets, and I must confess I did not expect a very grand performance for such bandy-legged looking little wretches. However, when the five couple and a half came out, they seemed as busy as a lot of beagles, and pottered about round us in the most energetic fashion. There was no need for a very long draw, as a bit of fallows on the home farm quickly found us a hare, and away the little black-and-rans scuttled on her line at a pace which one could hardly have given them credit for, though their exertions, when she was in view, bordered somewhat on the ridiculous, as each seemed intent on catching her by sheer speed alone. However, once through the first fence, they dropped their heads at once and chimed away in a style which would not fail to please all true lovers of hunting, for every inch of her foil was worked out in the most patient manner. There was no dashing or driving ahead, but each dog appeared determined to make sure of every inch she had travelled, for himself, and on his own responsibility, while they got along at a pace quite fast enough for any gentleman who has turned forty to run to through snow.

What surprised me most was to see the interest both Templeton and Stepper took in their work. I knew that both had the making of real good sportsmen in them, but with their ultra notions of pace I never expected to see either one or the other appear so pleased as they did over this quaint bit of hunting. No halloa, no lifting, but real hard work was the order of the day for both hounds and men, and considering that we got on to a really stout hare that broke away two miles and a half to some adjacent hills, it was work. As we

neared them, all well up, and the little ones speaking to it nicely along what should have been a green driftway but was a white one, we were horrified at meeting a flock of sheep. No doubt they had turned our quarry out of the road, but how far on, was the question.

'Where did you come into the driftway, shepherd?' elicited the reply, 'A goodish way back, maybe half a mile nor more by yon haystack.'

'Have you seen the hare?'

'No, I harnt seen no hare,' was the surly rejoinder, as if his sole idea was not to turn away wrath. In the meantime Stepper was over fence, and with eyes on the ground, was making a forward cast on his own account. 'Within two hundred yards held up his hat and halloo'd, for, as he said, 'there was no fear of getting those little 'beggars' heads up.' Our host blew his whistle in lieu of horn, and was soon by his side when we could see where Stepper had 'pricked 'her' through the fence. Away went the little, long, low black-and-tans once more; but puss, who had stood the best part of an hour before them, and tired considerably by the snow, thought it time to think of home, sweet home, and turned her steps once more for the vale. The wind served them now, and our pack ran at a rate to make the best pedestrians amongst us respect their powers, for there had been a little sun out, and the snow in places was thawed as well as the ground just on the top, so that we slipped and slid about in all directions, and were very fairly handicapped with mud and slush into the bargain. Nevertheless, all held gamely on until the starting-field of the strange steeple-chase was reached, when a long check ensued, and it seemed that the hare by her foil had completely beaten us; try all we knew it was of no avail, to one point the pack could carry it and no further; there was no doubt our hare had run her foil and laid up with a jump. 'Tally ho!' cried Templeton, who was a bit wide as he kicked a small patch of gorse, and sent her with high and limping gait, 'one more away.' It was evident her race was run, for slow as were the Dachshunds, distress had very nearly brought her back to them, and it was anybody's race as they sped across the two next fields. The little brook before mentioned settled the job; she could get into it, but not out, and within a hundred yards of the place Stepper rolled over in the morning they pulled her down. Then there was a scene, for when the hare was rescued the hounds had to be saved also, as not one of them could get out by his own unaided efforts, more than the tired hare could have done. Poor limp wretches they looked when we dragged them out coated with mud and ice, and shivering with cold, but their owner assured us a good feed and some dry straw would soon put them all to rights; and greatly as they had ridiculed them, even Stepper and Templeton were fain to admit at dinner that night, that failing a run up to town and the Burlington Arcade, getting your hair cut and so on, there were much worse ways of passing a day in the country than in having a run after them.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

TAKING the recent bleak weather as a specimen of what is in store for us during the present month, scarcely any topic could be found less seasonable than rowing, unless it be yachting. Certain annual events, however, come on in spite of the unwritten protests of the clerk of the weather, and as many oldfashioned folk give up fires and furs in April, and take to them again in October, without reference to the thermometer, so the University Boat Race is year after year decided, one time in a snowstorm, and the next with the most summerly surroundings. Among professional oarsmen, indeed, inclement months are more often than not selected for the decision of big races, as if to test, as severely as possible, the hardy Norsemanship, not merely of the competitors, but their admirers. The approaching yachting season will witness some important changes in the ownership of many of the best-known clippers, and several of last years favourites will be conspicuous by their absence—to use a trite Paddyism—amongst others, the Vol-au-Vent and Jullanar; while the former's clever skipper, Draper of Itchen-Ferry, is secured by Mr. Rowley for the Latona. We are glad to learn that the Prince of Wales intends taking up yachting more actively again this summer, so that the Hildegard will, it may be hoped, play a part in some of the matches off the Wight, and amongst other celebrities, Miranda, Formosa, and Gwen-dolin are being fitted out for the summer campaign.

The rowing world has recently been developing quite an abnormal degree of vitality, in marked contrast to the state of affairs we had been getting accustomed to. The decisive superiority of Elliott over Higgins may now be considered settled, the progress of the last encounter leaving the southerner and his friends but little grounds for dreaming of a reversal of such consistent form. Higgins, however, is to be pitied for having not, while at his best, secured an opportunity of meeting Trickett, as such a victory, though not really involving any more credit, would have enabled him to claim the championship of the world, a high-sounding title, as to the rightful ownership of which much twaddle is talked and written. It seems practically of little moment who can claim the honour, and as professional oarsmen have usually neither the will nor power to go all over the globe seeking, like Alexander, fresh worlds to conquer, most aspirants will remain content with the championship of England. The match between Wallace Ross, described as of Canada, and Ralph Emmett, a north-countryman, to row from Putney to Mortlake, was regarded with no little interest, as Emmett's performances left him in that transition state, which might imply either his development into absolute championship form, or his subsidence into the second-class position of a fairly good man, not likely to improve much, and the extent of whose powers are so far favourably known as to render him quite unable to find backers for a task within his *métier*. Ross, on the other hand, might be a very Kelley, Chambers, or Renforth, for all we knew, as, like Trickett, he is unusually tall, considerably over six feet, and in America had made a rare good tussle of it with Hanlon, the champion, while since his arrival here he had confessedly improved vastly under the tuition of the ever-green Kelley, whose coaching did wonders with Trickett, who, on his arrival, was undoubtedly a fine man, but quite unable to properly utilise his strength, and left us a most expert sculler, in whose case all that we have to regret is that we did not provide him with a foeman more worthy of his steel. That the Australian

is not invincible has just been decisively shown at the Sydney Regatta, where Laycock beat him, though too much stress must not be laid upon this, as Trickett, who since his return home has turned innkeeper, was confessedly not fit, and at once challenged his victor to a formal encounter. At the match between Ross and Emmett the wind blew off the Putney shore, and down stream, so that there was a certainty of meeting lumpy water on the voyage. Emmett's party, therefore, having won the toss, very wisely left Ross the station usually considered preferable, on the Fulham shore, and took the centre or Surrey berth, where to other advantages was added the important one of more stream at the starting. Of this the Northerner availed himself to the utmost, and Ross accepting a start whilst one of his own sculls was absolutely reversed, Emmett shot away amid the noisiest jubilations of the Newcastle contingent, who, canny as ever, had declined to back their man until odds were offered on the Colonist. Now, however, they shouted themselves hoarse; but very little business was done, though after the start Emmett was decidedly favourite. Passing the boat-houses the Northerner held a clear lead, though to avoid the wind he went far out of the ordinary course towards the Surrey shore, while Ross, to get clear of a barge, had drawn as much out of his way on the Middlesex side, and the men were so far apart that it was difficult to estimate their relative positions, though there was the marked difference that Emmett had done fully 34 and more, while Ross never, or 'scarcely ever,' got above 28 or 30. A little higher up, as they passed the Crab Tree, the Canadian's superiority became manifest, and at the Soap Works he held a good lead, going under Hammer-smith Bridge well ahead of Emmett in 9 min. 50 sec. on a good tide, but foul wind. The race was not afterwards in doubt, and though neither of the men appeared to much advantage in the rough water about Chiswick, it made little difference, and Ross paddled home, the easiest of winners, in 27 min. 20 sec.; fair time considering the weather. This match, while proving that Ross had no mean powers, threw no light on their extent, as he was at no time pressed, and the principal result was to put a stop to a forthcoming race between Nicholson and Emmett, the latter's friends considering that after doing so badly with Ross their man would have no chance. These councils are possibly wrong, as Ross may be to-day the best oarsman alive, though our estimate does not yet class him quite at the top of the tree.

Spencer of Chelsea, whose career up to his defeat by Emmett was uninterruptedly successful, has his hands full this month, being engaged to row Tarryer on the 8th, and Kempster on the 21st. We fancy he may win both events. Next in time, but prior in importance, is a meeting on the Tyne between Hawdon and the American champion, Hanlon, who, if successful, as we anticipate, will no doubt be selected to row Elliot for the championship, in the middle of June. The conditions of the match are that Elliot's opponent is to be either Boyd or Hanlon, and a choice will be made on the evening of the Hanlon and Hawdon match. If Hanlon cannot take the championship we do not think Boyd can, as he has made several attempts already, and we scarcely believe in so great a revival.

The event popularly considered important above all others, the University Boat Race, is now very soon to be decided, and at the time of writing both crews have just made their appearance at Putney, the Cantabs having spent a week at Kingston, while Oxford has been at work on their own water. In the case of the Light Blue oarsmen, the same crew, with one exception, have been rowing in the same places since their arrival on the Thames: but change

of boat and oars has perhaps retarded the acquisition of that perfect uniformity which, even if the style be faulty, is looked upon by the majority of spectators as the crucial test of merit. There can be but one opinion of their power, though the time, especially on the bow side, is faulty, and the men have a tendency to feather under water; but these defects will no doubt disappear with practice. The Oxonians have only recently made an important change, their last year's stroke, Marriott, resuming his old place on the 22nd ultimo, so that when they appeared at Putney they had rowed together only three times. There is at present a lack of dash about the rowing, which is also rather short, and altogether we expect to see the Cantabs win this year. The crews now at work are:—

OXFORD.

	st.	lb.
Bow. J. H. T. Wharton, Magdalen	11	4½
2. H. M. Robinson, New	10	13½
3. H. W. Disney, Hertford	12	4½
4. H. B. Southwell, Pembroke	12	9
5. T. Cosby-Burrowes, Trinity	12	10
6. G. D. Rowe, University	11	13
7. W. H. Hobart, Exeter	11	11
H. P. Marriott, Brasenose (stroke)	12	3
F. M. Beaumont, New (cox)	7	8

CAMBRIDGE.

	st.	lb.
Bow. E. H. Prest, Jesus	11	0
2. H. Sandford, Lady Margaret, B.C.	11	9½
3. H. S. Bird, First Trinity	11	10
4. A. Gurdon, Jesus	13	4
5. T. C. Hockin, Jesus	12	3
6. C. Fairbairn, Jesus	12	6½
7. R. Routledge, Emmanuel	12	11
R. D. Davis, First Trinity (stroke)	12	8½
G. L. Davis, Clare (cox)	7	7

Those not too fond of early rising will feel grateful for being reminded of the fact that the race comes off this year about midday, instead of one of the unseemly early hours of the morning occasionally selected, though, in view of the unusually high tide which is threatened, it may start a little sooner than anticipated.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—A March Muster.

SOME lines we remember about 'The first mild day in March,' to which we cannot give a habitation or a name, but we know that they were redolent of spring—of the carol of birds, early primroses, and lovers' vows. 'The first mild day' was supposed to be symbolic of all these good things, and the words occurred to us when on the first of the month, March, reversing the old proverb, came in like a lamb. Here was a chance for the primroses and the love carols; and though, in a general way, we do not associate Pall Mall and Piccadilly with these harbingers of spring, yet was there a freshness in those thoroughfares—a feeling evident in the faces there encountered that the hour of emancipation had arrived; that we had really and truly put by the winter of our discontent with our furred jackets and heavy overcoats.

To walk dry-shod up Regent Street, and not to encounter a nor'easter, was supreme happiness, and we could 'stand on the steps at Hatchett's,' as a gallant Major of our acquaintance says and sings, and feel rather inclined to envy the St. Albans and Uxbridge pilgrims, who cling so religiously to the good old times. In plain English, March made a happy beginning.

And what a very happy beginning did the Court Theatre make with its series of morning performances, when Mr. Hare gave us 'The Ladies' Battle,' and most fully redeemed his promise that the same care and painstaking, which have been such marked features at the evening performances here, would be carried out in the morning ones. The comedy of Scribe and Legouv , translated and adapted by poor Robertson, has been called a revival; but if it is true that it was never acted except by amateurs, surely this is a misnomer. We see it stated, by the way, that Robertson got from the book-sellers the munificent sum of ten shillings an act for his translation—but that was before 'Society,' 'Caste,' and 'Ours' had blazoned his fame. However, Mr. Hare has made the London public his debtor by producing 'The Ladies' Battle' with such a company as he has now got together, and a more perfect representation it would be difficult to find. We should not be ashamed of submitting it to the highest ordeal of criticism; indeed, we would, if it was in our power, invite the company of the Th   tre Fran  ais—so soon to be among us—to see 'The Ladies' Battle,' and should have no fear of the verdict of such high-class critics. This comedy—which we may here say is almost a literal translation of the original—has been called a one-character play; and no doubt the Countess—the beautiful woman, full of love and passion, who has to sacrifice her love to her rival, and that rival her own niece—does occupy the largest space on the canvas; but still, in the Baron de Mont-richard, the prefect who has served Republic, Empire, and Monarchy with equal zeal, and been a perfect Vicar of Bray in his political faith, Mr. Hare found a *r  le* made to his hand. The 'battle' between him and the Countess, who defies him to discover the proscribed man in her house, was an admirable piece of acting on the part of both these accomplished artists. Mrs. Kendal has never, we think, been seen to such advantage as in this *femme de trente ans*; and Mr. Hare's picture of the time-serving prefect was one of the most finished performances he has ever given us. To Mr. Kendal was allotted an entirely new *r  le* for him—a comic and rather impossible character, the lover of the Countess, who is a hero in words, but not in deeds, and yet withal a thorough gentleman, who, when his courage is put to the test, shows the mettle of his pasture. Round these three characters the chief interest lies; and we repeat, a more worthy representation it would be difficult to conceive. We are glad to find that the success of the piece has been such, that Mr. Hare now gives it at the evening performances.

Another successful, and this time a real revival, is at the Aquarium Theatre, where Miss Litton has given us 'She Stoops to Conquer,' under the most favourable circumstances, and with even a stronger cast than when it was lately performed at the St. James's Theatre. Now, as then, Mr. Lionel Brough's Tony Lumpkin stands out in bold relief, and every one who sees it must needs regret that such thoroughly unconventional acting as is this gentleman's is wasted on the inanities of burlesque. Miss Litton's Miss Hardcastle is a charming personation, bright and lady-like, and with a keen perception of the fun of the barmaid scene. We need scarcely say her dresses were both correct and in the best taste. Where could a better Mrs. Hardcastle be found than in Mrs. Stirling? and though Mr. Ryder was perhaps, if anything, too solemn and serious as her husband, and hardly looked the

jovial country gentleman, his wife's vivacity made amends. We have been so accustomed to see Mr. Farren as old or middle-aged men, that his appearance as Young Marlow was rather startling. His make-up was surely too elderly; or perhaps it was that the powder was too trying to a man not in his first youth. The stage traditions of the character were, however, well presented, and the whole cast is excellent. We are pleased to record, also, that audiences are found to appreciate it, and to fully endorse Dr. Johnson's opinion that the great end of comedy is to make an audience merry.

Why 'The Crisis' has been withdrawn in the height of its run we know not; but as Mr. Sothorn is giving us for a brief period a piece of acting in 'David Garrick,' in which the artist abandons, except in the drunken scene, Dundrearyisms, we suppose we ought to think ourselves the gainers. Still, we may be allowed to regret 'The Crisis,' which was a good play, admirably acted, and, foreign as was its extraction, when we have to listen to some native products we wot of—but we had better not pursue this subject! 'The Crimson Cross' seems to have been a lamentable failure, for which we are sorry, as authors—or shall we say adaptors?—actors, and managers have all worked with a will, and the piece was put on the stage in the most lavish way. The mistake appears to have been, in thinking that an English audience could be interested about Charles VI., and his demirep of a Queen—whitewashed as she was in order to pacify the Lord Chamberlain—or get roused to enthusiasm by the fights of French and Burgundians, armour, pretty dresses, and a conflagration. The very opposite of this unfortunate play is 'New Babylon,' an extraordinary production which has arrested the run of ill-luck at the Duke's Theatre, and is nightly filling the house. To describe the plot is well-nigh an impossibility. There are a succession of scenes in which we are hurried from the West End to the Seven Dials, and from Cremorne Gardens to Goodwood, with startling rapidity, meeting with a lot of very bad and impossible characters, into whose mouths very funny utterances are put—not, we mean, of a comic character, but still provocative of amusement. Some of the acting was clever in its way; and we need scarcely add that the attractions of Cremorne, even at second hand, drew together the sticks and toothpicks nightly. The Duke's is looking up.

How pleasant once more to find ourselves within the Sandown Club enclosure, under a genial sky, and with all the well-known surroundings of pretty women, good luncheons, and good sport. Four days of fine weather in the early part of the month enabled the club to hold its First Spring, and the soldiers their Grand Military, with brilliant success. Thither trooped all the sporting ladies, and a good many who were not sporting, but who nevertheless regard Sandown as an undeniable 'good thing,' one on which they might lay 6 to 4 with the agreeable certainty of its always coming off. We believe that if London women were polled, the votes for Sandown and Orleans would be overwhelming. They are articles of feminine faith, and if Mr. Courtney could enlist such a band of Beckers for his Women Suffrage, we are convinced the House of Commons would give way. But an all-merciful power has ordained that our dear Sandown and Orleans fair ones should have no part or parcel with Becker or her works. There are still women left in the world who *are* women—very much so, indeed, if all that our young friends tell us is true; so let us rejoice and be glad, especially on this March afternoon, which might well be a May one, and when we feel inclined to fling aside our topcoats, and Ethel and Edith have donned an early instalment of spring war-paint. No, there are no strong-minded women here, unless, indeed, it be on the subject of luncheon and a natural desire to back a winner at good feminine odds—no lady who wants female

suffrage, or knows anything about pathology or the law of remainders. Fair women, however, in plenty, together with all the well-known Sandown racing men, who with the 'lardy-dardy' element, the men who come to flirt with the women, form the staple of Sandown. And, by-the-way, the little book comprising the list of members has increased in size since last year. We compute that there must be something very like, if not over, 1800 members in the club, a most satisfactory number, and which, looking at the beginning of Sandown, its best friends, perhaps, could hardly have anticipated. Sir Wilford Brett and Mr. Hwfa Williams must be 'more than satisfied.

We trust we are not asking too much of the S. W. R. and its courteous traffic manager, Mr. Verrinder, if we expect the members' special train to be less than an hour doing the journey. The first day of the Spring Meeting there was a great deal of grumbling and growling at the way in which we crept and crawled to Esher. Mr. Verrinder subsequently explained to us that a slow regular train started just a quarter of an hour before the members', so of course the latter had to accommodate its pace to the former. If Mr. Hwfa Williams and Mr. Verrinder were to put their heads together, perhaps all this might be cured against the next meeting. It is rather riling to hear outsiders tell you they came down in thirty-five minutes, when members take nearly double that time. Another matter in regard to Sandown may be mentioned here. We are not given to fault-finding or picking holes; indeed, all the arrangements at Sandown are so good that we have not much opportunity of so doing, but there were many complaints this time, from ladies especially, that the quiet and retirement of the paddock had departed. It seemed more thrown open to the public than we remember before; the barriers were removed, and consequently Lesbia's robe of gold—at least, so Lesbia said—was brought into contact with things disagreeable. It certainly seemed to us that the paddock was very like the public stand, and we should be glad to know how and why it was.

Sir Wilford Brett's little maidens, well protected from a wind that was eager, received us at the gates to tender cards. There was a look of incipient spring about the lawn, and savour of hot luncheons in the house. There are two sides to Sandown Club-house. There is what we see has been not inaptly called the 'lardy-dardy' side, and there is its opposite near Tattersall's enclosure, where business reigns supreme. The 'lardy-dardy' has the band, and is very particular about the luncheon; the business side devotes the band to Bath, and lunches whenever its spirits are equal to the occasion. Its spirits were not cheerful on the first day of the First Spring. That such an old infirm crack as Royal Charlie should win the Selling Steeple Chase, and upset such a certainty as Mimulus, was a real blow. The veteran came away from the start, kept increasing his lead, and it was not until the last hurdle that Adams brought up the favourite and tried to get on terms with him, but failing to do so was beaten by a head, after a good set-to, in which the voices of the fielders were heard. Bonchurch, too, failed in the Cardinals Handicap to beat Bancks, and though this was not quite such a disastrous thing as the first event, seeing that Bancks was well supported by his late owner and all the numerous followers who follow Charley Bush, still it was blow No. 2. The Open Hunter's Steeple Chase was a chapter of accidents. Huntingfield did, what we believe he had never done before—he refused. Atrocity overpowered her rider, and bolted, and the race was left to the outsider, Goldfinder, with whom Mr. Hanbury cantered in some lengths in front of Lady Currall. The only scrap of comfort was found in Montague Square, who with Stenwix divided the favouritism for the Selling Hurdle

Race; and yet that was not much, for Stenwix, the property of Mr. Hwfa Williams, had, we need scarcely say, a host of friends. His owner fancied him greatly, and of course not only was the business side on the Jacks, the Jims, the Matts and the Marcus's, but many a 'lardy-dardy' also invested his modest stake, and advised his Jemima of the hour to do the same. So there were howls when Montague Square was seen to be winning easily at the last hurdle; but we fancy a little was got back on Jackal in the Prince of Wales's Steeple Chase by those worthy to be 'in the know.' The well-nigh used-up Citizen was the favourite, with odds on him, but Lord Marcus, though he did not say much, and some of his intimate friends seemed hardly aware that Jackal was running, quietly backed his horse, and the intimate friends, we have no doubt, were well on too, innocent as some of them appeared. It is very curious, though at the same time very common, how reticent men are when they think they have a good thing. Of course we are not addressing our racing readers when we say this. They would laugh at our beard for making such a remark. But as we speak to a constituency outside the racing pale, we mention the patent fact. It is, perhaps, hardly worth while, but the blank astonishment on the face of a prominent backer when we asked him at Sandown if he thought Jackal could win, so impressed us that we have ventured to draw attention to a threadbare theme.

The second day was devoted to the Grand Prize, the biggest hurdle race, in the matter of money, ever contested. An added 'thou' is a big sum certainly, and probably if the season had been more favourable there would have been a more brilliant assemblage at the post to contend for it. Why Advance, after his bad exhibition at Kempton Park, was made the favourite he was it is difficult to say, for we believe Captain Machell did not so greatly fancy him, but the Captain's little finger is thicker than other people's loins, and if he does but show his hand ever so little, the public do the rest. Joe Cannon, too, was very fond of Advance, and that went for something; so the tip became such a strong one, that people at last eagerly took 2 to 1. To back Advance and Clonave coupled was the plungers' intent, the certainty on which they were to recoup themselves for the previous bad day. The Irish horse looked uncommonly well for the old one he is—almost too well, many thought, for he appeared more like carrying 14 stone to hounds than taking Mr. Beasley to the front at the last hurdle here. He was believed to have a temper, too, but still that did not prevent 6 to 1 being eagerly taken about him. To the dismay of many early birds Bugle March was announced among the arrivals, and it was soon known that on her, and not on Blue Ruin, Mr. Case-Walker would depend. Of course, she too was backed, and she divided with Clonave the position of second favourite. Lord Rosebery, not much given to steeplechasing, unexpectedly furnished a favourite, too, in First Spring, and as the noble lord was present, of course the tip was a strong one. Nothing else was backed. The Duke of Montrose did not fancy Hoppbloom, nor, we believe, did Sir John Astley incline to Scamp, and assuredly Tom Jennings would have nothing to say to Rifle. There had been a trial the previous Saturday, in which Rifle had been badly beaten by Paul's Cray, who here at Sandown on the Tuesday had finished a very bad third to Boniface in the International Hurdle. So Rifle was only started on the off chance; old Tom did not think it worth while coming to see him run, and left to young Tom to do what he liked, which was, that he would not have a sixpence on his mount, and stood a fiver with Joe Cannon on Advance. Such is life. The story is an old one now, how the start was a straggling one, how Advance seemed unable to get on his legs, and was hopelessly out of it from the first; how Rifle did not look any better off until

half a mile from home he forged to the front, and at the last flight of hurdles had his field settled, leaving Sir Hugh, First Spring, and Verity, and winning in a canter. The result of the race was a foorer to backers, of course, for all the favourites, with the exception of First Spring, cut a very bad figure. Advance was never dangerous, neither was Bugle March. Clonave flattered his backers for a moment or two, but when Mr. Beasley asked him to go in earnest the veteran declined. Scamp cut a deplorable figure, and the old fellow has no doubt had enough of it, and does not mean to trouble himself in the future. Neither did Bugle March look at all like a Grand National winner, and Mr. Case-Walker perhaps regretted he did not run Blue Ruin. Of the outsiders Gunlock ran about the best, and will probably win a race when he is not in quite such good company, though it must be admitted that the company was nothing very extraordinary at Sandown. It is difficult to account for Advance's bad running. He lost a good deal of ground at the start, it is true, but he was beaten half a mile from home, and we must fain suppose that we have overrated his powers. The other events do not call for much remark, but the meeting, we may add, was a highly successful one, an excellent beginning to the others in store for us.

And another forty-eight hours saw us again on 'the slopes,' and this time a more brilliant company than before, for the soldiers held their annual tryst, and half the London world came down to see them. There had been some talk of shifting the venue this year, but where could a better spot be found than Sandown? The impossibility of pleasing every one is, of course, an axiom. The Household Brigade, of course, prefers Sandown; so does Aldershot, and the regiment at Hounslow would equally vote for it, but some of our cavalry quartered in the north or midland district want a more central fixture. There is some reason in their complaint, and as a change of scene is sometimes desirable, let us suggest to the stewards and the worthy hon. sec., Major Dixon, that they might try Derby next year. We were much struck by the capabilities of the course when there last month, and there is plenty of accommodation for man and horse. The stand is a good one, and the place is very central and easy of access. We still think Sandown Park is a capital *locale*, but if a change should be desirable, let our brave defenders pitch their tent at Derby. But there is plenty of time to think of this. On that afternoon at Sandown, under a summer sky and in almost summer temperature, nothing could be more delightful; and though the sport was not of a very high order, yet was it better than we have seen at a Grand Military for two or three years. It looked at one time as if there were no young men coming on to ride, but now we have Mr. Lee Barber, Mr. W. B. Morris, and, the latest addition, Mr. Brocklehurst, of the 5th Lancers, and brother to the famous polo-player in the Blues, three gentlemen who can hold their own across any country, and who are gaining, and will gain, additional science and judgment each year. Mr. Hartigan, too, in the same regiment with Mr. Lee Barber (the 3rd Dragoon Guards), and who rode Boyne Water in the Gold Cup, ought to be favourably mentioned, and there may be one or two more to whom our apologies are due for omitting their names. Notwithstanding Citizen's defeat two days previously over this course, he was made favourite for the Gold Cup, though he was meeting Boyne Water on bad terms. The latter, brought expressly for this race by Mr. Fleming, of the 53rd, was just on the course that suited him, and he had strong support, despite Citizen's strong party. As we have before said, in our notice of Sandown Spring, Sir John Kaye's horse has had nearly enough of it, and he ran no better than he did in the Prince of Wales's Steeple Chase, Boyne Water beating them easily. There was a 'tip' about Cron-

stadt, but he never showed prominently in the race, and Jupiter Tonans, who made all the running at the three quarter of a mile post, when the favourites passed him, was giving too much weight away to have a chance. The Household Brigade Cup was a good thing for Chemise, ridden by Colonel Harford, and Easton won the Military Hunters'; but his hunting certificate was not considered *en règle*, so he was disqualified, and the race awarded to St. Anthony.

The second day was even more crowded than the first. Saturday racing is becoming so popular, especially with society, that the Club Stand and lawn were hardly ever fuller. The sport was fair, and nobody took any great harm. Colonel Harford's Maritana, the owner up, was a good thing for the Guards' Hunt Cup, and Colonel Byrne's Gil Blas, admirably ridden by Mr. Lee Barber, landed the Grand Military ditto. It was in the Light Weight Grand Military that Mr. H. D. Brocklehurst scored his first important win, on his own horse Collegian, beating a great favourite of Captain Paget's in Matador II. Whitehaven, also, backed by Sir John Kaye and his friends, was outpaced. Billy M'Daniel, once the property of Lord Falmouth, was of a class sufficiently superior to anything in the Household Brigade Hunter's Plate to win it easily, and with the win of Muscovy in the Open Steeple Chase, the soldiers' sports came to a conclusion.

One thing the Grand National Hunt may be congratulated upon this year, and that is the choice of Derby for their meeting. The choice, by the way, was rather limited; but let that pass. The course at Derby, as we have just now taken occasion to remark, is an excellent one, and much has been done lately to make both the flat and the cross country as perfect as anything in the Midlands. There is a better entry this year, too, and a better field—the best we have seen for some three or four years—but still the whole affair was slow. There is no life in the G. N. H., and no one whom we can find to put any into it. The objects for which it was founded seem to have been entirely lost sight of. Nobody does anything. The association has no backbone. One of its leading features was that it was understood to be the stern reprover of evil doers, and though it commenced well in this respect, recent events and the escape of a notorious offender summoned before its committee, would seem to show that the strong arm has lost its power. That the Association has lost its prestige we all know, and very grievous it is that such should be the case. The comments on some of its recent divisions have not been flattering, and there seems no one, as we have said before, able or willing to take a leading part in the committee room and consider the objects for which it was founded.

On the Stand at Derby the members of the G. N. H. were few. Mr. Clare Vyner was there to see Bellringer win, and there were Mr. Reginald Herbert, Captain Gilbert Sterling, Captain Middleton, and two or three more. How different from the gatherings of ten or twelve years ago, when over Leicestershire ridge and furrows, by the banks of the Wharfe, and in Bedfordshire pastures, we met the cream of the hunting field. Then towns vied and struggled with each other as to which should secure the annual meeting; this year only three solicited its presence. However, there was, as we have said, a better field, some very good-looking horses, and a good horse in the winner. Before these lines meet our readers' eyes, and while they are going through the press, the Liverpool will be lost and won; therefore we must be careful not to commit ourselves to too strong an opinion about Bellringer's chance, which, at the time we write, we believe Mr. Vyner considers a good one. He may win the Liverpool, but we confess we shall be surprised if he does.

We of course remember Lucellum at Aylesbury, and what was said about him, and The Bear at Cottenham, and what was said about him. They were both to be Liverpool winners, but failed in their endeavours; and though we are bound to speak more respectfully of The Bear since his Croydon win, we don't like trusting a horse or a man into whom it is necessary to infuse Dutch courage. Bellringer won rather cleverly at Derby, and he was most patiently ridden by Mr. Arthur Coventry; but then those behind him were probably only moderate, and it would not be wise to depend too much upon the form. But we feel treading on the dangerous ground of prophecy, and had better pull up in time. Skyscraper ran in the race very well, and showed a bold front until he fell about two fences from home. He did better the following day, when he beat Minotaur, and as Mr. Churnsides deserves every encouragement for bringing his horses from Australia, we are glad to record his success. Taking the field as a whole, the lot was a good-looking one, and we only wish more had been there to see them.

The other races were not much to speak of. Favourites generally won, and what may be called the home stable had a good turn with Puck and Serape. In the first race, the Tally-Ho Hunter's, won by Judy, an objection was lodged against her by Mr. W. E. Hale, the owner of the second horse, Swordsman, on the ground of insufficient description. 'Dam, pedigree 'unknown,' was the entry on the card, and the stewards going into the case at Loughborough on the Monday following, disqualified Judy, and gave the race to Swordsman. According to this decision, it would seem useless for any one to enter a horse with that description attached to it. Mr. Hale was of course quite justified in making the objection if he saw his way to the judge's fiat being reversed; but we confess we cannot quite understand the stewards' decision. How many men buy horses at auctions and elsewhere, the pedigrees of whose dams it would be quite impossible to discover? Are they to be disqualified, then, for any and every race which they win? We should like to know on what grounds the stewards arrived at the conclusion they did. The second day's sport was witnessed by comparatively few, Saturday's racing not being so popular in the provinces as it is in the neighbourhood of London. We like the course, as we have before said, and the whole arrangements of the meetings are very well done, the comfort of visitors being well attended to under the new *régime*.

Steeplechasing at Newmarket is, we fear, an exotic plant which will not take kindly to the soil or the soil to it, at least judging from the experiments made over Captain Machell's private course at Kennett, near Newmarket, the week after Derby. It was a postponed meeting, and that generally means failure, as we know. There were a great many people there, and Captain Machell had done everything in a very liberal style, but the entries were poor; and even Lady Charles Ker's Gold Cup only brought five to the post. The first day was pleasant enough, but the second was a piercer, and not even the attractions of a drag hunt steeplechase made up for the discomfort of the east wind. A drag hunt revives the old question of hare *versus* hounds; but under the circumstances of the steeplechase in question, and the way in which it was run, no test of the respective powers of hare or hound could be discovered. The drag was badly laid on, and the riders were much more intent on making the best of their way home than following the hounds. The affair was mismanaged somehow, and yet the country was a capital one for the purpose; and Lord Charles Ker, whose hounds they were, has had much experience in hunting a drag at Windsor and elsewhere. But somebody blundered. We wish Captain Machell had had a better return for the pains and labour he

bestowed upon the getting-up of the affair, for, in all probability, he will not be very eager about it next year.

The following from a valued Leicestershire correspondent came too late to appear last month:—

'After nine weeks' frost, during which time hounds were only out hunting twice, the Quorn commenced in earnest at Beeby, on Friday, the 7th February, the day after the Harborough ball; but there was little scent, and with a short-running fox, which they killed, there was no sport to remark upon. On Saturday, the 8th, the meet was at Copt Oak, quite in the centre of their forest country; they had a very good day, killing their hunted fox after an hour's hard work, and afterwards ran two to ground. On Monday, the 10th February, at Six Hills. Found at Thrussington, hounds got well away, and ran over that splendid country, the Hoby Vale, where most of the fences are "ox fences," which take a real bold horse. We ran hard over this country for thirty minutes, the Master and huntsman sticking close to the hounds, with very few others with them, up to Hoby Rectory, where the fox was headed and turned towards Segrave. Here the hounds were getting close to him, and ran him in view into Segrave Village, where they killed him after a good hour and a quarter. We found our second fox at Cossington Gorse, and had a nice hunting run over a very deep country, our fox making for the forest; but the floods being out he got on the railway, and Firr, in a very clever style, brought him to hand close to Mount Sorrel. So ended the day, killing two foxes in the open. Tuesday, the 11th, Markfield Toll Bar, I believe they had a good run of an hour over some part of the Atherstone country, then through Ratby Barrows to Braunston, where they lost their fox. Thursday, the 13th, at Brooksby Hall, which is considered quite a crack Quorn meet. Here you see all the best horses in Leicestershire, and the best men. You always receive a hearty welcome at Brooksby, which is the seat of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Chaplin. The Master does not allow much time to discuss the good things in the hall, but gives the order for Brooksby Spinnies, and on to Cream Gorse, where, after some delay in covert, a gallant fox is viewed away, and we ran over a beautiful country for fifty minutes to ground near Gaddesby. Friday, the 14th, the day after the Yeomanry ball at Leicester, we met at 12 o'clock at Quenby Hall, where Lord Manners was glad to see all the field. We had no particular sport to-day, so I shall pass on to Thursday at Beeby, where that first-rate sportsman, Mr. Thomas Nuttall, always offers the Quorn, Mr. Coupland, and all his friends such a hearty welcome. There was so much snow at Baggrave that the hounds were taken to Scraftoft. After disturbing a whole lot of foxes out of Colonel Burnaby's covert, we had a good hour's run from Scraftoft to ground near to Tilton. Friday, the 21st; this will be a day remembered by all who were fortunate enough to be in time to trot off from Great Dalby to Squire Hartopp's covert, Gartree Hill. No sooner had Tom Firr put hounds in covert than several foxes were on foot, and one broke covert on the Little Dalby side, and Firr's cheery voice was heard with his hounds, all coming out of covert, hundreds of horsemen racing down to the small gate into the spinney. They turned first to Burdett's Covert; here the Master viewed him away, and hounds raced him up Burrough Hill into the 'Punch Bowl,' one of the Cottesmore coverts, where he was again seen to leave. We ran on to Peckwell, then to Somerby, on to Owston Village, then by Twyford, leaving Lowesby on the left, on to Baggrave, leaving the Hall on the right, to Hungarton, and from scent to view they ran into their fox in a grass field within half a mile of Scraftoft, after quite the best run of the season.

I make the distance good nine miles straight point, and fourteen miles as we went. Time, one hour and three-quarters. There were several who went well, but few who stuck to the hounds all the way. I believe Mr. Coupland, Tom Firr, and Neal (the Cottesmore huntsman), viewed the fox a field or two before they pulled him down in the open. The brush of this gallant fox was presented to Miss Elmhirst, and she fairly earned it, for no one ever rode more gallantly over the cream of Leicestershire than did this lady to-day.

'I hear the question respecting the country which Mr. Tailby resigned last season has been decided by the M. F. H. Committee at Boodle's in favour of Mr. Coupland, and that this body of gentlemen, who are the authorised tribunal to settle all such matters, are unanimously of opinion that the country is still a portion of the Quorn, and that Mr. Coupland has the undoubted right to hunt it. As master of the Quorn Mr. Coupland, acting, as it were, as trustee for the country, was perfectly right in putting in his claim on behalf of the Quorn Hunt, and the result shows that he thoroughly understood what he was about. I understand Mr. Coupland intends to hunt the whole country, and it is to be hoped he will be supported on the Billesdon side by all as he is in the present Quorn country. I think he has shown himself sufficiently capable to judge of these matters, and I feel sure he would not attempt what he could not accomplish with success.'

We are sorry after this to have to add the following intelligence, which has been sent us for publication:—

'A very large meeting of tenant farmers and occupiers of land in the Billesdon Hunt was held at Kibworth, on Wednesday the 19th, to consider what should be done in reference to the late decision of the committee of "Boodles'." After some discussion, the following resolutions were carried:— "That this meeting protests against Sir Bache Cunard being turned out of the Billesdon country, after his successful exertions to show sport, and the great expense he has been at in setting up his establishment and building kennels"; and also "That this meeting, through its chairman, informs Mr. Coupland, the Master of the Quorn hounds, that if he or any other gentleman persists in attempting to hunt the Billesdon country, he will be prosecuted for trespass by the farmers and occupiers whose names are attached." A committee was also appointed to see that these resolutions were fully carried out, and a great many put their signatures to the second.'

We can make every allowance for a natural feeling of irritation on the part of owners and tenants in the Billesdon country at losing Sir Bache Cunard, who has made himself very popular with all classes, but still we venture to hope that when calmer feelings prevail, no such unsportsmanlike act as the prosecution for trespass of the Master of the Quorn will be attempted. Indeed, we have reason to believe that the movement has no support from the landlords on that side the country, for on the Quorn Committee there are many leading Billesdon names.

We have much pleasure in receiving the following budget from Devonshire:—

The Dartmoor hounds began their second season, with Admiral Parker as Master, very well; but since the frost set in there has not been much sport, even on the days when they were not altogether stopped. Dartmoor covered with snow is romantic, but it is not that particular phase of romance in which the fox-hunter delights. Two runs, however, are worth recording, one in the enclosures and one on the moor, which will cause the season to be remembered otherwise than for its frost and snow.

On Saturday, the 9th of November, the meet was at Chaddlewood, the seat of that good friend of fox-hunters and of everybody else in all ranks of life, Mr. Soltau-Symons. After killing a short-running pheasant-fed fox in the home coverts, another was found farther off of a very different disposition, which left for Kitley, Mr. Baldwin-Bastard's beautiful seat on the estuary of the river Yealm, without waiting to hear more than the first challenge of the hounds—that was enough for him. The pack ran him fast to Kitley, with a good scent, over a fine scenting country and Devonshire enclosures. At Kitley he flattered himself that he was at home, and tried some time to gain a sanctuary there, the hounds running him well round the coverts near the house. Finding no safety, however, he again gallantly faced the open, and, with the hounds very near him, crossed the enclosures to Coffleet boat-house. Here the tide in the estuary was high; he was by this time about five minutes ahead of the pack, and he boldly took to the water to swim across, a distance of nearly half a mile. The hounds when they came up followed him, and Mr. W. Adams, one of the best Dartmoor young ones, rushed to the boat-house and launched a boat, into which he, the huntsman, and Mr. H. Collins-Splatt embarked. Mr. Eden, R.M., Captain Alexander, and Mr. Turnbull, 32nd Regiment, quickly launched a second boat, leaving their horses to take their chance with anybody who would hold them. It was a lovely day, and the estuary of the Yealm, surrounded by wooded hills in their brilliant autumnal tint, varied by the ornamental trees of Kitley and a little pasture-land in and out, was a splendid landscape. The sun shone brightly on the most unusual scene, viewed by many from the heights, of a fox, a pack of hounds in full cry, the huntsman and the field in their scarlet, in full chase on the water; the huntsman standing in a boat cheering to the echo, and the fox-hunters pulling their oars like men and Britons. To those who hunt the otter, or the wild deer on Exmoor, a fine scent in a river is nothing strange. They know that water carries a good scent on its surface, and that hounds will not only follow their game into the water, but hunt him there, acknowledging with their sweet tongues the scent that is wafted to them by the breeze or carried to them by the current. The stout fox landed well clear of the pack, and Boxall, who is active on foot, was prepared to kill his fox dismounted; but the fox knew what he was about, he had gone for the great earths at Newton Wood, and there he found the safety which he had sought for in vain at Kitley. He went a good distance; he must have known a great deal of country, and he braved the waters of the deep with the determined courage of a hero.

The moor run was a wild one, much too wild for most of the field, who, however, were unfortunate, as will presently appear. The meet was at Bittaford Bridge, on the skirts of the moor, on Wednesday, the 15th of January, a bye-day, as the hounds had been driven home the day before by the weather. The frost and snow having given the foxes a long holiday, they seem to have deserted their usual snug brakes, for the coverts that are generally a sure find were drawn blank; and it was not until Boxall was about to draw Coryton that any substantial evidence of the existence of this interesting animal was made clear. But before the hounds entered the covert a halloo on the moor proclaimed that he was a-foot; and on Boxall going to the tally, his pack, which was a large one, many hounds requiring work after so long a rest, divided on three different lines. Two divisions ran their respective foxes to earth at a fast pace, the scent being very good; and, whilst Boxall was doing his best to get them together, they hit another line, and eight couple raced away on what proved to be a real good fox. There were at least four if not five foxes near one another on the open moor, causing

considerable embarrassment to man and hound. The eight couple ran their fox over the wild parts of the moor at a rattling pace, with no one riding too close to their sterns. Some few rode at a respectful distance, and others followed. The fox ran an almost straight line, and that of course means pace with a fast pack and good scent, cresting Brentfore hill, leaving Peter's Cross on his left, across the river Avon, through Huntingdon Warren and the boggy ground beyond, to Holne Moor, by Compton Tor, on to Dartmeet, when, turning short, he reached the great coverts on the banks of the Dart, extending down the river to Holne Chace. Boxall came up with more of his hounds soon after, but the fox had made good his point to the strongest coverts and rocks on Dartmoor. This run is remarkable for the find, the straightness of the line taken by the fox, the pace, and the distance, about eight miles as the crow flies, equal to ten at least up hill and down. It is supposed, the moor having been very quiet for some time by virtue of the snow, that a parliament of foxes had met to debate on the choice of a wife, and that the honourable member for Benjay Tor, coming from those inaccessible coverts on the Dart, went home as straight as he could go when the question was adjourned 'on the motion of the hounds.' He must be a true 'forrester,' as the large grey Dartmoor foxes are called by the moor-men.

On Friday, February the 28th, the Queen's Hounds met at Wokingham, when Goodall turned out an untried hind in Mr. May's field. After dodging about for some time by the railway she crossed the line and went at a tremendous pace to Finchampstead, where she was taken after a run of one hour and twenty minutes, and on being found to be injured by wire, Goodall ordered her to be killed. A second deer was then uncared, also an untried hind, at Mr. Murdoch's of Buckhurst Park; she went well away, pointing at first towards Bracknell, then to Binfield, Warfield and Winkfield, through Chauridge Gorse, and was finally taken at Mount Skippett, after as good a run of two hours as ever was seen with these hounds. Out of a very large field, which included the Earls of Hardwicke and Cork, past and present Masters, Sir George Wombwell, Sir Gilbert East, Mr. Murdoch, Mr. Adams, Mr. Bowen May, Mr. H. W. Nevill, Doctor Jones, and many others from London, there were only six up at the finish, Messrs. Saunders, Adams, Nevill, Walker, jun., Hughes, Goodall. The March number of 'Baily' not then being out, and the remarks on their recent conduct seen by the inmates of the asylum, the lunatics from Hanwell were still most unruly, and sorely taxed the huntsman's patience on more than one occasion. This was a very hard day for both hounds and horses, as the country was very deep.

After having had two or three bad scenting days, the North Warwickshire had a very good day on March 5th. They met at Hay Wood, where they found at once, and after running him in covert for fifteen minutes broke away on the Wroxall side, and had a very good twelve minutes to ground; then went on to Springfield, found in the gorse, got away close to him, and raced him for twenty-five minutes over a good country and killed; found a third at Frogmore, with which they had a capital forty-five minutes in the open, and ran into him. Amongst those out were Lord Mountgarrett, Mr. Lant, the Master and Mr. John Lant, the Hon. Dudley Leigh, Mr. John Arkwright, Captain Boulton, Mr. George Beard, Mr. G. Graham, Mr. Hobson, Mr. Robins, Mr. Gubbins, Mr. Green, and several others. On the way home several called at Mr. Lant's, where after having well refreshed himself, on coming away a gentleman got on the Hon. Mr. Leigh's horse, and was jogging along very happily when Wheatley noticed

he was on the wrong horse, and sent one of the whips to tell him of his mistake. His look of astonishment at the intelligence was a study, and his happiness was considerably diminished at having to trot back half a mile to get his own steed.

Our records of sport with the Badminton hounds are somewhat meagre this month, but we can safely say, that if the gallop which occurred on the 1st had been repeated often during the last four weeks, there would have been few horses left for sportsmen to ride to the end of the season. The meet on that day was Beckhampton, and a very large field was present, composed not only of the Duke's own followers, but of a host of Tedworth and South Wilts men, all eager for one of those races over the downs which the vicinity of Marlborough so often affords. Nor were they disappointed; the hounds finding in the larger of the two Beckhampton gorges; a fox went away from the Westwood side, and ran up to the corner of Mr. Wentworth's plantation, then across the Tanhill road, by Parry's down and Taylor's down, to the village of Alton-Pryors in the Tedworth country, where he was pulled down in the road running through that village. The points of the run speak for themselves, and are the best criterion of the pace of this wonderful gallop, which lasted only twenty-two minutes; suffice it to say, that as the crow flies the distance on the Ordnance map is just under five miles, while the line the hounds ran was considerably over six miles. Of course there was not a fence to be jumped, but the ups and downs of these hills scattered the large field all over the place, and brought many a good horse to an absolute stand-still. In fact, only two or three who rode the line of the hounds were really in it after the first two miles; the leader of this division being Mr. Sloper, on a cast-off of William Day's, a thoroughbred by Hubert, who was once sold for the sum of three sovereigns! Following Mr. Sloper were Mr. C. Bernard, Mr. William Long, Messrs. Gould and Cochrane, and Bob Vincent, the first whip; but there were others who, by a mixture of good judgment and a turn of luck, managed to see the major part of the run, and finally the kill, by riding the Wansdyke, by which they avoided the worst of the hill, and had the satisfaction of seeing the hounds turn to them just before they sank the vale into Alton-Pryors. Among this division were the Duke on a well-known galloper, 'The General,' Lord Worcester on a new grey, and Lord Arthur Somerset. Mr. Edward Miles also went well on a young grey horse, who carried the seventeen stone entrusted to him with great credit. The bitch-pack did their work admirably, with but one slight hesitation during the whole run, and coming over the final hill threw their tongues as merrily as if they were at the beginning instead of the end of the fun. We heard it suggested, and we trust the suggestion may be carried out, that this run should be measured with a chain, so as to test the actual distance covered, and we are sure that no one could undertake the task better than Mr. Sloper, who was certainly the hero of the gallop, and fairly earned the brush which Lord Worcester presented him at the finish. It would give us great pleasure if any of our readers with experience of down-hunting, either in the present or the past, would favour us with an accurate statement of the times and distances of some of the fastest gallops remembered, so that we might compare them with the run now recorded.

The sport in this month in Hampshire has not been very brilliant, for dry, hard fallows are not very conducive to scent. The H. H. have had no especial run, although some fair sport. Without a wet March we cannot look for much sport in this country.

The Hambledon have fared much in the same way. On March the 7th, they had a nice hunting day, the meet being Corhampton House. They

found in Downleas, a covert of Mr. King Wyndham's, and went away directly, through Exton Wood, through the end of the Beeches at Preshaw, over Lomers Down, and killed him within one hundred yards of Sailor's Wood, having regularly burst him in ten minutes. They found again in Cloverley Wood, another covert of Mr. King Wyndham's, went away through Dean copse to the edge of Stephen's Castle Down, away over the open to Sergeant's, leaving Littleton on the left, through the end of Bottom copse, then back through Dean copse, and exactly the same ring to Bottom copse, when he broke away to Hazleholt, and was killed in a dell in Hazleholt Park—just fifty-six minutes. Mr. Deacon of the H. H. was out, and was highly delighted with the working of the hounds. On Monday, March the 17th, they met at Hogg's Lodge, when they killed three foxes. The first was killed in twenty minutes, the second in thirty-five minutes, and the third in twenty minutes. Each of these runs was the very best pace, and all over downs.

Since the snow went and the March winds began the Fife Hounds have had only half scents, but some very hard days. On Saturday, March 8th, they hunted a good fox for about a couple of hours for many miles, but he beat them at last.

From the county of Cork we hear that Mr. R. D. Hare has been re-elected as Master of the United Hunt for the coming season, and that the members are all looking forward to the return of Lord Shannon; but we are truly sorry to hear of some hounds again being poisoned in that country. On Friday, March 7th, the meet was Dunkettle, where the late Master, Mr. Gubbins, resides. It was a fine morning, and the largest meet of the season. Both Duhallow and Muskerry were well represented, and there was a drag loaded with officers. The hounds found as soon as they were put into covert; but after about twenty minutes' hunting with a bad scent the fox went to ground. They next drew Morrison's Glen, found, and, just as the hounds were settling, they divided and spoilt what ought to have been a nice run, as they eventually marked him to ground on the new line at Riverstown. Kilquan was the next draw, where they found and got away on good terms, ran a ring fast over a big country back to where he was found to ground in a rabbit-hole (this made No. 3 to ground). Rainsalough was the next order, and when they were within a hundred yards of that covert three hounds tumbled over and died within five minutes of each other. Of course that put an end to the hunting for that day, so Saunders got the rest away as quickly as possible.

On Tuesday the Queen's County foxhounds had the run of the season. They met at Corbally, where there was rather a limited attendance owing to the assizes at Maryborough, so that a great many of the regulars were absentees, but amongst those present were Mr. R. Hamilton Stubber, the Master, Colonel Carden, Mr. R. Staples, Messrs. H. and C. Moore, Mr. Hawkesworth, the Messrs Dunne, Mr. Kilbride, Mr. Dugdale, and Messrs. Edge, Betts, and Byrne. Rawle first drew the gorses at Corbally, Mr. Kilbride's glen, the old covert at Orchard, and the Fossy Glens blank, so that the field began to look very blue. As a last resource they trotted off to an outlying piece of gorse at the back of the village of Tinahoe, which had several times this season held a fox, and no sooner were the hounds in it than a fox was away at the other end, pointing for Lemons, but at the top of the hill wheeled to the left over the black mountain, and being headed turned for Mr. Kilbride's glen, through it and past his house, over the bottoms, and the White Rock, to the Bankers Hill, through that covert, where he turned back for the White Rocks, but being again headed made for Bankers Hill,

on to the Cobler's Castle, pointing for Ballykilkavan, where the hounds caught sight of him in the middle of the field, when he tried to regain the covert, but he could not get over the fence, being so beaten, so they pulled him down and he was as stiff as a crutch, after a real fine run of one hour and thirty-five minutes. Rawle hunted his hounds with great judgment and patience. He is leaving the Queen's County at the end of this season, and is anxious to get a fresh situation.

The B. V. H. have been showing most excellent sport during the last month, good runs falling to their lot almost every day they have hunted since the break-up of the frost. March hares are proverbially very strong, and have been running like foxes, affording runs long enough for the best horses. On the 4th of March these hounds had a good day from South Stoke, and killed a brace of hares; on the 8th, two very good runs in the North Stoke country, killing a brace of hares after two very fast runs; on the 18th they had a capital day's sport from Cholsey, near Wallingford, running a jack hare over that fine open country, and pulling him down in the open, after a run of fifty-five minutes; then a second run, also with a jack, going by Winterbrook and Whitecross, and along the Thames side, and running from scent to view, blew him up in the open opposite the Asylum, after a hard and fast run of forty-five minutes, the hounds going 'like a flock of pigeons' during the latter part of the run. The Master now gave the word for home, the hounds being seventeen miles from their kennels. On the 21st they met at Harwell village, and ran into their first hare in thirty minutes, killing her at Milton, close by the Great Western line; then finding a gallant hare near Hendred, they had a fine hunting run of one hour and twenty minutes, and killed between East Hagbourne and Fulscott. Although Mr. Everett shows such good sport with his well-known harriers, he does not confine himself to hare-hunting only, but may frequently be seen with the South Oxfordshire fox-hounds, whenever Lord Macclesfield brings his crack pack within his reach.

We have also much pleasure in informing our readers who take an interest in the progress and welfare of the 'Hunt Servants Benefit Society,' that Her Majesty the Empress of Austria, before her departure, sent a donation of 50*l.*, and we trust that many Irish and English ladies will follow her liberal example.

During this month some noted hunters will be brought up to the hammer. Those who go over to Punchestown should look in at Sewell's Repository on Thursday the 24th, when the Meath horses, but those who object to those occasionally nasty three hours between Holyhead and Kingstown if they don't get what they want at Tattersall's should go down to Leicester on Saturday the 5th, when some hunters are to be sold, amongst them one or two that have always been ridden right in front by Mr. F. L. Wedge of Stretton-on-Dunsmoor, and are really well known with the Pytchley, Atherstone, and North Warwickshire.

Not long ago a celebrated pack of hounds in the South was fixed to meet at the house of a most hospitable and sporting miller, who always entertained the field right royally. However, on account of the death of a near relative of the miller's, the Master ordered the hounds to be taken not to his residence but some little distance away. When people began to arrive, they found a very solemn-looking individual in the deepest of black, who told them each in turn that Mr. ——— would be happy to receive the condolences of his friends in his loss, if they would ride down to the house. Accordingly many went, and were received by the worthy miller in his funeral costume and a tear in each eye, who pressed their hands in solemn

silence, and merely asked, 'Which can I offer you, sweet or dry?' Having dispensed the rites of hospitality he went and buried his relation, and the hounds had a capital run.

'You make a god of your stomach,' said one hunting man to another, who is particularly good at a breakfast or luncheon. 'I admit it,' replied he, 'and it's a god that never deceived me but once: and then I put sweet champagne on flummery in the morning.'

There is an attempt now being made by gentlemen interested in all manly sports to revive a taste for boxing. Perhaps 'revive' is hardly the correct term here, for there has been, in point of fact, already a revival, as witness the interest taken in dead-and-gone pugilists and pugilistic encounters, and the interest with which the story of fights, when the prize ring was in its zenith, are read in the columns of sporting papers. The new association has been established for the 'Encouragement of Boxing,' and has for its godfathers Mr. Charles Buller and Mr. Hwfa Williams, names in themselves a sufficient guarantee for the effective carrying out of the objects of the association. The project received warm support from Sir John Astley, Lord Londesborough, Captain H. Coventry, the Duke of Montrose, Lord Rossmore, Lord Mandeville, &c., &c., and the first meeting was held on the 8th ult., at St. James's Hall. The admission was limited to members of all the well-known London clubs, and to gentlemen introduced by them, which of course made the attendance more select than numerous. Still 'every one was there,' and the well-known faces of men met daily in our walks abroad, whether these walks be on Newmarket Heath or Pall Mall, at Albert Gate or in Piccadilly, filled the front rows of the stalls. Perhaps the grandest sight of the evening was Billy Shaw in a dress suit and a white tie. The worthy Billy was the judicious M.C.—rather too judicious in the estimation of a great many of the young fellows present, who would have liked to see some real work in earnest, and not mere exhibitions of skill and science. But the managers were quite right in directing the M.C. to part the men as soon as they began to come to too close quarters. The orthodox sixteen-foot ring was on the stage—a bad situation, but we suppose there was no help for it; bad in this respect, that if any man had fallen over the ropes on the side nearest to the audience—a good drop of seven or eight feet—it was quite possible that 'the subsequent proceedings' would have interested him no more,' as Truthful James remarked about that unfortunate affair on the Stanislaw. So, we repeat, Billy was quite right in parting the 'pugs' when they got too warm. The police and an 'inkwich' would have been a bad beginning for the Association for the Encouragement of Boxing; and though the exhortations, in emphatic language, to 'let 'em alone' were loud and frequent, the M.C., perhaps sorely against the grain, obeyed orders. Some of the sparring was very good, that between the light weights, Dowsett and Hawkins, particularly so. Two better-matched men could not have been found. Macarthy and Horne, too, gave us two excellent rounds; but the last affair between Professor Donnelly and Allen, the champion, was more provocative of laughter than admiration, seeing that lack of condition tried them sore. Everybody, however, was much pleased with the evening's amusement, and many want to know when it is to be repeated.

Every pigeon-fancier and many outside that circle, will be glad to welcome Mr. Tegetmeier's reprint of Moore's 'Columbarium,' a work become now, we believe, extremely rare. From the old edition of 1735 Mr. Tegetmeier has reproduced the present volume, a faithful reproduction, page for page and line for line, with the old type. The work is valuable as being the source of all subsequent works on domestic pigeons, and as such is a text-book that ought to be known and studied. Mr. Tegetmeier has added a short notice of the

author and his other works ; and the little volume, we should say, would find a ready sale and many readers.

The coaching season is commencing earlier than usual. Two Dorkings are already on the road—or rather, we should say, one Dorking and the Box Hill, the latter the familiar primrose body and red under-carriage which we knew so well when 'Cooper's coach' was the one on the road. Before these pages meet our readers' eyes, the Box Hill will have commenced running, leaving Hatchett's at 10.30, and arriving at Burford Bridge at 1 o'clock, returning thence at 4 P.M., and getting back to Piccadilly at 6.30. The coach is admirably horsed, and no expense has been spared by the proprietors ; while the public will, we are sure, appreciate the cheapness of the luxury offered them. Coaching is an expensive amusement, we all know, but still the fares on some of our road coaches we cannot help thinking excessive. On the Box Hill such is not the case. Five shillings outside, the single journey, and two and sixpence inside, is very moderate, and, in addition, there is another novelty in intermediate fares at an equally low tariff. Box Hill and its lovely scenery, always popular, will be doubly so this season.

And with the commencement of the season the Road Club, as in duty bound, brushes itself up and comes out in æsthetic colours, eager for the fray. The Club coach will be ready this season ; the Club steamer, for members and their friends, will be moored off Chiswick Eyot, as last year, on the Boat Race morning, with a good luncheon on board ; and the Annual Dinner of the Club, the Duke of Beaufort in the chair, will take place on the 1st of May, the day which was formerly thought the first of the season, but which has now been anticipated by so many. The little house in Park Place looks wonderfully snug, particularly about dinner-time and subsequently thereto.

We are very pleased to be able to announce that the idea of a complimentary benefit to Mrs. Swanborough, who has been now for twenty-one years the able manager of the Strand Theatre, has been started by several influential noblemen and gentlemen well known in the ranks of literature and the drama, and its carrying out has been determined upon. A preliminary meeting of the committee was held on the 8th ult., in the saloon of the Lyceum Theatre, and though the date of the benefit has not yet been fixed, it will probably be an early one in May. Among the names on the committee will be found those of the Dukes of Beaufort and Rutland, the Marquesses of Anglesey, Townshend, and Worcester ; the Earls De Grey, Hardwicke, Dunraven, and Harrington ; Viscounts Newry, Barrington, Castle-reagh, and Pollington ; Lords Londesborough, Skelmersdale, Henry Lennox, Alfred Paget ; Hon. Lewis Wingfield, Sir George Wombwell, Sir George Armytage, Hon. Napier Sturt, Col. Farquharson, Mr. Alfred Rothschild, Mr. Bennet Stanford, Mr. Edmund Yates, Major Lyon, Mr. J. R. Planché, Mr. H. J. Byron, Mr. W. J. Gilbert, Mr. Charles Reed, together with many more which our space obliges us to omit. Drury Lane will probably be the theatre selected for the benefit, and Mrs. Keeley will deliver an address written by Mr. Byron. The great respect in which Mrs. Swanborough is held, both in the profession and by her numerous friends, will insure this being a very big affair.



J. B. Rogers del.

J. B. Rogers sculp.

Henry Vigne

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. HENRY VIGNE.

‘So, ho! here she sits.’ ‘Well, then, put her up quietly, and don’t let the hounds get a view,’ answered a slim grey-whiskered gentleman, whose clean-shaven face and neat appearance denoted a sportsman of the old school. The speaker, whose portrait we give this month, was Mr. Henry Vigne, of the Oaks, Woodford, who has hunted hare in Epping Forest for eight-and-forty seasons, and is still as keen as a boy. To the man who has a natural love of hunting, who likes to see his hounds work through every kind of difficulty, and who enjoys every note of their harmony, hare-hunting, when the hare is properly hunted, possesses charms which no time can wear out. Mr. Vigne’s pack consists entirely of bitches, mostly dwarf foxhounds, selected from the best kennels, very bony and powerful, with straight legs and good feet, and not a faulty-shaped one amongst them. But ‘Bridesmaid,’ bred by himself, from his old harrier blood, is the true specimen of a model harrier. Many hare-hunters might think them too fast, and in an open country, no doubt, they would overmatch their game; but in Epping Forest a hare has such facilities for making work that the fastest hounds would soon lose her unless they adopted that close style of hunting in which the peculiar charm of the sport consists. Hounds that have been much left to themselves, as these have been, will persevere and make the most of what little scent there may be, even in the worst of scenting weathers, of which we will give an instance. They had been hunting a hare, inch by inch, over the dry fallows beyond Epping, when the dust was flying to such an extent that the hounds were almost hidden from view as they kept chopping on. After they had killed her, one of the field remarked, ‘It does not seem to matter much to Mr. Vigne’s hounds whether it is wet or dry.’

Mr. Vigne is justly proud of the steadiness of his hounds from riot, for there have always been a number of red and fallow deer in Epping and Hainault Forests to put them to the test, and amongst the hornbeam scrubs and almost impenetrable thorn thickets that abound there it must have been no easy task to have made his

hounds so steady. On one occasion, whilst hunting a hare in Hainault Forest, a herd of red deer crossed an open glade in front of the pack, but not a hound broke away, and all continued to hold the line through the foiled ground, and, shortly hunting up to their hare, killed her. This called forth from an old sportsman the observation, 'Sir, your hounds are worth 50*l.* more than I thought they were.' Having been bred in Epping Forest, Mr. Vigne naturally deploras the changes that he has witnessed. He has seen hundreds of acres, up to his very garden-gate, filched from the forest and enclosed; well-remembered trees cut down, and the natural beauty of the woodland much impaired; the portion around Snaresbrook—where in his boyhood he pelted the fallow-deer with stones—cut up, built over, and become a suburb of London; Hainault, which, when he first kept hounds, was his best scenting country, ploughed up and fenced with wire; the wild red deer which used to keep to Hainault Forest, and rarely crossed the river Roding, had entirely disappeared previous to Hainault being disafforested and destroyed. The last of the herd was hunted and killed by old Tommy Rounding more than forty years ago. After a long run the stag took refuge in an out-house at West Ham, and, as its pursuers did not venture to face the savage animal, a hole was made in the roof, whence a slip-noose was passed over its head. Those were not the days of turned-down foxes, or of pheasants out of flower-pots, but of wild natural sport, the like of which will never be seen again.

Tuesdays and Saturdays are Mr. Vigne's usual hunting days; but with a kennel within ten miles of London it is necessary that the appointments should be kept quiet, and his field, happily for sport, is generally restricted to a few neighbours and tenant-farmers.

On non-hunting days Mr. Vigne may be seen with his gun on his shoulder and his retriever at his heels, taking a stroll in the Forest, sometimes not getting a shot at all, but very frequently picking up a couple of woodcocks. For many years he has been in the habit of hunting with the Essex Foxhounds whenever they came within reach of his home. He was very intimate with the late Mr. Conyers during the long Mastership of that gentleman, who used to address Mr. Vigne familiarly as 'Old hare-hunter.'

'BAILY'S' ADVICE TO THE BOOKMAKERS.

At a general meeting of the members of the Victoria Club, Mr. Albert Engel in the chair, Mr. Charles Head read the following memorial:

"TO THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE OF TATTERSALL'S.

"We, the undersigned members of Tattersall's and Newmarket Rooms, beg most respectfully to address you in connection with
 "a subject which we deem most important to our interests, and in

' "the earnest belief that you will bestow upon it that generous
 ' "consideration which we feel it demands. The vast increase in all
 ' "the branches of Turf administration has become so overwhelming
 ' "as to render the duties that your honourable committee have to
 ' "perform of too arduous a nature for the present strength of such
 ' "committee; and the difficulty experienced by members having
 ' "disputes to be arranged in obtaining the necessary quorum have
 ' "led to the present memorial. Your memorialists having taken
 ' "into consideration such difficulties, hope that your committee will
 ' "see the advisability of strengthening your numbers by adding
 ' "several gentlemen representing the general body of turfites."

' The Meeting having unanimously endorsed the memorial, and
 ' having pledged itself to obtain by all legitimate means a most complete
 ' reorganisation of the management of the Rooms at Newmarket,
 ' Mr. Everitt, in the course of some remarks relative to a proposed
 ' meeting at Newmarket, promulgated the idea that to members of
 ' Tattersall's should be accorded the privilege of choosing one-half
 ' of the committee, so as to enfranchise them as it were, and so to
 ' give them a voice in the matter.

' A Committee was then formed to carry out the objects of the
 ' gathering, consisting of the following members: Messrs. H. Steel,
 ' W. Peech, C. Bush, G. Everitt, S. Smith, J. Bayliss, H. Ulph,
 ' J. W. Smith, G. Reynolds, C. Head, G. Kruckenberg, A. Jacobs,
 ' J. Robinson, G. Silk, G. Lambert, and S. Hopkinson.—*From the*
 ' *Sportsman*' (condensed report).

Your plan be well-matured, digested, laid,
 Or Ever-itt be doomed to yawning (g) ulph
 Paved with the best intentions; be your Head
 Cautious as any Charlie dodging hounds
 In covert, not intemperate, but straight
 Of purpose, firm; no beating 'bout the Bush,
 But look ye matters steadfast in the face.
 Work as a pack, with one united will,
 But not like 'Reynolds's Miscellany'
 Infirm and weekly; be your courage high
 Your patience half-Engelic, like the Smith's
 That works fantastical in precious metals;
 Be firm as Steel, yet 'downy' as the Peech,
 And soft as south wind breathing over Silk,
 Your action prompt, as his who slips the Bayliss,
 Ere they can say 'Jack Robinson,' 'by George'
 (Lambert), or 'Polly Hopkinson;' forbear
 To gain by Crook what cometh not by hook,
 Like Jacob(s) with his brother's heritage.
 Be worthy of Victoria's prestige,
 And back with words your brief memorial,
 As choice in language as a Councillor's
 Sitting in inquisition on a lamb

That lost its little tail in Nottingham ;
 Be gentle in your bearing, not profane,
 No horseplay, no rampaging, but sedate
 Like Whales that gamble with leviathans ;
 Advance your suit with meekness, neither swear,
 Like welsher with his mouth as full of oaths
 As with flash notes and counterfeit his bag ;
 Don't roar like bulls, nor grunt like hungry swine
 Crowding towards the tantalizing trough,
 As if the Prince of Plungers held the pail
 On t'other side the railings, and the game
 Grew fierce and fast, as erst in other days,
 When wildly betted all the golden youth ;
 But softly, softly—like the man who books
 A monkey bet, nor blurts it to the world,
 But keeps it snugly laid. So may ye hope
 To gain the portals, where Christopherus
 (Slim, straight, and sallow as a starting-post)
 Guards from intrusion of the outer world
 The sacred keyhole of his Council Hall.
 So shall the grim, gaunt Secretary lend
 A willing ear, and hearing half withdraw
 The accustomed poker from his rigid spine,
 Unloose the current of his silver tongue,
 Relax the muscles of an iron jaw,
 And smile—as if he saw his Discord lead
 The Guineas field by half-a-dozen lengths,
 A distance from the chair. Melt thus his mood ;
 So shall the courtly Beaufort bid you hail,
 And the red Marquis recognition nod
 To long-lost genii of the betting Ring ;
 Sir Robert hold a dainty finger out,
 Sir George from racing legislation spare
 One hasty moment for obsequious bow,
 Earl, Colonel, Captains, 'lucky Clare' salute ye
 With open arms, and bid you hearty welcome
 To swell the Tattersallian Sanhedrim,
 To sit in solemn judgment, and to share
 Authority with self-elected 'ten.'

Oh, happy consummation, blest result
 Of labours tending to bridge o'er the gulf
 Wide yawning erst 'twixt arbiters of odds
 And ever ready takers: cheerful sight,
 To mark the roaring lions of the ring
 With sportive lambs in peaceful council met,
 Unskinned, unskinning ! Hark, what harmony !
 The voice plebeian, with its gamut run
 From shrill falsetto down to bass profound,
 As of a thousand costers hawking fish,

Tempered and toned to softer cadence down
By gentler intonation, milder grace
Of high aristocratic utterance.

E'en so, divide and govern, half and half,
As when to slake the husky cabman's thirst,
From deep, cool vats, that vegetate below,
The 'dizened barmaid draws the heavy stout,
Anon with lighter bitter qualifies,
A drink divine for swells and snobs alike.

So may such fusion suit the public taste,
And this your 'mixed commission' law enforce,
Justice and order; peace and harmony
Pervade your councils: be like cat and rat,
Like owl and mouse, like dog and guinea-pig,
Like hawk and cocky-olly-bird that catch
The eager eyes of urchins, safe within
The envious wires of 'Happy Family'
Airing its wonders in Trafalgar Square;
When fathers draw a moral from the sight,
Quote Isaac Watts to each wide-gaping wight,
And showman winks and mutters 'blow me tight,
But these ere beggars dozing while 'tis light,
My eyes, how soon they'd scrag each other in the night.'

OIL AND VINEGAR.

GLEANINGS FROM THE GRASS.

WHEN we finished our first instalment of 'Gleanings from the Grass' early in January amidst frost and snow, by telling of a capital run the Pytchley had from Misterton on New Year's Day, we little thought it would be our luck to conclude the chronicles of the season at Eastertide, in mid April, in weather nearly as bad. Such, however, is the fate that has befallen us, and if the first half of the season was bad, the second has proved almost worse, for hounds have been stopped to such an extent as we have known little about of late years. True, when they could get out scent has served them, and for the number of days' hunting perhaps more good runs than usual have been recorded, though candour bids us say that the hunting days have not been so numerous as men with large studs could have desired.

That the sport has been good when it could be followed, may, in our opinion, be accounted for in some measure by the weather. Frost and snow tend to purify the ground from the stains of cattle and sheep, and thus enable the scent of a fox passing over it to be the more readily distinguished. Moreover, such a winter as the present—we wish we could say past one—induces farmers and graziers to remove stock from the exposure of the fields into the shelter of the homesteads, which in a mild season they would not

do to nearly the same extent; and this not only keeps the land from being soiled but also leaves a much freer line for foxes to traverse when found. Again, those cattle which are left afield do not roam so much in rough weather, but keep either in the shelter of the hovel or high hedge, and there await the fodder which must perforce be provided them—so that, in either case, they are more off the land than they would be in an open winter. What effect this is likely to have on scent I think has been pretty plainly shown; however, from the time when Mr. Lowth sang of the glories of Meynell until now, it has been pretty well established as a fact that with ‘the wind in ‘the east most forbiddingly keen,’ hounds will take the liberty of contradicting the old maxim, promulgated by our forefathers, that ‘a ‘southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting morn,’ and we have had a very fair share of the east wind in this year of grace 1879, and our sport, when we could get out, has been in proportion. A little reflection will, we think, show that this is just what might have been anticipated, and cause us to look on even such a winter as we have gone through as a not unmitigated evil, though it has been hard enough to put up with, and after the enforced inaction of men and horses, hounds may certainly claim to have had the best of it on the average. The first fourteen days of the new year, with the exception of New Year’s Day, already recorded, gave us little to talk about, but Wednesday, the 15th, found the Pytchley at Crick in a sort of an undecided day, hovering between frost and thaw, snow and rain. Every one seemed delighted at once more getting to work again, amongst those out being Lord Massy from Badby House—his first appearance on this side of the country—and Captain Woodrop from Welford, the Hon. Robert Spencer, Mr. Elmhirst, and a large number of the rising generation from Eton and elsewhere, who had, so far, done more skating than hunting. The sport was nothing particular, and the day is principally noticeable for an accident which befell the pack on the North Western railway, close by the Kilsby tunnel. They were on the line when an up and a down train passed, and a couple of hounds were killed, Paragon and Trueman, and one, Rosey, injured, but not seriously, as she was soon able to be at work again. This accident was made the subject of quite a sensational article in one of the sporting papers, by a writer who was not out to see the real facts of the case, and his description of his dismounting and carrying away dead and wounded hounds in numbers was thrilling, only the account of the disaster fortunately was not true. The day was ended by a little spin from Yelvertoft field side, by Lord Spencer’s covert, to Winwick, and then slowly on to Thornby.

After this the frost and snow came on again, though it did not entirely stop hunting, and as hounds were out occasionally in the snow, we will give the history of one run we had through it, just to show what may be done even under the most adverse circumstances. It was on January the 17th, and Goodall started, as he thought, for exercise with forty-nine couple of hounds, and rode across to see

Mr. Langham at Cottesbrooke. When there he asked to be allowed to find a fox, instead of dragging about for hours in the roads, as it was snowing hard. They soon got one on foot at Blueberry, and away in the direction of Lamport, but, turning back by Cottesbrooke, he went over the Welford Road to Teeton, and then ran the bottom nearly to Holdenby Mill, where he was headed and turned to the left of Spratton and Brixworth Station, then back over the Cottesbrooke fields, through Moss Hall, and nearly to the end of Pursers Hill; then turned by Hazelbeach and through Scotland Wood to the railway by Johnston's Firs, turned back to Maidwell, and ran into him one field before getting to Berrydale. Forty-eight couple of hounds were up, and the other couple rejoined the pack before reaching home. The scent was wonderful, and every hound felt the line and enjoyed it, though there was quite eight inches of snow. The only person there, save Goodall and the whips, was Mr. Arbuthnot. Our Pytchley records are now blank, until we come to Misterton, February 12th, when we were once more able to be up and doing. The morning was just such a one as should usher in one of the best days of the season, bright and fine, but just clouding over somewhat before business began; wind a little northerly, and with that crisp feel in it that boded hounds would run. Colonel Rattray made his first appearance on that day, and Mrs. Welfitt was out for the first time on the Rugby side. We did not find until Misterton Old Gorse was reached, and then our fox made a circle beyond the long plantation and Swinford Corner towards Shawell village, and back into Shawell Wood, which let head and tail together again, for the field had been much scattered and cut off at the narrow passage through the plantation, and the pace was good. They ran the covert, in which two brace of foxes were certainly on foot up to the Cotesbatch end, and then broke in two separate lines in the direction of Coton House. At the same time another fox was halloed towards Cotesbatch. Hunting steadily on, they joined forces at Coton House, where they did not hang at all, but went out over the Lutterworth road towards Churchover, then turned on the left, and ran the strongly inclosed grass fields to Brownsover, but before reaching it turned to the little reed-bed, and crossed the brook and canal to Cosford; thence away, at if Cesters Over was his point, but evidently he did not know it, or did not like it, for going within a short distance, he turned and ran straight to Newbold Revel, crossing Muntelow Lane midway between Pailton and Harborough Magna. Through the fir-trees on the top of the hill at Newbold he led them, but, never dwelling a moment, went by Stretton village, then turned to the left, and got safely to ground about a mile beyond Brinklow Station, in the Atherstone country, when there was no shelter nearer on the line he was going than Mobs Wood. The time was one hour and a quarter, and the distance, as the crow flies, must have been ten miles. The line was certainly not so fine as is sometimes run over, as there was a fair amount of plough in it, but in places it took a great deal of

doing. The pace, without being racing, was fast enough for most, and altogether it was a real good old-fashioned hunting run; so good, indeed, that some considered they had done enough, and went home, as the hounds were a long distance out of their own country, while others who had not second horses out, but whose stables lay within easy reach of the road to be taken back into the Pytchley country, availed themselves of the opportunity of getting fresh pipes to play upon. It was fortunate for them that they did so, for if hounds hunted in the morning, they raced in the afternoon. The second run commenced in the wilderness at Stanford Hall, and was of that short, sharp, decisive character which is so much appreciated in the Shires. Going first towards South Kilworth, and bringing a strong piece of timber into the line, they crossed the Kilworth road into the 'oceans of grass' which lie beyond it, and then, shaping his course first towards Walcot and Misterton, the fox swung round in something the shape of a half circle by Swinford Corner and Shawell Wood, past Mr. Tom Gilbert's house and up to Swinford village, where he beat them, after seventeen minutes at racing pace, by crawling into a woodstack, the only semblance of a check being just before they reached the village. Five who had a good start, and the inside of the hounds, had the best of it, and they were Mr. Muntz, Captain Riddell, Mr. Foster, Captain Soames, and Miss Davy. They described it as being more like steeplechasing than hunting, and big as was the country, all these got through without one making a mistake. Goodall's horse stopped with him, and another dropped short in a ditch, regularly pumped out, and appeared likely to stay there. Altogether, it was such a day's sport as makes ample amends for many disappointments, and such as is seldom seen, even in Northamptonshire. Could Goodall have taken home the masks of these two foxes it would have been perfect, but we have the consolation of knowing they live to run another day.

The next day worth recalling with the Pytchley is Friday, February 14, when Brock Hall was the fixture. They did nothing until reaching Dodford Holt, from which they ran very fast to Catesby; then found another in Staverton and took him at a rattling pace by Fawsley to Catesby, where they killed. The most astonishing thing is that these hounds, which have always been notorious for afternoon or rather evening runs, had a couple of gallops good enough to satisfy every one, and were ready to turn kennelwards by half past two o'clock.

The next day they did well from Clipstone Windmill, first having a good gallop from Alford Thorns to Mr. Bennett's house, and thence back to the Thorns, then a quick thing from Sulby to Clipstone, and finished up the day with a capital forty-five minutes from Naseby Covert, by Tallyho and Maidwell Dales, to Cottesbrooke, where they killed him. The hounds at one time divided, but Goodall got them together again and brought the run to a satisfactory termination.

On Saturday, the 22nd of February, the meet was Welton-place,

and people said they had capital fun the day before at Cottesbrooke, a day of which no account has ever reached us. There was a large field out, among them many strangers. Although there was a sharp frost in the morning it turned out a rare good hunting day. A fox was away from Braunston Gorse almost before the hounds were into it, and led them a right merry pace over the grand country to Nethercote, by Flecknoe, and over the Daventry and Southam Road to Lower Shuckburgh, where he beat them in the covert, after a very pretty gallop indeed. A fox was found and chopped at Braunston Cleves, and the day was finished by a sharp gallop from Watford Winwick Warren to ground.

On Saturday, the 1st of March, they had a grand run from Harrington. Their first fox was killed close to Mr. Cust's house, after going from Loatland Wood. The second took them from Scotland Wood, by Maidwell Hall, over the railway, where the locked gates gave hounds a chance over horses, and there was no fear of their being overridden after that—in fact, for ten minutes it was more a case of riding the line they had gone than actually riding to them. They ran by Short Wood, Gibb Wood, Hardwicke, and Sywell Wood. Fifty-four minutes without the semblance of a check, and only about thirty saw the end out of a large field. Luckily gates and gaps came very handy, or that number might have been curtailed, as there was plenty to do to gallop without wanting much jumping. Some considered this the best run they ever saw, and it must have been nearly perfection, though perhaps the line was not so fine as some.

Wednesday, the 5th of March, is more worthy of record from the fact that our old friend, Mr. James Topham, late of the Hemploe, came once more to have a look at us than from the amount of sport shown, and, as may be anticipated, he had a very hearty welcome. Mr. Frank Gordon, of Thornhaugh, was also out. A merry spin from the Horseshoe Spinney to North Kilworth House, where they killed, in reality commenced proceedings; and the day was ended by a hunting-run from the Fishpond Covert at the Hemploe, taking a circle round by Welford and Welford Mill, back by where he was found, and over some of the same ground a second time, then turning soon for Cold Ashby, they ran by Thornby Grange, and killed at Guilsborough. A very creditable performance on the part of huntsmen and hounds, but not a brilliant run by any means.

On Friday, the 7th of March, they did well from Badby Wood, going a cracker to Preston Wood; then hunted a good bit about Fawsley and Knightley Wood, and had another merry spin from Badby Wood, which, as it was a warm, blooming day, so heated some of the field that they laid themselves down to rest in a strawyard. There was, however, more exertion in store for them, for hounds ran so fast in the afternoon from Staverton, past Braunston, and over the Daventry road to ground before reaching Bragborough; only seven were in it, and their horses were done to a turn.

On the 21st March they had a good hunting run from Sulby,

taking the strong line by Sibbertoft and Clipston to Oxendon, by Waterloo Gorse to Braybrooke, and crossing the Kettering road, went to ground at Dingley. There was a large field out, and Lord Spencer and Mr. Tailby were both there. Mr. Frank Underwood and one of the Misses Naylor had about the best of it, though many were present who take a great deal of catching when hounds run over a big country. The next day they had one of those merry spins which have been so numerous this season in the Braunston country, having met at Weedon Barracks. They made a very quick journey to the left of Shuckburgh to Catesby Abbey, where he beat them. During its progress they had to take water enough to satisfy the most ardent disciple of Sir Wilfred Lawson, and one gentleman was credited with having leaped the brook or brooks no less than six times in the course of it.

We think our readers will not lose much if we pass by the remainder of the Pytchley doings until we come to Monday the 21st of March, at Hannington, though they had a rather enjoyable twelve minutes from Sulby the Saturday before. But the Hannington day is one to be long remembered; in fact, Goodall said he had never seen a better. They first found in Hardwicke Wood, and ran by Gibb Wood to Orlingbury, and lost; then found at Faxton, and hunted them well, but not particularly fast, over the plough to Weekly Hall Wood, where they got on better terms, and rattled him across the grass of Boughton Park and the Brigstock inclosures to the edge of the forest, and thence back to Boughton Wood, where, as it was getting late, and the horses were done, Goodall managed to stop them, all but one couple, which came to him afterwards, but it took some time, as well as horn-blowing, to get them all back. This must have been a twelve-mile point, and we believe no one but the men was left with them at last. There has been nothing worth embodying in a magazine article since this, but we think the record bears out our assertion that the Pytchley have had a remarkable run of sport, when the weather has enabled them to hunt, during the latter half of the present season.

Having now said all we can of the Pytchley doings in the open it behoves us to turn to that beautiful Woodland country, which Lord Spencer has, as our readers are aware, been hunting two days a week all the season, instead of its being reserved merely for spring hunting, as has very often been the case. We are not surprised at his lordship's determination to go on with this portion when he found that the entire country entailed too great calls on his time, and, combined with his other avocations, caused more fatigue than he could well bear. Here, two days a week, he could thoroughly enjoy himself with no large fields to spoil sport and override hounds (for those who go out here are sportsmen, who neither hunt for fashion's sake or merely to ride), over one of the finest countries in England. There is no place so little understood and appreciated as this portion of the Pytchley country, and because it is called the Woodlands, men compare it with the dense coverts of the southern

counties and refuse to go there, while often the whole season they are hunting one or two days a week in a far worse country. However, what is one's loss is another's gain, and it is well for Lord Spencer that the fashionable mobs that crowd other packs round him do not come here, and he may well be thankful that it is the fashion to decry this as 'mere cub-hunting.' However, one of the very keenest sportsmen in England, and as good a judge of hunting as any one, has declared there is no country he knows, and there are few that he does not know, he would sooner hunt than the Pytchley Woodlands. Of course snow fell here as in other places, but we all know that snow, so long as there is enough of it to enable horses to go, does not stop Lord Spencer, and he was out several days in it. Much concerning his doings has not reached us, but there are a few days we are enabled to lay before our readers, and we may say that Monday, the 20th of January, was one of them in which hounds were at work all day, and ran on right until dark, having met at Cranford. The next Thursday they again did well from Oundle Wood, finding their fox in Geddington Chase, and rattling him along by Sart, and into the Oakley Purlieus on by Snatchells to Corby Wood, Kings Wood, Rushton Blackthorns, and thence into Swineham, where the pace increased, and they took him a rattler through Carlton Woods, and out in the direction of Wilbarston, going on to the back of the village, where he sought sanctuary from further molestation in an old badger earth, after a very capital gallop indeed, the snow, as it so often does, having carried a rare scent and enabled hounds to run well.

On Monday, the 27th, they met at Weekly Village, and found a lot of foxes in Weekly Hall Wood, who relieved each other of the duty of showing sport for a time, but after having been rattled a bit hounds settled to one who led them across Boughton Park to the water, where they threw up. A forward cast got them once more to work, and going to the other side of the park he led them through Warkton Common and Old Head Wood, where he could stand the pace no longer, but yielded up his brush at the far end of it. The fun was by no means over, though, for drawing Boughton Wood, they found again, and once more crossing Warkton Common, ran through Boughton Wood and the osier bed, and then going to the right of Warkton Village turned into Weekly Hall Wood, which, however, afforded him little shelter, for they pushed him through it and out on the Geddington side; but the country there not being to his taste he turned back into the covert and broke in the direction of Glendow, but his race was nearly run—as Beckford said, 'Mischievous was at his heels and death not far off.' He laid down in a hedgerow, no doubt thoroughly beaten, and getting up close before the hounds, soon had his fate sealed. This was pretty well for hunting in snow, but we have another run or two to record which will serve to show our readers that when the country is really ridable, and fences can be jumped, the forest side is capable of showing as good sport as what is called the open.

On the 17th of March they met at Rockingham Castle, and had as good a run as was ever seen in this or any other country. Amongst those present to see it were Captain Middleton, Mr. George Watson, Colonel Tryon, and several ladies, though the field was not a large one. They found in Porter's Coppice, and ran him through Kings Wood and down the hill to the Welland, crossing the river and railway by the station yard; and here, in getting over a very awkward sort of place, Lord Spencer dropped his horn, but there was no time to stop and pick it up. The fox was headed at the road, and ran the side of the line by Broughurst and on towards Holt, but recrossed the rail and river, the horsemen having to go round by Middleton Bridge, and, passing to the left of Cottingham, he took them across Rockingham Park to where he was found, having described a very wide ring. Here he ran the covert for a time, but the hounds pressing him hard, broke for Gretton, but was headed, and ran the plantations down to Thorpe Mill, and once more crossed the stream and railway. Before this the field had been stopped by wire, but, an opening having been made, Lord Spencer got to his hounds as they went over the road. Going on by Liddington, a fall threw him out for a time once more, but he again got to them on the hill, and had the satisfaction of seeing his fox, dead beaten, crossing the valley below. He was now quite alone with them; the fox ran on towards Uppingham in a very twisting manner, but the hounds stuck to his line as if they were tied to him, and eventually ran into him at not a mile from Uppingham. Before this occurred, however, a second fall, at a blind ditch, put his Lordship out, till a happy nick set him right again, and Tom Goddard once more got to the front; but no one really rode to the hounds the last two miles of this long run of one hour and forty minutes, which took them a good bit into Rutlandshire. In fact, from the line run crossing the rail and river so often, and wire, as above described, being in the way, hounds had the best of horses pretty well throughout. His Lordship, who was riding his favourite old grey, was, as may be imagined, delighted with such a fine day's sport.

The next run we shall select for record in this paper occurred on Tuesday, the 8th of April, when the fixture was Finedon, on the southern side of the country, and, as might be expected so late in the season, there was a larger meet than usual, many outsiders from the surrounding countries being present. A spin from Finedon Poplars to ground near Woodford initiated the proceedings merrily, and acted as a very good prelude to what was to come. They then drew Cranford gorse, and found, the first move on the board being to Cranford Hall and back again, through the covert, without hanging, to Slipton, and, going by the left of the Spinney, took them to Grafton Park Woods, and the hounds, chasing him like furies, he had no other alternative but to make his way through and out at the arther end as soon as possible. Old Head Wood saw no change in their tactics, and those who lived with them across Brigstock Parks into Geddington Chase had to gallop. Down the Chase

towards the station they pressed him; but, perhaps thinking the game a little too hot to last, he turned, ran westwards, and away towards Oakley, but perchance thinking of some friends in Bright Trees, determined to give them a call, and we have no doubt succeeded in persuading one of them to relieve him of a burden which was becoming greater than he could bear. Then ensued as brilliant a forty minutes as could well be seen, although in this instance the spectators were unfortunately few, as most of the field did not take time by the forelock soon enough when they broke over Brigstock Parks, and, going just to the right of that cheery-looking little village, rattled into Snapes, through it to Shipton Spinney and Grafton Park, beyond which they gave those who had stuck to them a little breathing time by throwing up, after getting on a stale line. Lord Spencer made a cast for Snapes, and was rewarded, though not at once; but in time Tom was able to give them the office, and away they went again to his holloa, no uncertain one in such a case as this. In Round Laundes the hunted fox was most unmistakably viewed before them, and on with him they went through Drayton Park to Tugwell Ironworks; but they were to get their heads down yet, and hunt a bit ere tasting his blood, for beyond Islip they had to face the plough, always a trial in April. Then he laid down, and stole away behind them; but Lord Spencer is most patient, and, by the aid of a holloa, was a match for him, as a cast back to Lowick brook brought him to hand at near about half past six in the evening—a grand run, and a fox worthy to give it them, who, *on dit*, had got the best of them on more than one occasion; but this time the scales were turned against him.

Have we said enough to show that there *is sport* to be had in the Forest? Charles Payne liked it, 'Scrutator' liked it. But what are they? Very good huntsmen, both. Perhaps neither knew the taste of a fashionable crowd, though. Well, Mr. Baily, let us vote for 'Scrutator' and Charles Payne. In our next we hope to glean somewhat of the doings of another pack or two, as our allotted space is now filled to overflowing.

THE ABBOTSFORD HUNT: SCOTTISH BORDER SPORTS.

SOME months ago, whilst prating in the pages of 'Baily' about 'the Sportsman's Commissariat,' I had occasion to allude to the 'Abbotsford Hunt,' a jovial meeting of long-past days, which now lives only in the excellent biography of Sir Walter Scott, written by his clever son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, known in his time as the editor, in its most brilliant days, of Mr. Murray's famous periodical, the 'Quarterly Review.' To those who have not read Lockhart's life of the author of 'Waverley,' and who consequently

can have no knowledge of the glories of the Abbotsford Hunt, may be retailed the opinion of a farmer of the Dandie Dinmont type, who used to take part in the sports of the day. Coming home late at night, after having partaken liberally of the hospitalities of the occasion, with just a 'wee drap' of the contents of the far-famed Abbotsford punchbowl in his e'e, he exclaimed to his better half, 'Losh, woman, what a day we've had! I wish I could sleep till 'this time next year; there's nothing but the Hunt that's worth 'the living for!' The jolly farmer's opinion could, at the time he lived, have been backed up by a hundred and twenty bold border yeomen; but I very much question if, as I write these lines, there are any living who were old enough, in the palmy days of Scott, to take part in the day's adventures. Young lads who looked on at a distance, or perhaps helped to get ready their father's horse for the meet, may still be living, but they must be growing grey in their locks, with the half century they have added to the burden of their years. As for myself, any claim I have to reproduce the scene arises from the fact of my father having been one of the company; and from copious notes he has left behind descriptive of the Hunt, I think I shall be able to give the readers of 'Baily's Magazine' some idea, however faint it may be, of the grand border festival, which to participate in was an ambition of every farmer in the forest, and the occasion on which such ambition was realised became as a red-letter day in the farm calendar.

Those only who know Scott—who have read about him, that is to say, as one of the most prolific authors of his period, and as one of the illuminati of his country; one who was looked upon because of his literary renown as the greatest man of his day, who was honoured of kings and princes, who was revered by his countrymen and idolised by his dependents,—only know one side of Sir Walter's many-sided character. In the forest of Ettrick he was the 'shirra,' at Abbotsford he was 'the laird,' and while sojourning there he was, *par excellence*, 'the country gentleman,' as such gentlemen lived and acted in the 'land o' cakes' sixty years ago—a kind father, a considerate employer, and, above all, a Tory of the deepest dye. When on Saturdays he had thrown aside his Court of Session harness—he was one of the principal clerks of court—it was at once seen that he was dressed and ready for country work. His carriage in waiting, luncheon in hand, he was off and across Gala water to his loved domain of Abbotsford. Abbotsford! House, gardens, plantations, home farm, stables, and pleasure-grounds, were they not all a creation of his own?—had he not planned their birth and witnessed their growth? and who so proud as Walter Scott of his dignity as a laird, and of his fantastic home at Abbotsford—a romance of stone and lime? On the long Saturday evenings of early summer time, after he had escaped from his routine duties as a chronicler of court decisions, there was nothing he enjoyed so much as a stroll about his young plantations, leaning on the shoulder of his faithful forester, Tom Purdie, and followed by a perfect concourse of dogs, varying in size

from yelping 'dandies' to the stately Maida. Abbotsford House, in the pleasant summer time, was usually filled with guests; the great and the learned, the noble and the wealthy, flocked to it from every clime: dukes, duchesses, poets, players, painters, and philosophers; judges, counsel learned in law, divines deep in their divinity, foreign *savants*, all in turn were found domiciled in the guest chambers of Sir Walter Scott, who, though surrounded by the greatest of the land, the brightest in intellect or the richest in purse, never forgot his humbler friends and neighbours, the yeomen of the district, among whom his popularity was unbounded. There was not a farmhouse or cottage dwelling within thirty miles of Abbotsford all round, in which the great novelist was not at all times and in all seasons an ever welcome guest. He was 'hail-fellow-well-met' with the farmer, and an everlasting favourite with the farmer's wife, yet he was dignified withal, and never forgot himself, or allowed those with whom he spoke to forget that he was not only the lord of Abbotsford, but sheriff of the county as well.

Although the Abbotsford Hunt was the most popular gathering of its kind in all the wide borderland, the conservative instincts of him who founded the meeting insured that the company should be a select one. There were many men who would have been proud to have received an invitation, but were never asked: the hunt was for Sir Walter's friends and select acquaintances only, and was not open to all and sundry. It ended with a banquet—a jovial dinner of good things; of fragrant-smelling and palatable soup, made from the hares killed in the battle; of salmon taken in the waters of the neighbouring and classic Tweed; of Cheviot mutton, bred and fed by the laird; of moorfowl shot on the estate; of fruits grown in the garden of Abbotsford, and wine stored in the cellars of the mighty novelist. I trust I am not too much exciting the expectation of the readers of 'Bailey,' because, after all is said, the Abbotsford Hunt was simply a day of coursing! But it was a day among days; for as it went on, the fun grew fast and furious, and host and guests enjoyed themselves as if they had been so many children allowed out for a romp. Sir Walter was an excellent horseman, having in his young days acted as adjutant to a corps of yeomanry, when he used to splash across the sands of Portobello with the best of his fellows. Behold him, then, mounted on his favourite horse, Sibyl Grey, a kind of big pony, surrounded by his friends and attended by his retainers. Lairds and farmers were present from distant border farms—from Liddesdale and Teviotdale; and philosophers from London, as well as lawyers from Edinburgh, formed a part of the concourse. Whatever guests were at the time inmates of the house, must to the hunt, whether they were members of the peerage or partners in his printing-office: Lady Scott and her daughter in their comfortable 'sociable'; other ladies in other carriages; old men in dog-carts, and young men on foot; good walkers, able, by taking a short cut across the fields and plantations, to be at the scene of action as quickly as those who rode on horse-

back or were carried in a trap. Long before had been sent on, to some agreed-on spot, the necessary cakes and ale, as it would be many hours before the nostrils of those rendered fierce by 'the 'sacred rage of hunger' could be saluted by the grateful fragrance of the *potage à la Meg Merrilees*, which usually began the banquet.

Some grand stand of great scenic beauty—an old ruin of keep or castle, from whence the eye could feast at leisure on hill and dale, and the ear could hear the ceaseless trinkle of some small tributary of a greater stream, the poetic Yarrow—was selected as the base of operations. On such secluded spot, Lady Scott and her lady friends would take their stand to witness the sport. Tom Purdie and his assistant henchmen would slip the hounds, and course after course would be brought off on the fine cool day of October—the young laird's birthday—selected for the meeting. Most contagious was the mirth, and keen the enjoyment. The ground was a long stretch of low mountain side, and there were watery gulfs to be feared, and dangerous bogs to be circumnavigated: men and horses, too, often went splash into some treacherous morass, covered with a bright green carpet and looking anything but a trap. Crowds on foot and on horseback would push after the dogs, and while doing so would be made to measure the ground. The great author himself, on more than one occasion, while cautiously jogging along on Sibyl Grey, has been made to kiss the grass which bordered some hidden ditch or drain; and once, when Sir Humphry Davy was participating in the sport, he plunged neck-deep into a well, from which he came forth a pitiable spectacle. Mackenzie, the venerable author of the 'Man of Feeling,' had a quick eye, and could see a hare before any one else. The old gentleman was a frequent attendant of the hunt, and was always, old as he was, gay and debonair—the brightest of the bright company. Scott himself was wondrous active on such occasions; he rode about along the line, directing, inspiring the day's work with many a joke for those who could take it, and with kind words and a winning smile for all, feeling more at home even than he did in his library when he was preparing a bundle of manuscript for Ballantyne's busy printing presses of 'Paul's Work,' in Edinburgh. At Newark Castle, the scene of the Hunt, on more than one occasion, the sportsmen were on ground which had been rendered classic by the undying 'Lay 'of the Last Minstrel'; the dowie dens of Yarrow were near, and full oft some of the visitors would recur to the conclusion of the poem—

' When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve with balmy breath
Waved the blue bells on Newark heath.'

Even in October, 'the sedate grey month of all the year,' the pastoral scenery was beautiful, and the atmospheric conditions such as rendered the meeting most enjoyable; it was not too hot for such physical exertion as was necessary, nor too cold for those of the company who

played the part of spectators of the busy scene. Sir Walter drank in with his every sense all that the ear could hear or the eye discern ; the changing clouds, the varying music of the waters, the cries of the wild birds, had all a charm for the great novelist, who was a worshipper of nature in all her varied aspects by flood and field ; no wild flower, however minute, escaped his notice. When he saw the hare started he knew the direction it would take, and could tell where it would be killed or make its escape ; he was familiar with the breeding of all the dogs which played their part on the occasion, and could tell their descent and describe their points ; in country craft Sir Walter was the master of all who surrounded him, even of Davy himself, the author of the delightful 'Salmonia,' and of Scrope, who has given us 'Days of Deer-stalking' in the sunless corries of the Athole deer forests. As the day wore on, varied by a pause for luncheon and the passing round of sundry quaichs of good old Scotch whisky and the distribution of buttered oat-cakes and home-made cheese, the heap of game augmented till the slain became too numerous to count ; and then, in the enchanting gloaming, the homeward march would begin, and soon the bright scene of Abbotsford House, its windows ablaze with light, would come into the field of view. In about half an hour after the arrival of the company, who had been allowed time for a refreshing wash and a rough toilet—no dress coats being required—the welcome bell would ring out its loud music, and then to dinner.

From all I can learn, I am free to believe that the dinner was in reality the greatest feature of the hunt. The banquet was of the most free and easy kind, it being always, of course, kept in mind that ladies were at table ; but there was no restraint, no formality, most of those who were present were so well known to each other that introductions were unnecessary ; whilst the banquet, as such, was sumptuous, and the service plentiful, and whilst the master of the house personally attended to the feasting of the great, he took care that the small should not be forgotten. A few of the farmers were too bashful to take a seat at the grand table, they felt they would be more at home in another place, and so they were relegated to the care of Tom Purdie and his brother Charlie, the salmon-fisher, and enjoyed themselves to their heart's desire in their own fashion. It was a treat of itself to see the table in the great dining-room groaning under its load of good things, but it was a still greater treat to take stock of the happy faces of the good company, each of whom seemed thoroughly to know that now was the appointed time to make good the waste of the day, and to replenish the inner man with a portion of that abundance which lay at hand. In the number of 'Baily's Magazine' for September I gave a bill of fare of one of the Hunt dinners, as drawn up by the great wizard of the North's own hand ; the dinner rarely varied, the viands were as Scotch as the host himself ; great tureens of hare-soup and hotch-potch to begin with, as also the celebrated potage *à la Meg Merri-*

390 THE ABBOTSFORD HUNT: SCOTTISH BORDER SPORTS. [May, *lees*, which was 'invented' by the Duke of Buccleuch's *chef* in compliment to the author of 'Guy Mannering,' although the original 'composer' of this excellent soup was undoubtedly Elspeth Faa, a border gipsy, who gave the sheriff a taste of it one day when he was on the 'stravaig' in Liddesdale in search of old Scotch ballads, and who showed him the substances of which it was composed. Sir Walter himself was not a *gourmet*, but he liked to see things 'nice' as he said, and although not himself a lover of 'French 'kickshaws,' he desired that his friends should have such dishes as most pleased their palates.

But enough of the dinner; let us come to the toddy-drinking which followed—the symposium, that is, when all the guests were in their happiest humours and their landlord in his best form. With the outpouring of the punch came that flow of sentiment and that gush of eloquence which can only find their true outlet in song and story. And there were poets at the board, other than Sir Walter; there was Willie Laidlaw, the sweetest of border lyrists, and likewise James Hogg, the shepherd of Ettrick, and Lockhart of the 'Spanish 'Ballads,' and John Wilson of the 'City of Palms.' Of song, story, and recitation such a company could never have enough, and many an old border ballad found a tongue at the Abbotsford Hunt dinner. Who that listened to Shortreed's 'Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid' could ever forget it? or who that heard James Hogg lilt his own sweet ballad but wished to be in the position of the rustic lovers in the song—

'Come all ye jolly shepherds that whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret that courtiers dinna ken.
What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame;
When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk, when the kye come hame.'

Then John Ballantyne would be called upon for the 'Cobbler of 'Kelso,' an unequalled *mélange* of melody and mimicry, which none but himself could have created or have sung and acted; it was always received with roars of laughter and uproarious jingling of the glasses. 'The shirra,' as his friends called him, pushed round the hot toddy or the cold punch, a brew famous at Abbotsford, and told some of his choicest stories, and anecdotes of country life, while reminiscences of former hunts filled up the time till the Highland quaichs were filled for *Dock an' Dorris*, and it became time for the assembled guests to take horse and hie away home; and many of them, 'elevated' as they were, had a good rough ride of twenty or more miles before they could hope to see the reek of their own chimney-tops far away among the border hills.

Whilst the more important company in the dining-room were enjoying their dinner under the immediate presidency of the genial master of Abbotsford, those who had chosen the hall as their dining place were not neglected. They were usually presided over by Sir

Walter's 'out-of-doors' servant and constant companion, Tom Purdie*—

'A forester faithful, bold, and true,'

who did his best to play the part of host, and elicit the qualities of his friends. The viands at this second table differed in no respect from those served to the guests who sat above the salt, as I may say. After dinner there were oceans of toddy, and many a fine song was sung and story told under the influence of the Abbotsford 'blend' of whisky, about which 'the shirra,' himself a lover of the beverage, was somewhat nice. Tom used to tell a capital witch story, about an old Liddesdale woman who had the power of becoming a hare whenever she pleased. I have that story at full length, and, with the editor's consent, shall some day tell it in 'Baily's Magazine.' One of the farmers was a famous singer of the songs of Robert Burns; his—

'Gae fetch to me a pint of wine,
An' fill it in a siller tassie,'

was always rapturously applauded and encored. The Ettrick Shepherd used to leave the greater banqueting hall and tell his 'story 'of the long pack;' and there were a large number present who were good for a racy anecdote or an interesting ballad. When Sir Walter himself came upon the scene for a few minutes, he was received with a universal smile, and as he knew the tastes of his company, his little speech on such occasions, when he drank the health of some humble but much respected tenant of a part of his domain, was always in fine taste, and very well received.

The foregoing narrative has been transcribed pretty closely from the notes left to me, but it is not, I fancy, quite correct; and although giving a good general idea of Sir Walter and his hunt, it mixes up, in my opinion, several merry-makings of a similar kind, for the illustrious novelist was a man who kept up all the old

* Tom Purdie deserves more than a passing word in this brief chronicle of Border Sports, seeing that he was, next to Sir Walter, 'the great man' of Abbotsford. It was said that the sheriff *discovered* him at the bar of his court, and from being a sort of 'ne'er-do-weel' converted him into a useful member of society and most faithful out-of-doors servant—a sort of hybrid, between a farm griever and a forester. Having in his early days been himself a bit of a poacher, Tom was ill to cheat, and was as honest as steel. Here is a little scene from Lockhart's Life of his father-in-law which will better show the status of Tom Purdie than a page or two of more elaborate writing. 'Scott being a little fatigued, laid his hand on Tom's shoulder and leaned heavily for support, chattering to his "Sunday pony," as he called the affectionate fellow, just as freely as with the rest of the party; and Tom put in his word shrewdly and manfully, and grinned and grunted whenever the joke chanced to be within his apprehension. 'It was easy to see that his heart swelled within him from the moment that the sheriff got his collar in his gripe. Whoever might be at Abbotsford, Tom always appeared at his master's elbow on Sunday when dinner was over, and drank long life to the laird and the lady, and all the good company, in a quaiich 'of whisky, or a tumbler of wine, according to his fancy.'

Scottish festivals; the village children, for instance, were invited to Abbotsford at Hogmanay (the last day of the year) to get cakes and coppers, and at the conclusion of harvest, Sir Walter held a 'kirm,' or harvest home, at which there was supper and dancing enough for all, with plenty of liquid refreshment in the shape of Abbotsford punch. Before going further I may as well give the readers of 'Baily' an inkling of how this famous compound is made, the original receipt having been given to the novelist by a Glasgow merchant, who was the prototype of the *Bailie Nicol Jarvie* of the novel of 'Rob Roy.'

The Abbotsford punch bowl was filled as follows: First of all see that you have by you a few bottles of fine old Jamaica rum; if you have, then proceed as follows to make up a syrup of cold spring water, lemon juice, and the finest lump sugar; begin by melting your sugar little by little, then squeeze your lemons, from six to fourteen, through a drainer into the bowl—see how this tastes—it should neither be too sweet nor too sour; if you approve of the foundation begin to add the rum: there is no rule as to quantity, but take care to leave room for the water, which should be pure and cold, and when the bowl is five-sixths full, squeeze in the juice of a couple of limes by dipping them in the contents, and pressing them round the inside of the punch bowl. Take care in confectioning this delicious liquor, not to have too much water for the quantity of rum, nor too much rum for the bulk of water, study the blend; one of spirit to five or six of water should about hit the mark—*chacun à son goût*.

The Abbotsford punch was never more enjoyed than when Sir Walter held one of his Tweed salmon-fishing parties, a merry picnic by the side of the river, the day being consecrated to the capture and eating of salmon and other fish, under the guidance of Charlie Purdie, who was lessee at the time of some of the Tweed fishing stations, and for whom, by way of a benefit, a party was organised once and sometimes twice a year. The 'solemn salmon fishing' of Abbotsford became, in the end, a rather exclusive affair, participated in chiefly by Scott's wealthy or aristocratic neighbours. The gathering usually took place at Charlie Purdie's cottage on the Tweed, about a mile above Abbotsford, the festivities of fishing and eating and drinking being carried on till the moon had arisen to light up the scene, which is described by the great master-hand himself in the introduction to his novel of the 'Monastery.' In the course of the sport more than one 'Tweed kettle' of appetising fish was prepared and despatched by the hungry visitors, and many another savoury dish of trout and salmon was served besides; the stewed trout and stuffed eels, the salmon and potatoe pie, were all famous. According to Sir Walter's own doggerel—

'There's salmon here in every shape;
We've trout both boiled and roasted;
Big eels ta'en up wi' tattie graip,
An' par on bread weel toasted.'

On some occasions, such as when there was some rather distinguished English visitor at Abbotsford, the fishing festival wound up with a burning of the water. The boats were manned, the pine-wood torches were lighted, and the leisters poised aloft; but it was few who could strike the fish from the boat, and many a time and oft the bold spearman came to grief in six feet of Tweed water. 'Burning the water' was a mode of sport of which Sir Walter had always been fond, and he never failed to take his place in the boat, if not to wield the death-dealing iron, then to take the helm or sway aloft a burning torch:—

'Tis blithe along the midnight tide,
With stalwart arm the boat to guide—
On high the dazzling blaze to rear,
And heedful plunge the barbed spear;
Rock wood, and scaur, emerging bright,
Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
And from the bank our band appears
Like genii armed with fiery spears.'

On such festive occasions, Sir Walter's piper, a stalwart Highlander, would alternately discourse the martial and the tender music of his native Highlands, and in time to the inspiring strains of a tuneful fiddle, would the younger members of the company dance on the greensward, the ladies tripping it on their light fantastic toes, like fairies holding a moonlight revel.

Such were the simple and wholesome sports of the Scottish borders, in the glorious days of Abbotsford. I have of course refrained from the technicalities of the hunting of the hares; the readers of 'Baily' will not regret that: many of them take part in the pastime of coursing, and know as much about it as the present writer. Another of the border sports, which Sir Walter Scott enjoyed, was curling; it is still a sport of the borders; where the game is pursued with great keenness during the winter time. Every town and village from Langholm to Yetholm, where reigns the gipsy queen, has its pond and its club, and many is the kindly, but not the less keenly, contested match that is played between neighbour clubs and rival parishes. Bowling, too, is a border institution; wherever you find a curling-pond, you are never far from a bowling-green. At Abbotsford Sir Walter had his bowling-green erected near the house of his coachman, in order that he might sit there at night and listen to the evening psalm of Peter Mathison, his faithful master of the horse. A feature of the border bowling-season of the present day is the great bowling-tournament, which takes place at either Hawick or Galashiels, and lasts two or three days, the sport being generally presided over by that most genial sportsman and gentleman, Admiral Bailie, of Dryburgh. Such friendly trials of skill present to us a happier state of affairs than the border fights and feuds of two hundred years ago, when rival clans used to meet each other in that fierce spirit of hatred which too often ended in the 'terrible grip of death.'

An old border practice is still rigidly kept up in the south of Scotland. I allude to 'the common riding,' or riding of the marches. This ancient custom is loyally and merrily kept up in the towns of Selkirk, Hawick, and Langholm; indeed at Hawick this annual festival assumes almost the character of a carnival, and is carried on for days, and *nights* as well, for on such festive occasions he would be a bold policeman who would dare to enforce the hours of the Forbes McKenzie Act. The Hawick war-song is heard by night and day—

'Teribus ye Teri-odin,
Sons of heroes slain at Flodden,
Imitating Border Bowmen,
Aye, defend your rights and common.'

On these occasions there is horse-racing and foot-racing as well, as also other border games of many kinds. If I am not mistaken, the first properly constituted society for the carrying of border sports was 'St. Ronans,' at Innerleithen, where, for many years, the Ettrick Shepherd was in his glory as the presiding genius of the scene. Border men are fond of their gun, and their character for loyalty, patriotism, and chivalry has of late years found an outlet in the rifle movement. When volunteers were called for, *corps* after *corps* was formed in the border land of Scotland, till every town, village, and hamlet has now its little band of brave home soldiers, determined, if need be, to defend the liberty of their land and the hearths of their dear ones.

The brave men of the borders are likewise fond of horse-racing and steeplechasing, some rare good steeplechasers having been bred and trained on the borders. In the south of Scotland there are two or three famous gentlemen riders, among whom may be named Charles Cunningham, Esq., and Mr. John Usher, junior. Besides the annual Kelso and Hawick race meetings, there is that unique and most enjoyable of steeplechase gatherings held at Stodrig, which takes places annually in the last week of April on the farm of Mr. Usher, senior, who is the life and soul of the meeting. Mr. Usher is at one and the same time poet and musician, and as pure a representative of the gallant border sportsman as can be found on the pastorals of Scotland. The fame of the Stodrig meeting is widespread; it draws to its celebration the great and small for miles around the scene; lords and dames of title are there to be seen as well as the farmer and his family, whilst radical weavers and democratic shoemakers, ceasing their politics for a time, delight in the sport. The Stodrig race meeting forms an annual rendezvous, where men meet once a year that have seldom any other opportunity of seeing each other, and never attend any other race meeting.

There is a pack of fox-hounds at St. Boswell's, kept up with all requirements by that most popular border nobleman, his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, and a meet usually takes place three times a week during the hunting season. Coursing is, however, *the* sport of the

borders, the Earl of Haddington, as all readers of this Magazine know, being the most princely supporter of the leash on the borders, or, indeed, in all broad Scotland; whilst his lordship has in his service the well-known Sandy Grant, one of the best of trainers. Many of the southern farmers breed their own dogs, and strains of blood may be found at the local meetings which might prove victorious further afield. Fishing, too, is a border sport which is much enjoyed, there being a large number of votaries of the gentle art in the south of Scotland. Some of the most experienced and scientific anglers in Scotland live upon the borders, and find ample scope for their art on the Tweed and its tributaries. One of the southern fishers is famous in literature, Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddart of Kelso, whose works and general writings on Angling have no mean reputation; it is worth going many miles to enjoy an evening with Tom Stoddart, and to listen to his reminiscences of 'Rod, reel, and river.' Other anglers there are too in the border land, who, if less famous than Stoddart, are as well worth listening to when they open the storehouse of their memories and dwell upon reminiscences of scaly monsters hooked in the mighty flood. Among the angling cobblers of Tweedside there is often to be found great 'character' and out-of-the-world knowledge.

'Fasterns' e'en,' and its well-contested games of ball, must not be forgotten in this brief chronicle of border pastimes. The towns which keep up this fierce sport usually divide into sides, east against west, or south against north; and the battle for a season 'rages loud and long,' as the ball must be followed through fire and water; the contending parties as they rush hither and thither seem like a huge assemblage of maniacs! At Jedburgh, where the Jed runs through the lower part of the town, the ball is often enough kicked into the water: it must then be recovered, no matter who gets a plunge into the river, and usually there are a score or more of the players ready to take a bath and to glory in it. The scramble is a fierce one while it lasts, but after it is over and victory declared, peace reigns for another year.

I must now conclude. I intended, when I began these notes, to pen them as a contrast to the account of the 'Wild Sports of the Scottish Highlands,' published in this Magazine a month or two ago; and although the border land of Scotland is mostly pastoral, and no home for the red deer or the eagle, I trust that what I have found to say about 'the Abbotsford Hunt' and the out-door pastimes of the south of Scotland may not prove altogether uninteresting to those readers of 'Baily' who have no other means of knowing about them.

ELLANGOWAN.

WILLIAM PUTTOCK : A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY DR. SHORTHOUSE.

At different times the portraits of various characters have appeared on the frontispiece of 'Baily,' consisting of cricketers, oarsmen, huntsmen, trainers, and jockeys. We now add to the gallery the portrait of a man who can hardly be said to be a representative of a class, for he is almost without a rival.

His occupation is that of deer-cart man to the Surrey Staghounds, an office which he has filled with credit to himself and with perfect satisfaction to the hunt for no less a period than twenty-eight years. He commenced during the lifetime of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, when the hounds were managed by a committee consisting of Messrs. Simpson, Shaw, and others, Sir Gilbert himself doing little more than provide the sinews of war. Puttock succeeded 'Gyp,' a famous character who for a number of years ran barefooted after the hounds, until he was promoted to the position of driver of the deer-cart.

In all kinds of weather Puttock is at his post, and so punctual and with such heartiness does he brave the storms and sleet, that he may be said to be blessed with an iron constitution—which indeed he need to be. What the hunt will do if anything were to happen to Puttock, we would rather not contemplate. He seems to know, as if by mere instinct, the direction the deer will pursue, and at the 'take' is generally 'there or thereabouts' with his cart to bring it home.

The late Mr. Arthur Heathcote often complained to the present writer of the toilsome task which he and the huntsman had in getting the hounds home after a long run, frequently not reaching Epsom until one or two o'clock in the morning; 'whilst,' as he would say, 'there is that old Puttock, with his deer-cart, has been 'safely landed hours before.'

The present writer lived exactly opposite Puttock's cottage (which adjoins the Carshalton Park gates) for a number of years, has watched the deer-cart man return home at all sorts of hours, but invariably sober; indeed, he never saw Puttock the worse for liquor in his life, which is saying a very great deal indeed for a man following such an occupation and beset with so many temptations, and so frequently recurring.

Deer have a great objection to be handled, and frequently strangers, who have assisted, or tried to assist in capturing them, have had to regret their temerity. Puttock either possesses or pretends to possess a sort of 'charm,' or 'incantation,' by which the deer are attracted. He declares it is no secret, and he has several times gone through the performance for our edification; when, if we have kept still and quiet, or, what is better, sought a hiding-place, the deer will come to him. We cannot better describe the incantation than as sort of compound of a twitter and a chatter; but that it charms the deer is

unquestionable. It has often been a source of wonder to the gentlemen of the hunt how Puttock manages to find the deer after a day's run. It is one thing to turn it out, but quite a different thing to find it again, but somehow or other our hero never fails to do so.

Although, as we have said, we have known him somewhat intimately for many years, still we know but little of him *away from home*. Accordingly, for the completion of this sketch, we asked for a few notes from one of the oldest and most esteemed members of the hunt. He has favoured us with the following; and we dare say our readers will wish that we had drawn more upon his resources and less upon our own :

‘ DEAR DR. SHORTHOUSE,

‘ You ask me to give you a few incidents connected with Puttock's ways and doings. I wish you had more personal knowledge of the man than probably you have, notwithstanding that you lived so near him for many years. It is only when you can draw him out quietly that you find how much there is in him of worth and wit. He always wins the regard of all he meets wherever he goes, and as often in following his calling he gets into “strange lands,” and among those who have no vast love for hunting, it shows how genial he is, and how much tact he possesses, that he ever makes friends. Children and animals are devoted to him, and what more can you say? If you want a good laugh, and have half an hour to spare, go and ask him for some of the anecdotes I am ashamed to say I have forgotten. It is wonderful to see him with the deer hunted by the Surrey stag-hounds. You are well aware how shy they are, and how difficult it is to approach them, but he walks out into the park where they are kept, calls to them in some peculiar language common to himself and them, pulls out a brilliant pocket handkerchief and shakes it in the air (you would have supposed this would have been sufficient to frighten them over the wall), and presently up they come, often at a trot, and form up in front of him, and, if alone, many will even feed out of a measure in his hand. About two years since much interest was felt in a comet that was visible for some time. Puttock, one night, walked up into the park, armed with his field glasses, to have a look at it. While he was making his observations a deer called The Footman came up to see what was going on, and actually began rubbing his nose against the old man's arm. “Ah,” said he, “do you want to have “a look? come on, then,” and to the astonishment of a passer-by, he placed the glasses against the animal's eyes, who, to all appearances, quite understood what he had to do. A wonderful instance of his influence over the deer was in the case of Apology, the celebrated hind who was at large for so many months. She is so wild that she hardly ever will show herself, but learning that she was about at a place called Flanchford, near Reigate, Puttock went off to see whether he could entice her into a shed, and so capture her. He walked about, accompanied by the keeper and some of the

'neighbours, nearly all day, without seeing anything of Apology, but 'towards evening, when most of his friends had given up hope and 'retired, he came upon her. Up she jumped and away like the 'wind, and before he had recovered from his surprise, was two fields 'away. He then called in his peculiar way, and she pulled up in her 'trot and listened. "Now then, where are you going to, you old "fool?" shouts Puttock. "Come along, it's only me," and he repeated his call and waved his handkerchief, and shortly back she 'came over the fences to him, and within a very few yards, when 'some of the strangers showing themselves, off she went again, and 'nothing would induce her to come within a field of them. As it 'was getting dusk, Puttock thought it useless to try further, and 'started on his return, but had not crossed many fields when 'Apology, with a rush and a bound, landed over the hedge close to his 'side, to the alarm and surprise of his companions. She had evidently 'been watching and following him, and, I have no doubt that, had he 'been alone, she would have allowed herself to be captured.'

We have only space to allude to more than two or three deer and their exploits, and we have purposely chosen those which are rather of an erratic nature, than of sobriety and the 'never-say-die' character. Plough-boy, nicknamed 'Bacca' by the workmen, because he was so fond of his bacca, as the Irish foxes are—though, according to Samuel Lover, the latter always smoke theirs when they can get any; but Ploughboy chewed his, and, by mere instinct, knew everybody who went into the park whether they had tobacco or not, and would run after those who he supposed were in possession of the precious weed, and would, as well as a stag could, actually 'beg' for some. He was well known to the passers-by of those grand iron gates on the eastern side of Carshalton Park, many of whom stopped to give Ploughboy a quid, but, being a deer of refined taste, he would not have one if it had been in the mouth before; he liked to do the chewing himself. As bacca-smoking or bacca-chewing is not one of our weaknesses, we were not favourites with Ploughboy, but one day whilst strolling through the park in the company of a friend who rather fancied his weed, we were pestered more than we cared for by this illustrious and dissipated stag, who thrust his acquaintance upon us in a somewhat obtrusive manner. Our friend had some choice pale cavendish in his pocket, and the stag wanted a mouthful, so Puttock—who understands the deer lingo—told us afterwards. This stag became so thoroughly dissipated by his love of bacca, that he would, when opportunity offered, escape from the park into the street, for the off chance of getting a bit of his favourite weed. He was a bad one to run, but one day when he was turned out he came in contact with some gipsies, one of the bravest of whom endeavoured to capture him in his arms. 'Bacca' was very indignant, but merely gave his opponent a slight tap on the nut, which sent the gipsy to grass, but like the rest of his race, and not being deficient in pluck, the son of the true Calorè 'came to time' for a second round, which again ended in favour of Bacca. Several of the gipsy's pals joined in the

mêlée, but 'Bacca' was more than a match for the lot, and when he had well buried them in the mud, started off, wishing them well out of it. This stag, though of high descent, being a son of the famous hind 'Beechmont,' which many of the packs of stag-hounds tried to catch, but could not, was, in consequence of his depraved habits, useless for racing purposes, ultimately sent into a sort of penal servitude or drudgery in Kent, where he was harnessed and condemned to draw gate-posts and other logs of timber about, up steep inclines, with a threat of 'sleigh work,' if he did not mind his p's and q's.

Kitty Crowhurst was a splendid hind, a very fast runner, and very docile. She was once turned out on Ditchling Common, near Brighton, and, after going round the common, went away at a rattling pace, bounding over a hedge into a lane and in the midst of some men who were quietly eating their dinners. Here, by way of an interlude, she had an encounter with a sheep-dog, but, having plenty of time on hand, she gave him a severe trouncing, leaving him as she supposed for dead. The fight, we are informed, lasted for several minutes. When she thought she had 'settled' her antagonist she started off again, and led the hounds a pretty dance, after which she was taken at Chinton Farm, between Seaford and Beachy Head, the residence of Mr. Turner, a well-known sportsman. When Puttock arrived upon the scene he was most kindly entertained by the host and hostess, as had been those who were at the finish of the run. He was taken into the drawing-room to relate some of his adventures, and, on leaving, he turned to Mrs. Turner and said, 'Ma'am, if you don't mind, I won't put my chair away, 'as, I leave it where it is, perhaps I shall return before very long to 'sit upon it again.' And, sure enough, his words were prophetic; for, not many months afterwards, Apology, the most famous hind in the herd, was captured within a few hundred yards of the spot where her famous predecessor had been taken; and again the members of the hunt were welcomed to the hospitable board at Chinton, and again Puttock, to his great delight, was seated in the same room and in the same chair. He is a man brimful of superstitions; and as no stag or staghounds had ever been known to have been within many miles of the locality before Kitty Crowhurst paid it a visit, he said he knew it would not be long before another one paid it a visit. One hind, of rather eccentric habits, was named Real Jam—in compliment to a member of the hunt who had a racehorse of that name—who had a propensity for running into houses, to the great consternation of the inmates. On one occasion she ran into a house at Fetcham inhabited by two old ladies, and, as was her wont, she ran right upstairs and into one of the bed-rooms, through the window of which she took stock of the hounds baying below. When the hounds found out how matters stood, they also proceeded upstairs and 'into 'my lady's chamber.' The servants did not seem to like it at first, but they were afterwards overheard to say they wished the deer and Puttock would often pay them a visit.

Puttock's connection with Sir Gilbert Heathcote commenced in the racing stable; he had the care of, and rode at exercise, Sir Gilbert's celebrated horse Amato, who won the Derby in the year 1838. The horse was ridden in the race by Jemmy Chapple, but was ridden at exercise by the subject of the preceding sketch, William Puttock, the trainer being Sherwood.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

DESPITE the intense change which has overtaken men and manners during the last half century, there are probably few events whose character and surroundings have been more completely altered than the rowing match between Oxford and Cambridge. Originated just fifty years ago, it was, for a long time, not an annual but an occasional affair, and we may presume that the University last defeated usually delayed their challenge until they had an extra good chance of victory, just as recently the doughty band of athletes, known as the Oxford Etonian Boat Club, have from time to time pounced down upon Henley to carry off the Grand Challenge Cup year after year, and then retired into the cold shade of obscurity for an indefinite period. For nearly a generation, however, the match has now been one of the established fixtures of the spring season, but it is only within the last decade that it has attracted an amount of public attention utterly out of proportion with its merits as a sporting event. The populace want an excuse for a holiday, and the race between the rival Universities supplies a convenient peg on which to hang a day's outing, varied and elaborated according to the tastes and means of different ranks of society. How little interest nine-tenths of the crowd at Mortlake take in the rowing may be judged by the fact that during the actual progress of the race, more than one carriage-load of bedizened blue-clad excursionists were lunching contentedly, if somewhat prematurely, on Mortlake Green, without an attempt to approach the scene of action, or get beyond *leurs moutons* (cold with salad). Indeed, only as an excuse for a holiday is it possible to account for the general interest taken in the University race. The quality of the display affects it in no way; the rowing in both boats may not surpass mediocrity, but for the crowd 'the cry is still they come.' On the Putney waters it would not be difficult to find a score of amateurs who, if trained, could beat most of the university crews; the proceedings, either at Henley or the Metropolitan Regatta, have, however, never attracted any immense concourse. The sleepy little town in Oxfordshire is not capacious, but in its busiest moments there is generally room for a few more than arrive, and the Metropolitan Regatta, though almost invariably showing first-class form, is, speaking *sotto voce*, rather a dull affair.

As the day approaches details more and more minute are published

as to the practice of the crews, and non-sporting papers vie with the established organs of athletics in the technicality of their reports. The so-called society journals, not to be behind, treat the subject in an airy and discursive manner, and illustrated papers add their mite to the chronic idiocy by issuing preposterous sketches of what didn't and couldn't occur. Amongst this year's champion rubbish is a series of stanzas describing the race backwards, as starting at Mortlake, coming down and being won at Putney by Oxford (this is of course prophetic); one artist sketches, palpably evolving it from his own consciousness, 'the start,' with two or three men in each of the moored skiffs, the attendants holding the eights *by the rudders*, and somebody on the umpire's boat firing a *pistol* for the start, a function for years performed orally by Mr. Searle, the Lambeth boat-builder, in a skiff. These are some of the humours which the annual carnival calls forth, and they are likely to be of constant recurrence, as the old blocks will do equally well on another occasion, and be at least as true to life then as they were in the year of grace.

The crews began their practice under unfavourable conditions, Oxonians having the worst of it, as the floods of an unusually protracted winter rendered coaching from the banks of the Isis an impossibility, while to the sluggish Cam a little increase was rather an advantage than otherwise. The Cantabs had more old hands at work during the whole of their training, though the general look of the boat when first seen at Surbiton was by no means prepossessing, and gave no indication of the abnormal favouritism which Cambridge was to attain on the fatal day. Individual faults were glaringly conspicuous, and remained so, with but slight modification, throughout their practice; feathering under water, and an irregular swing of the bodies, was noticeable on their *début* at Kingston and their final paddle at Putney, but the regularity of the blades had improved in the meantime, and the men were fortunate in the absence of material ailment throughout their practice. The boat, which eventually carried them to an easy victory, was certainly rather too small for men so heavy; and it says but little for the practical sense imported into the trade of boat-building, that the Cambridge craft ordered for a crew of 12 st. and upwards should be constructed on lines identical with those for a Kingston Club eight-oar, intended to carry an average of about 11 st. 7 lb. Such computations scarcely attain the dignity of rule of thumb. By raising the bows the water was eventually kept from rolling over her unduly, and as all is well that ends well, nothing more need be said; but both crews would have done better by an interchange of boats, as Oxford's conveyance, built for last year's race, was rather too large, while the Cantabs were under-boated, and would have appeared to greater advantage in their rivals' craft. Oxford had to supply nearly the whole of a fresh crew; and though Marriott gallantly came to the rescue, and resumed his last year's place at stroke a fortnight before the race, the men seemed scarcely able to respond to his best efforts, and, besides individual imperfections, looked weak as a whole. A deal of uncertainty, too, seemed to prevail as to which boat should

carry them, and their practice was divided between a rather clumsy production of Perkins of Eton, and last year's north-country craft, which they eventually used. On arriving at Putney the Dark Blues were noticed to be better together than the Cambridge men, but their weakness became more and more perceptible, and each succeeding day showed them to be slower in practice for long and short spins alike, until the result of the race was pretty obvious. The Cantabs, after a probation at Kingston, appeared on the tidal water about the same time as Oxford. Owing to the abnormal height of the tide, the Cambridge boat, which was being worked down to Putney by Joe Sadler and Asplen, the C.U.B.C. waterman, with Mr. Davis in the sternsheets, cleared Teddington Weir easily, dispensing with the formality of using [the lock gates. The superior strength of the Cantabs was before long manifest, and as Oxford did not make the improvement expected from the accession of Marriott, public opinion was unusually unanimous. The Cantab stroke, R. D. Davis, both in practice and in the race, pulled excellently and with judgment, so that we shall probably see him again in the post of honour next year; of the others, Gurdon was perhaps the one who best maintained his form; but by the day of the race all had acquired a degree of uniformity sufficient for the utility, if not the extreme elegance of a strong crew, and their pace undoubtedly improved as the important hour drew near. Amongst the Oxonians, Marriott was in the race as good as ever, but with the exception of Rowe at No. 6, he was but inadequately supported.

Of the actual struggle there is little to be said. Cambridge, though taking a rather slower stroke, drew out almost from the start, and showed clear in half a mile, slipping away in a remarkable manner, as Oxford were expected to hold their own for a short distance at least. In the event, however, they were left astern at once, and Cambridge, going as they pleased, won in 21 min. 18 secs., by no means a remarkable performance, though as they were never pushed, time ceases to be a very accurate test of their merits. Of the great essential, strength, they had plenty; and with so many Jesus' men in the boat, that college should be formidable in the forthcoming regatta at Henley, on the 26th and 27th of June.

BANKRUPTCY IN ARCADIA.

It is the nature of man always to talk of the 'good old times,' and so it will be, I suppose, to the end of the world. Goldsmith, in his 'Deserted Village,' sings the same tune, and Nyren, in his immortal 'Cricketer's Guide,' deploras the glorious times of the old Hambleton Club, contrasts the superiority of the ales and the punch then with those of the day on which he writes, and the superior excitement in the matches of the past compared with those of his own time. I am by no means sure that the name of *laudator temporis*

acti is not more a term of honour than of reproach, as being convicted of the failing of looking back on the happy days long since past simply proves that those to whom it is applied enjoyed their boyhood and their youth. I hope I am thankful for those halcyon days, which bring back pleasant memories of great events, such as a pair of shoe-stirrups for my donkey-pad for learning the multiplication table; my first watch, my first pony, my first gun, my first match, and in looking back on the dear old governor's judgment, I now see how just and wise he was in not letting me go up to Lord's when I was first in the eleven, keeping me back for another year, as an inducement to be a better boy. And I must tell a story of the old governor, to show how I inherited my old Tory notions. The evidence lies before me now in the shape of a child's book called 'Scenes in England,' in which book is an account of the Cornish wreckers, who, as the writer says, were brought to a better state of mind and humanity through the exertions of an excellent body of men called 'The Wesleyan Methodists.' But the stout old English parson *would* have history written his own way, and struck out 'Wesleyan Methodists' with a broad pen and inserted in good round text 'The Clergy of the Established Church of England.'

As a matter of course, railways, telegraphs, and the enormous increase of the press, have been the cause of our living much more in public in the present day than formerly. The spread of education and public agitation have disturbed the rustic simplicity of our village homes. Mr. Arch, the agricultural labourers' champion, has invaded Arcadia, and made our Melibœi and Tityri strike against Pan and Ceres and Flora and Pomona, and the squire and the farmers are in no little trepidation about labour in the event of an abundant harvest. Our Tityrus is smoking his pipe now in a beer-shop brewing treason, and Melibœus is 'picketing knobsticks' who are ready to do a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. In fact, the tie between master and man is loosened to every one's loss.

The day is gone by for restrictions as to servants' dress, and you may see now in a country village church a parody of the latest London fashions in the dress of the rural population; the village louts wear flash ill-cut shoddy 'swell' clothes, and the time will arrive ere long when a smock-frock will be kept in the British Museum as a record of the costume of the English peasant in the so-called comparatively 'dark ages.'

The change which has so much affected the lower order of rustics has grown out of the change which has been going on in those above them. Any one who reads the late Miss Mitford's 'Tales of our Village' will see how a village used to be self-supporting for its interests and amusements, and how the humbler classes who followed sport, or every-day duties, were distinct characters who stood out individually.

We read in her charming book of the rat-catcher, the bird-catcher, the mole-catcher, records of the country fair, haymaking, harvest homes, and the many minor incidents and events which made up the

little history of a country village. And above all, don't let us forget her account of the 'village cricket match.' I verily believe that had Miss Mitford lived for ever, and had been ubiquitous, and had reported cricket, that 'Bell's Life' would have put up his shutters during the summer, and the 'Sportsman' would have been going about trying to borrow half a crown of the 'Sporting Life.'

Cricketers of England! I beseech you, take down Miss Mitford's tales and read the account of the Sunday evening's practice before the match. Mark you the *Sunday* evening's practice, when villagers all went to church like 'Christian men,' also played cricket in the evening under the *same* name. And I will back Miss Mitford's evidence as regards real Christianity against the field.

'To be one of a numerous body,' she writes, 'to be authorised to say *we*, to have a rightful interest in triumph or defeat, is gratifying at once to private interest and to personal pride. There was not a ten-year old urchin, or a septuagenary woman in the parish, who did not feel an additional importance, a reflected consequence in speaking of "our side." And after talking of the fictitious interest in elections in which 'money is king,' compared with that in village sports, she adds, 'Oh! to be a voter or a voter's wife comes nothing near the genuine and hearty sympathy of belonging to a parish, breathing the same air, looking at the same trees, listening to the same nightingale. Talk of a patriotic elector! give me a parochial patriot, a man who loves his parish! even *we*, as female partisans, may partake of the common ardour.'

'Them, too, is my sentiments,' Mr. Baily. But it is no good crying over spilt milk, and our losses are much counterbalanced by our gains. It is twenty times better to have Mr. Arch stirring up strife, and Tityrus in the beer-shop, and Melibœus 'picketing,' than to have the ricks all ablaze—as I well remember—threshing-machine riots, and the military firing into the mob, hang-fair after the assizes, putrid fever from overcrowded cottages, and many other evils which were things of course forty or fifty years ago. The professional agitators are the lowest scoundrels outside a certain place which is not usually mentioned in polite society; but you cannot, except when life is threatened, put a Martini-Henry bullet through a poor devil of an agricultural labourer who has been misled by some cold-blooded outside body in London, who don't know a cucumber from a vegetable-marrow, and whose sole object is to fatten on strife.

But there are things we *do* miss. The village cricket-match is one of these. The downfall of this old institution is easily accounted for—because there are very few cricket fields, as land is too valuable and people are too busy, and the consumption of country produce in London since the railway days is so great, that everything which can be made to grow by scientific farming and otherwise must grow; and the farmer has become a man of business who puts his capital into the soil, and probably attends three markets a week, whereas in days gone by he would only attend one. The leisure is gone; and as regards the young gentleman class, their ideas are of a higher order

now, and they belong to some club within hail, and aspire to be matched against the Zingari, or the Civil Service, or Incogniti, or the Garrison, and prefer a 'dress cricket match,' with crowds of ladies, champagne, and a dance in the evening to the sound of a military band, to the homely village match and the half-crown dinner at the Cricketers.

Then as regards our country races, where are they? Numbered with the past pretty much. Take the Wye races, for instance, on the punch-bowl course, between Canterbury and Ashford. I remember them when they were very insignificant races, attended by the farmers, the rural population, and the officers from Canterbury. The stakes were very small, and it was sometimes difficult to make a field; I don't suppose any bets above a sovereign were often made. Now the Wye races are placarded all about London, and special trains are run, and it is a real meeting. Should any one be fortunate enough to go to Wye races on a fine day, he will see racing in a natural amphitheatre and some of the most beautiful scenery in England, though our Wye primitive races are gone; and to betting men it is a business meeting, far more attractive than the Canterbury races now are to the London world; although it is only about a century ago since the Canterbury races on Harbledown were preceded by a public breakfast, and were commemorated also by a public dinner, with a wind-up of a 'grand main of cocks' in the evening, under the patronage of the mayor and corporation of the city.

Then there were our old local hunt steeplechases, open to the members of the hunt only, for horses which were ridden during the year over a *bond fide* hunting country which had been the scene of a run during the season, artificial fences being barred. Those are dead and gone too. The last of these which I saw was in Kent, in 1845 or thereabouts, when the prizes were ten pounds for the first horse, a new bridle and saddle for the second, and a silver-mounted whip for the third. I know nothing about steeplechasing, but I remember it was rare fun. It was purely a local meet of the neighbouring farmers, and one big suttlings booth sufficed for all comers.

It was a place for cordial meeting. Everybody knew everybody, and a great many who entered merely did so for the fun and the gallop, without any idea of winning; and it was a genuine hearty day's amusement without gambling, and possibly five hundred people only were present. A real local sport of this kind being discontinued is a great loss, for it made young fellows ambitious to acquire the noble art of horsemanship, which was within their power. The sport was good enough to incite a youngster to try and ride across country, and was not so appalling as to dissuade him from the attempt to do as well as Mr. A, or Mr. B, or friend C, all of whom he knew and had seen dozens of times with the hounds, or going to or returning from covert. It was all fair riding without roping or besting.

Even the flower-shows are almost impossible to keep up, and there is 'roping' in these pure arcadian amusements. Unless the prizes

are large enough gardeners won't exhibit, and even then there is a great deal of squaring amongst them, and private agreement about dividing the schedule, so that a few only shall compete for each class, and thereby secure prizes for all. And in the cottagers' department it is necessary to have the gardens inspected many weeks before the show, to insure competitors not buying fruit or flowers and exhibiting them as of their own growth. Even the village children who show wild flowers and grasses have to be severely cross-examined sometimes as to whether the collection is really their own. The *auri sacra fames* is eating us up, and Astræa herself could not in these days satisfy the disappointed.

The village bell-ringing, too, is now purely a matter of money, and the inter-village contests for a supper do not exist. Ringers want now a guaranteed sum per annum, and expect a subscription for a summer excursion, and a heavy honorarium in the winter; and in many places they think a crown somewhat shabby, and half a sovereign by no means too much.

The country fair is becoming another thing of the past. The manufacturers of colossal gingerbread cocks with gilded sides must have a poor trade of it now; the fat lady, the John Bull dwarf in top-boots, the little old woman of seventy years of age (who was shown to the audience, and who was probably 'doubled' in her part by the showman's child), who was put in a small barrel and rang a hand-bell through the bunghole—are no more; the man who drew a dozen yards of tape out of his mouth, and 'Middleton's 'Fantoccini,' and the Hottentot Venus, who carried a cavalry soldier on her *panier*, and pitched him over her head, would find no audience now, as the fair would be stormed by the scum of the earth from some neighbouring town, and a dozen police would be required *vice* the parish beadle, who was man enough to keep order, and who was wont to take the exceptional wrong-doers—who had their ten days for rioting and drunkenness—handcuffed in a cart to the county goal next morning; the keeper and prisoners being on the best terms, and refreshing themselves on the way, and probably talking over the fair.

I miss the rat-hunt in the barn too. The old barns of unknown age are replaced by substantial buildings, bricked and slated, and comparatively rat-proof. The old flail is a thing of the past, and so are the piles of golden grain in the corner of the barn; and there is now no necessity for farmer Broadbean's rat-hunt, where every boy and every dog in the parish were welcome, and there was as much dog-fighting as rat-hunting. The corn is carried, threshed by machinery, and packed off before the rats can get at it. In fact, I complain of the abolition of 'the rat which eat the malt,' &c., who acquired, if possible, additional immortality through the agency of Mr. Caldecott's inimitable drawings in his little Christmas book, 'The House that Jack Built.' Some of the sheep-shearing and harvest suppers, and village revels under no control, are not much loss, as bucolic youths, overloaded with beef and beer and pudding,

were not nice specimens of humanity, and oftentimes were remarkably objectionable, and showed dispositions little less than savage and brutal.

What is most missed now is the sociability which existed when neighbours in a county were at home mostly all the year round, and all our little excitements made fun for all, and we were dependent on one another for amusements. Near friends then made a little holiday occasionally at very small expense, and got up a little archery and cricket, and the grand old game of bowls on a summer afternoon, without any fuss or ceremony, with a syllabub and cold supper at dark; and the guests were not afraid to walk home three or four miles afterwards, if they did not keep a carriage. I wonder if a syllabub is ever made now, and if any one knows how to make it? Or again in the winter, some one would have a rabbit-shooting, or small coursing meeting of a few friends, who would be content with luncheon, consisting of a colossal piece of hunter's beef, and other farm produce, plenty of home-brewed ale, and home-made cherry brandy. This was before the days of champagne, a wine which I never saw or tasted until I was eighteen years of age, and which I drank as cyder, to my cost, in happy ignorance, and tried to persuade myself that a soft corner of a bye-lane was a comfortable place to sleep in, and found it so until a good Samaritan, whose opinions differed from mine, picked me up and kept me until I was fit to enter polite society once more.

Then we had our three subscription county balls in the winter, and our picnics in the summer, and in all our amusements we were dependent on one another.

The fact is, the country has become Londonised to a great extent, and we have lost our simplicity thereby. The mania for foreign travel has made people comparatively regardless of the old home pleasures, and they look to taking their excitement anywhere except at home. Even lawn-tennis, the most charming amusement and exercise for young ladies as well as gentlemen, is getting demoralised by fashionable toilettes, and champagne cup and competition matches, and prize rackets, and is becoming a business more than a pleasure, too often. The *soi-disant* match-player is the greatest nuisance imaginable on a country lawn—rushing about playing with both hands (which I believe to be a prostitution of the game of rackets, the essence of which is the back-handed play), and taking every ball, and spoiling every one else's amusement. It is the old, old story—self-aggrandisement! I don't think our grandmothers, as girls, would have competed in public before a crowd, the qualifications for whose admission was only by paying a shilling at the gate.

Poker, blind hookey, and 'Nap' are ousting the solemn old rubber at silver threepennies, and it is not too much to say that a large majority who touch a card now play for money, and not for the amusement. Give me a game of six-card cribbage with a Deal boatman, on a cribbage-board punctuated on an old oak table, with

gigantic pegs, against all the modern card-playing of to-day. The solemn silence of the spectators, which is only broken by a muttered 'Jack,' or 'heels,' as the knave may turn up, shows the undying interest in the game; the beer remains *untasted*, the quid *untasted*, the cavendish *undrawn* at the critical moment when it is 'hole and hole' within five of the game, and the only chance of the dealer is playing out. It is a match for glory and fame of *The Saucy Nancy* against the London stranger, for twopence a game and sixpence on the rub, with *The Saucy Nancy's* crew looking on. The Bank of England and Barclay and Perkins's Brewery wouldn't square the Deal boatmen. This is *real* sport.

I confess to more than a sneaking liking for the Deal boatmen, as I like the company of men who will go out on a night when sky and sea are a roaring chaos to save life, without any salvage money, too often at the loss of their own. I don't believe in all the virtues belonging to conventional life. Now this is an impertinent intrusion on my part, for it has nothing to do with Arcadia, but I am reasoning by analogy, on the charms of simple amusement amongst simple people who play for pleasure.

The real matter of fact is, that money now has got into the hands of a few, and the world is going too fast, and the confession of poverty is almost a crime. Luxury and show have supplanted comfort and simple recreations. The University boat-race and cricket-match, and the Eton and Harrow match, have become almost a nuisance from sensational excitement, and the French are not far wrong when they say 'we take our pleasure sadly.'

Thanks to Lord Harris, the old Kent eleven has been restored; but there is no doubt that until he revived its glories, by searching the county through for players, the previous downfall of Kent was attributable to all interest almost in cricket having been centred in the Canterbury week. Now other towns in England are going to have a cricket week and all the Saturnalia, in imitation of Canterbury, and they may depend upon it, it will do their home cricket no good, as centralising a game for a short period spoils the taste for home cricket. The effect of this is seen in the county of Surrey. The Oval is doubtless one of the best cricket theatres in England, and being within reach of most of the old cricket centres, people make a day at the Oval, and neglect their village greens. Every youngster of twenty years of age who can bowl a decent ball fancies himself a player, and won't play without being paid; the young gentlemen aspire to the county eleven, or to a travelling eleven of 'Bounding Britons' or 'Flying Cherubims,' or some such name, and all the money goes out of the parish, instead of being spent in it; and the stay-at-home fogeys button up their pockets and won't subscribe to home clubs which produce no cricketers, and the county eleven (?) is recruited from north men imported into Surrey.

Fishing has by no means escaped the sensation mania. Pot-hunting for club prizes, and the 'testimonial mania,' the 'keeping 'dark' a good stretch of water for the purpose of 'wiping your

'neighbour's eye,' would not have been approved by old Izaak Walton, who told his 'Scholar' all he knew, as they sat under the sycamore-tree, and said his simple grace before their homely meal. What would I not have given to have been out with that good old man, and have been his companion at an honest ale-house, where the sheets smelt of lavender and there were plenty of ballads on the walls!

When one does find a primitive village where old fashions prevail, it is necessary to keep the information very dark for fear of invasion. I know two or three of such in the heart of Surrey, at the foot of some of the hills, where eggs and bacon and home-brewed ale are not unknown; where, for the sum of one shilling, excellent tea and home-made bread and butter can be obtained, in a brick-floored kitchen with a chimney-corner; and where samplers and ballads yet hang on the walls, and where people are as simple as they were in my boyhood; where each of the umpires takes a bat in a match, and where the smock-frocked crowd sit round. In many of such places as these, late in the season, there is a wind-up match, in which all comers are welcome, and there are generally some very good players on either side, and some real 'yokels'; the winning or losing being of no importance, as the object of the meeting is a day's fun and a supper. I played in one of these matches, some forty miles from London, last October. A gamekeeper six feet high, without the remotest idea of science, holding his bat at the end of the handle, threshed away in a style with wonderful success, in a manner which Mr. C. J. Thornton might have admired; and the better the bowling the harder he hit, to the great delight of a beer-y patriarch (the only beer-y man there), who kept on shouting 'Well be-ay-ved' (behaved), and who in his excitement tried to clap his hands and missed them, and pitched on his head off a form. One of the umpires, who was a regular villager, would not give any one 'out' unless he was bowled. In the evening I asked him: *Q.* 'Were you ever umpire before?' *A.* 'Noa,' he answered. *Q.* 'Did you ever read the laws of cricket?' *A.* 'Noa; never he'erd on 'em.' *Q.* 'Then why did you stand umpire?' *A.* 'Because they offered I half a crown and a *soopper*, and I never *guv* nobody out, and then I couldn't offend nobody.' This is literally true, and occurred on October 1, 1878.

I cannot help my old-fashioned notions, Mr. Baily, and shall die as I have lived in them; as, though the simplicity of our home amusement has practically died out, the love of that simplicity exists amongst 'many men now alive,' as Lord Macaulay would have said. If you outlive me, please *don't* let them burn me—that is treating a Christian like a Hampshire bacon-pig—but I have no objection to being stuffed and put in the British Museum as 'the last of the Fogeys.'

Mitcham.

F. G.

CHAMPIONSHIP AND UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS.

ALTHOUGH it must be admitted that to the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race is due the great gathering of University and other athletes in London as Eastertide approaches, the various sports which go to make up what may be described as the Lillie Bridge gala week (or rather parts of two weeks), have each succeeding year drawn together larger and more fashionable gatherings, and to most of the spectators, excepting, of course, the purely aquatic element, the bill of fare, if not more attractive than the water tourney, boasts, at any rate, a not unimportant advantage—that those coming to see, can see, a condition unattainable by one-hundredth part of the pilgrims to Barnes or Mortlake, whose position in many cases is about equivalent to that of John Leech's small and gratuitous visitor to a travelling circus, who discerned the 'coofs of the horses,' a fleeting glimpse of two eight-oars being all the connection between a thousand luncheon parties and the sober *raison d'être* of the day's gathering. At Lillie Bridge it is otherwise; and whether in the boxing, bicycle, and wrestling competitions which make up the programme for the opening day, during the subsequent progress of the Inter-University sports, or at the amateur championship meeting, which closes the trio of the most important fixtures of the year, there is a good view of the proceedings, with opportunity for a comfortable rest under cover, varied by a saunter round the grounds among the carriages, which in favourable weather crowd two sides of the course.

Owing to the chilly, damp aspect out of doors the first day's proceedings took place in the gymnasium, a rendezvous which, if preferable in case of a shower, is in many respects less desirable than a twenty-four feet ring on grass, as specified in the conditions of the Marquis of Queensberry's Cups. These trophies have been competed for since 1867, and both at Beaufort House, where the earlier contests were held, and at Lillie Bridge, of late years the headquarters of first-class athletics, the sparring has generally been decided *sub Jove*. The Bicycle-race proving a walk-over for H. L. Cortis of the Wanderers B.C., spectators lost no time in securing the best seats round the ring in the gymnasium, and several besides those privileged as judges or reporters appeared to be rather too close to the ropes, especially as tobacco in every variety of form and quality was being largely consumed by many of the visitors. A majority of 'noble sportsmen,' unless deeply interested in the subject before them, class smoke amongst necessities, and on such occasions it would be unwise, if practicable, to attempt to put it down; but in the interests of the performers, lookers-on should be seated further back, which would besides give a better view to a larger number. Contrary to precedent, the late fixture of 5 P.M. was announced for the sparring, and many who without studying advertisements had taken the previous years' hour, an elastic 2 P.M., as a matter of course, appeared directly after lunch, only to find their hurry ill-timed, and their sole consolation in the presence of acquaintances equally mistaken. The boxing began pretty punctually with Light Weights (under 10 stone), G. Airey, last year's winner, meeting Nicholls, and securing his first heat easily. In the next, Kain of Manchester, and Haynes of the West London Club, were more evenly matched, but the provincial, sparring livelier, obtained the verdict, warming up a good deal in the third round. Brinsmead, another West Londoner, being odd man, next met Airey, and kept him fully employed for some time, but in the last round Brinsmead, who was engaged also in the Middle Weights, fell weak, leaving

Airey an undisputed winner of the bout. The final issue, therefore, lay between Kain and Airey, and for a long while the Manchester lad, who did especial execution with the right, held his own gallantly, both men falling at the ropes in the third round; afterwards the holder had most left in him, and wearing Kain out, carried off the Light Weights for the second time. A. Curnick and Brinsmead opened the ball in the Middles, and the latter, although giving some weight away, forced the fighting throughout, sticking to his man from the commencement, and eventually fighting him to a standstill. In the next Hatton, of the Mersey Canoe Club, disposed of Barge, West London B.C., after the Londoner had kept matters pretty even for the first round. In the second, however, Barge, who looked a mere shrimp by the side of the Liverpoolian, went down without a blow, and was goosed from all sides of the house; at the finish, Hatton, who had it all his own way, increased the pressure, until he was called upon to *spar*, and showing to equal advantage at light play, won easily. Winn, of Trinity, Cambridge, drawing a bye, now met Brinsmead, and though a splendidly made young fellow, and ready enough to give and take, stood no chance at points with his more practised opponent. Brinsmead therefore opposed Hatton for the decider, and the latter, again, had a marked 'pull' in height and reach. The cockney, however, led off, and after a little countering, landed on the face. Some brisk work followed, and the men were boxing pretty evenly until Hatton tired, and the Londoner, who showed grand lasting power throughout the afternoon's work, was declared the winner of the middle weights, after getting knocked out of the feathers. This brilliant achievement seemed to arouse the enthusiasm of the company, and the verdict was received with great cheering. But one boxer had the hardihood to oppose Frost-Smith (West London Rowing Club) for the Heavy Weights, and in Vize, of the Thames Club, he found a foeman worthy of his steel. Last year the same pair met, and the West Londoner scored, after a very fine spar. This time the tables were turned, but merits were so nearly balanced that a fourth round was ordered—or was it that the Judges felt unwilling to let so fine and skilful a pair of amateurs part without giving the spectators another treat? In appearance and attitude Vize is a most elegant, almost statuesque, boxer, being tall and strongly, though not massively, built, while Smith's unusually solid frame looks equal to any attacks. At the onset, Smith had rather the best of some heavy exchanges, but as time went on he got blown, and though every now and then planting a stinger, Vize was as good as his master, and, when the encore was ordered, looked fresher. Smith, however, kept hard at work, and both were very quick for big ones, the show being fairly superior to most professional form. In the end Vize, sticking to his man, gained the verdict decisively, after a display of science on both sides seldom witnessed. In an interval between the rounds, A. Allwright, of the German Gymnastic Society, again won the Heavy-weight Wrestling, throwing R. C. T. Challoner twice. For the other weights there was no competition, a great falling off from previous occasions, and one not to be wondered at, as the exhibition, save to extreme *cognoscenti*, seems to consist for three-fourths of the time in the men sprawling on the floor, without palpable motion, and is one we must plead guilty of not appreciating.

The Inter-University Sports, on the day preceding the boat-race, attracted a vast concourse, many of whom, however, did not come until rather late, so that at first the attendance seemed scarcely up to the average. Oxford had first blood, in the Hundred, Treppin, of Brasenose, winning all the way, and for the third time. This treble victory has been achieved but once before, and then also by an Oxonian, Wise, of Worcester. The

next three events fell to Cambridge, East, of St. John's, 'putting,' also throwing the hammer, and Jarvis, of Trinity, landing pretty easily in the Hurdles. The Mile was reckoned a moral for Oxford, as it proved, but her crack, Clarke, of Magdalen, could obtain only second place, Wise, of Queen's, getting the lead a hundred yards from home, and holding it to the tape, Clarke's effort being too long deferred. Macaulay, of King's, won the High Jump for Cambridge with a couple of inches to spare, though his record, 5 ft. 8½ in., has been often surpassed among champions. Oxford had another good thing at the Quarter, Portal showing the way right through; but the Long Jump gave the odd event to the Cantabs by the assistance of Baddeley, of Jesus. Partisan interest was now slackened, as the Dark Blues were certain to secure the final race, three miles; their rivals, by winning the less popular and important items, to wit—Hammer, Putting, and both Jumps, as well as the Hurdles, were numerically the victors, the relative *kudos* of carrying off all the flat races, when pitted against the five events just named, admitting, however, of little dispute. The same thing has happened before, and doubtless will again; it is quite right and proper, and no alteration is proposed or suggested, unless it be in the interests of spectators, to put the less attractive and intelligible contests as much as possible early on the card. The day's sport, while fairly good, produced nothing to add to the list of 'best on record,' or indeed specially noteworthy; but should the quality of the performances deteriorate, a most improbable contingency, it will be long ere Lillie Bridge, on the Inter-University day, ceases to be a charming *réunion* for all sorts and conditions of men—and ladies too—and a certain annual *rendezvous* for *quondam* chums, whose ways in life may be now widely divergent, while superannuated athletes, both of the London and University divisions, deem it a favourable opportunity to fight over again their past struggles on the cinder-path.

Coming after the great muster at the University sports, the attendance at the Championship Meeting, on the Monday after the boat-race, looked comparatively meagre, though it was certainly up to the standard of former anniversaries. In the Walking-race (7 miles) H. Webster, of the Stoke Athletic Club, had the field to himself, and did a very fine performance—the entire distance being covered in 52 min. 34 secs., which, considering that he had not the advantage of an antagonist to make the pace, must be reckoned a great achievement, though the time has been beaten on a previous occasion. East, of Cambridge, put the Weight nearly two feet farther than his solitary opponent, Macaulay, of the O.U.A.C., who, however, secured the High Jump, beating Tomlinson of Derby. Another Cantab, W. G. Elliott, won the wide jump; so, altogether, the light blue division did well in the miscellaneous items of the day's programme. For the Hundred, Portal, the Oxford champion, won a good race; and Wise, another Oxonian, secured the Mile championship, finishing very strongly in a struggle with Jenkins, also O.U.A.C., who more than once led, and near the finish looked very threatening, but could not quite get up. Cambridge was to the fore in the other principal events; Storey beating Portal for the Quarter by a few inches, after a magnificent struggle, Palmer winning the Hurdles easily, and W. W. Bolton showing the way from the start to the tape in the Half-Mile. The long-distance event, Four Miles, was rather uninteresting, as the winner, J. E. Warburton, of Stoke, was scarcely a specimen of an amateur champion, and the race produced no feature of attraction. Altogether, however, the day's card produced some excellent sport, and if scarcely equal to some previous anniversaries, must undoubtedly be reckoned a success, alike by performers and spectators.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Turf, Chase, and Road.

A MISTY April morn, with a wind that at one moment felt balmy, and at another reminded you of a winter possibly not yet passed away; a sort of hesitation in Nature's face as if she was prepared to take the leap from January into the lap of Spring, but dwelt at her fence just a brief moment too long to warrant us in believing she would land safely on the other side; a vista of springy, elastic turf, wonderfully well rolled and cared for, and over which we take our, by no means, solitary way—the vista, bounded by a painfully ugly erection known as a grand stand, in front of which the passing gleams of sunshine light up the molten image of a horse,—where are we? The racing men among our readers need not be told, but for the benefit of those benighted beings (if such there are) who know not the land where the roughs and the shouting are emblems of deeds that are done in that clime, we will say we are at Northampton. A N. W. R. special has just disgorged us, and from a howling wilderness of brick tenements, which only a few years ago we remember green fields, we emerge on to the common close to that fearful hole in which the long-suffering Mr. McGeorge starts the competitors for the Spencer Plate. We always look upon that hole, by the way, with an almost tearful interest. It has been the grave of so many hopes, and so many fivers, (in our small way we have sown there golden seed which we shall never reap); it has been the accursed thing of so many certainties, and witnessed the destruction of so many trials, that it is impossible to pass it by quite unheeded. A fearful-looking pit, and how Mr. McGeorge ever gets them out of it we don't know; but we leave it behind us, and, in company with a genial hunting friend, to whom the Van is deeply indebted, and the shock of whose appearance on a racecourse had almost knocked us off our balance, proceed up the course. We pointed out the hole to him in our most impressive manner, but regret to state that he did not seem in the least moved by the intelligence conveyed, and proceeded to talk of the war in Zululand, the dispute in the Quorn country, and other trivial matters of that sort in the way that would have shocked our racing readers. But they will pardon him for our sake, we feel sure, for he knew no better.

And as we enter the paddock, and take our way towards the business department of the meeting, our thoughts naturally turn to one who that day twelvemonth was there to welcome us with cordial greeting and merry quip, though, even then, the signs of departure were visible on that whilom cheery face, and in that once-sparkling eye. His death—the death of Mr. John Frail, the well-known Conservative election agent, the equally well-known clerk of the course of Shrewsbury, as well as Northampton and other places, a man trusted and esteemed alike in the political, the social, and the sporting world—has removed a remarkable character from the scene. Mr. Frail is said to have been of humble origin; but be that as it may, his education must have been a good one, for though his natural talents were of a very high order, and his tact and knowledge of the world perfect, yet was there a substratum of reading and a knowledge of books beneath that did him good service during his life. For instance, he had a thorough acquaintance with Shakespeare; was an ardent admirer of the poet for all time, as those who knew him well, and who knew how aptly he could quote and cap, are aware. That he was a shopkeeper in a small way in the town of which he died the chief

magistrate is only saying what has been said of many Englishmen who have filled a more distinguished position than John Frail. Born at the commencement of the century, he seems to have become a politician at an early age, in the days when the Tories were masters of the political situation, and to be a disciple of that school was to be on the winning side. But from that side Mr. Frail, when the hour of adversity came, never shrank, and to the last hours of his life he might have been called a Tory of the old school. Thirty or forty years ago his name was much before the public in connection with Major Beresford, the 'W. B.' of the Carlton Club, and the well-known 'Billy' Holmes. Scarcely a contested election, particularly in a borough, where the hand of John Frail was not visible, and where, if not present in the flesh, he had the credit of pulling some of the wires. Strange were the tales told of him. He was 'the Man in the Moon.' His was the mysterious hand which from behind a curtain dropped into the open palm of the 'free' and independent' the price of his vote. All this was idle conjecture, of course. Examined before many election committees, 'nothing of a character' to damage his own party was ever elicited from him by the most astute and 'persistent of Parliamentary advocates.' Such is the testimony of one who knew him well. With a wonderful memory, a fund of anecdote almost unrivalled, and a keen sense of humour, Mr. Frail yet kept the secrets of the prison-house not only before election committees but in social converse. His manners were excellent. Early associated with men far above him in rank, his natural cleverness enabled him to catch their tone. He was perfectly at his ease with the noble candidate as he was when managing the rougher elements in the committee-room. During his long life he gained many firm and valuable friends, of whom the late Lord Derby was one of the chief. They had, too, a bond of union apart from politics, for both knew and loved their Shakespeare, and frequent was the war of wit and quotation in the library in St. James's Square. His racing reputation—how he managed with conspicuous ability his own particular meeting—Shrewsbury; how lately he created Windsor, and revived the fortunes of Northampton, we all know. It is not too much to say, that no one could approach him in the way he carried out the business arrangements of a meeting, and saw to the comforts of its visitors. His political instincts clung to him on the racecourse, and though he liked a good sportsman to win, he infinitely preferred the success of the Conservative sportsman to that of the Liberal. He has died at a ripe old age, and has left a gap among those of the older generation not easily to be replaced. In the coming season his well-known figure will be missed at many racing haunts, and his name be often mentioned by the numerous friends who liked and respected John Frail.

But we must let the dead past bury its dead. We are in the paddock, gazing up at that terrible erection, the stand above mentioned, and though we are facing its most pleasing side—the subscription one—we cannot help wondering at the class and manner of men who built it, and similar erections. Northampton is about the top weight in the ugly handicap, we think, but perhaps Epsom would run it hard. We are lighted on such æsthetic days now in racing, when the luxurious pavilions of Ascot, Sandown, and Kempton appeal to our senses, that Northampton and its congeners seem terribly old-fashioned. But they serve their turn, and the bright subscription faces seemed perfectly happy and contented with their ugly surroundings. By the way, the show of beauty for which Northampton used to be famous struck us as exhibiting a great falling off this year. There used to be a great display of the *sangre azul* of Northamptonshire and Warwickshire, and the specimens of the blue blood aforesaid—remembering that *noblesse oblige*—were all winsome

young women to look upon. But the generation of to-day had forgotten their winsomeness, and we turned from that inspection of the subscription stand, which we always think it incumbent on us, in the interest of our readers, to perform, and sought for the Althorpe beauties to make amends. But, truth to say, there was not very much there either. The past season would, of course, have much to do with the rough coats and big barrels that were conspicuous, but there was a lack of quality also, and we much doubt if future fathers or mothers of our kings to be, were to be found among the Althorpe field. The Song was, probably, the best of the lot, and yet her trial did not sound anything very grand, and so it is still possible that one or two of those behind her might turn the tables. For instance, there was a good-looking colt, Early Morn, the property of Lord Anglesey, that looked like carrying The Song, and there were Douranee and the high-priced Vol-au-Vent, in addition to Khabara. Douranee showed as much quality as anything there; but the Lincoln luck of Russley did not run on at Northampton, and neither the Duke, the Earl, nor 'R. P.' himself carried home any spoil. This was somewhat remarkable, and adds another to the many proofs of the glorious uncertainty. La Merveille and Ridotto looked well on paper, supported as they were by their clever trainer, but the former was done with before half the distance of the Spencer Plate was run; and Ridotto, we cannot help fancying, is an overrated horse, at least judging from the easy way in which Roehampton beat him in the Northamptonshire Stakes. Roehampton was brought specially from his northern quarters for this event, and Jim Snowdon, his first appearance these fifteen years ago, on the Northamptonshire turf, came to ride him. The horse looked wonderfully well, and we fancy that some of the Yorkshire training-grounds were fitter for work this winter than others at Newmarket and farther south. The ground at Malton was not so hard as on the Warren Hill, because the snow on the former protected it, and much trotting exercise was done there; while at headquarters horses were condemned to straw beds.

There was good racing at Northampton, however, be the quality what it was, and there was good jockeyship too. What a fine bit of riding was Fordham's in the St. Liz Handicap, on Westbourne! Warren Hastings has disappointed his owners and backers so often that most people were afraid of touching him in the Spencer Plate, for which La Merveille was the public favourite, but whether her owner fancied her much we are not so sure. Joseph Dawson's stable once again stood Athol Lad, and Blanton's patrons were rather confident about St. Augustine, who certainly had plenty of weight, and was, with Sword Knot, not meeting the older horses on at all good terms. Mr. Gretton again stood The Monk—not for much, we should say—and again did Tom Cannon essay his utmost with him; but the horse is a very nervous animal. He was "all of a tremble" at the post, and was out of it, we should say, even before the flag fell. La Merveille was soon done with, and the only three-year-olds in it were Cromwell and Kingfisher, who were respectable second and third to Warren Hastings. Mr. Rayner's horse was stopping at the finish, though, and had evidently had enough of it. Sir Joseph, in the Northampton Cup, made some amends to Weever's stable for their Lincoln disappointment, and the Russley stable suffered another defeat with Kaleidoscope, who, after a good race with Sir Joseph, was beaten by a length. Placida could only get a bad third, and the speedy Midlothian was not in it. Sir Joseph's win was very true running, and showed that the stable did not make any great mistake when they backed him at Lincoln.

The sport on the second day was quite up to the mark, though hardly so good for backers as they could have wished. The good hunter, Quits, had

to lower his colours in the Pytchley to Speculator, a horse once talked of as a Derby one, and a prominent favourite for the City and Suburban last year until he broke down. It was asking Quits to do too much to give a horse with this reputation two stone short of a pound, but "the Squire" and Wadlow thought he could do it, and backed him freely. However, when it came to racing at the finish, Speculator beat him rather easily, Mr. Arthur Coventry, who was on Speculator, only having to call upon him opposite the stand with a 'one, two, and he responded without an effort. It may be remarked here that among the many traits of good jockeyship which Mr. Coventry exhibits, he always punishes, when he has to do it, effectually. He is not fond of the whip, but if he has to use it, he does not play with it. He rode Speculator admirably that afternoon. The Auction Stakes introduced us to Masquerader, from Bedford Lodge, a son of Carnival and Allerte, whose trial did not read very high, but who won very easily from others with better private reputations. Red Lion was said to have cleaned out all Mr. Acton's young ones—not a very difficult task, judging from the way the horse ran now—and she and Landrail—the latter had run forward in the Althorpe—were second favourites. Landrail alone performed decently, and though Masquerader was said to be a good bit behind Khabara, there is no doubt he possesses a good turn of speed for half a mile. Lollypop showed us he had not deteriorated from his old form, whatever Placida has done, for he made an exhibition of her in the Whittlebury Cup which must have made the bookmakers wonder why they fielded so strongly for her. The betting opened at 2 to 1 on the Duke of Hamilton's horse, but even money was taken before the flag fell, while 6 to 8 was the highest offer against the Oaks mare. What they knew, or thought they knew, about her, we are ignorant of, but she could not live with Lollypop. The Northamptonshire Stakes we have before referred to. Sufficient to say now that Ridotto was in every one's mouth, and the only other horse really backed was Drumhead. Well as Roehampton looked, he had few friends out of his own stable, and his easy win we have told of. He had a master on his back, and so had Ridotto; but the latter is one of those disappointing horses who may win a race some day, and while we write the Metropolitan looks like being fairly within his grasp; but then, perhaps, his stable may not fancy him. The last three events were disastrous to backers, for Ouse got beaten by Queen's County in the Sulby Handicap, while the two great certainties of the afternoon, next to Ridotto, the two Admirals, the one for the Welter Cup and the one for the Delapre Handicap, came to signal grief. Mr. Gretton's Admiral was 'the 'getting home' hero, and the Duke of Hamilton's Admiral was to back him up. But that dreadful Archer, on Fiddlestring, settled the first, and the little-fancied Merry Thought utterly squandered the second, so we returned to town in rather a depressed frame of mind. But it was a good meeting, no doubt, one of the best that has been held at Northampton for some time, and the sons and successors of John Frail may be congratulated on such a successful inauguration of their reign.

It is always with pleasure that we bend our Eastward Ho, as it is probable those 'Baily' readers who care to look at our lucubrations have found out by this time. The breezes of the Bury Hill call to us; the note of the plover woos us to the Rowley Mile. 'Tis the time of touting, this Craven week,—and of touting in its amateur form, when the poor professionals are cast into the shade, and the training-grounds are crowded in early morning with eager thirsters after knowledge—the knowledge of the City and Suburban and the Guineas. The prospects of touting, however, did not look very favourable on Easter eve, when a snow-storm descended on Newmarket and

its neighbourhood such as one reads of in Scotland during this winter, but hardly expected so far south. The Bury Hill was speedily converted into a great Twelfth-cake, and drifts were gathering in the High Street. The aspect was Siberian; but happily Easter Monday brought a change, and when the excellent special of the G.E.R. landed us at headquarters on the following morning, winter had vanished, not, we hope, to return. There were not many people, by the way, either in the Rutland yard and coffee-rooms, or on the New Stand. Indeed a tamer Craven we never remember; and if it had not been for one or two interesting races, and the touting above alluded to, things would have been dull indeed. The principal race of the first day, the Biennial, proved a very uninteresting affair, and Alchemist was the best horse left in it when the field assembled at the post. Previously to this Mr. Gretton had shown us a useful sort of horse in the Trial Stakes, in Chios, a son of Nuneham; and in the Post, Zut, who was a great overgrown baby last year, looked as if he had shaped into something like a racehorse this, for he beat Leghorn, of whom Blanton's people were very fond, easily—though we don't believe Rayon d'Or improved his position for the Guineas in consequence. Of course Captain Machell had a favourite for the Weeds Plate, and, with Archer up, equally of course he won. What those behind him were like we cannot exactly say—probably not worth very much, and they certainly did not carry much money. Thornfield, though he has not much grown, and looked like a pony, yet showed he was quite up to his last year's form by beating The Scot, Aventurier, Lorna Doone, &c., very easily in the Bushes Handicap; and then we proceeded to take stock of the Biennial horses in the birdcage. Truth to say, there was not very much to take stock of. Some trials and gallops in the previous week had played the mischief with reputations, public as well as private. The great Gunnersbury, who according to some people was to win the Derby, utterly collapsed in his trial; and so did a dark celebrity, Exeter, who for three or four weeks previously had been whispered about as something wonderful: when asked a question, however, with Cromwell, he did not respond—at least so we presume, as he did not run for the Biennial, and from twenty went to forty to one for the Derby. Wheel of Fortune, too, was announced as amiss, so the field dwindled down to one of small proportions and no great character. Odds were laid on Alchemist—who, however, but for Archer's resolute riding, would hardly, we think, have got home before Khamseen, a dark colt of Mr. Vyner's, whose day was not supposed to be yet, and who rather astonished his stable by running the good horse he did. Nothing else was in it but these two, and after the race the Two Thousand chances of Strathearn, the stable companion of the winner, were much discussed; but as the race will be decided while these pages are in the press, we had better not hazard an opinion.

Wednesday's racing would have been rather flat, but for a sensational event at the close of the afternoon, in the victory of the American horse, Parole, over the Cambridgeshire winner, Isonomy, and which event gave us food for much talk, and, it is to be hoped, as far as concerns those in authority over us, some reflection. Of course the Claret Stakes was a gift for Insulaire; and the Column Produce was considered as good a one for Charibert, though he makes a noise, but Reconciliation, who has grown into a slashing mare, beat him without an effort. Charibert was in difficulties directly he began the ascent out of the dip; and as the horse had been talked about as one who would take all the beating that could be given him for the Two Thousand, his defeat caused some surprise, especially to his noble owner. The evergreen Oxonian—we are tired of writing the word—made an example of his field for the All Aged Stakes; and the City and Suburban favourite,

Knight of Burghley, put in an appearance for the Sale Stakes, and as he had only Colorado and Kingfisher to beat, he did that as easily as possible. Still, fine colt and good mover as he is, he rather alarmed his backers for the Epsom event by pulling at Chaloner, who at one period of the race could hardly keep him straight. He did not at all then give one the idea of a boy's horse, but still 10 to 1 was the highest offer against him after the race. Archer exhibited some very fine specimens of jockeyship during the week, but we think his best unquestionably was on Pardon, in the Rous Handicap this afternoon. Coming down the Bushes Hill, Archer was seen to be riding Pardon, who looked decidedly in difficulties, while in the dip it was odds on Bishop Burton; but resolutely calling on his horse, who, it must be confessed, answered most gamely, Archer brought him up the hill with a tremendous run, and after a close and most exciting finish, he defeated Bishop Burton by a head. He is certainly Demon II., is Frederick Archer, and gets more out of a horse than any jockey, Fordham not excepted, now riding.

But now the excitement was to come, in the shape of the Newmarket Handicap, which had promised to produce but a small field, and which, in the after-breakfast talk as to what would win it, had been given to Isonomy, Rylstone, and Lina, according as judgments varied. There was some doubt about Rylstone's running, and as to whether Isonomy was not asked to do too big a thing, but we never heard any one mention the name of Parole. In the paddock all the attention was bestowed on Isonomy, Rylstone, Lina, and the Dean; Joseph Dawson being very fond of the latter, and affirming that Mr. Gretton's horse could not give him 3 st. 4 lbs. Isonomy, however, looked so well, and the stable were so confident; moreover, he had run such a very good horse up this hill in the Cambridgeshire—and be it remembered that, after that event, he was thought to be about the best three-year-old in training—that he was at once made favourite. Mr. Gretton supported him heavily, and the general opinion was that it was a very good thing.

And all this time there was a plain-headed gelding, with the light appearance that all horses of his condition wear, going to the post almost without notice, or if any one did cast an eye upon him it was but a momentary glance. In the ring his name was heard, it is true, for Sir John Astley was doing the commission for his owner, Mr. Lorillard, who, though not present, was represented by some connections and friends. And this horse was Parole, one of the string that the gentleman above-named had brought over from America last autumn to fling down the gage to our horses on their own especial ground, an act and deed noticed of course at the time, but one to which little attention was paid. Mr. Lorillard was complimented on his 'pluck,' and there was some expression of hope that his venture might prove successful, but the wish had evidently not been fathered by the thought. During the winter the team attracted but little attention, nor in the copious analyses with which the columns of the sporting press are full was there found any prophet bold enough to write his name. His looks to-day, as we have hinted, gained him no friends, and we were all so eaten up with Isonomy that we could scarcely listen to anything else. It was then with feelings of utter amazement that we saw Parole apparently slip his horses passing the New Stand, and though there were fond believers who imagined Isonomy would catch him, it was clear that, good horse as the favourite was, this was an impossibility. Parole won very easily, giving, in the opinion of good judges, quite a 5 lbs. beating to Isonomy. The late General Peel was wont to say, that a length and a half (Mr. Clark's decision in the Newmarket Handicap) was equivalent to a 7 lbs. beating, and as there was no finer judge

of racing than that fine sportsman, we are bound to respect his opinion. But, at the same time, we like to be on the safe side, and are content to estimate Parole's win in the way we have stated. As Isonomy was considered last year to be about the best three-year old in training, and as there is no reason to suppose that his form has at all deteriorated now, we cannot too highly estimate Parole's win. And we say this, writing as we do before the City and Suburban has been decided, and when it is quite on the cards that we may have to record Parole's defeat for that race. But whether he wins or loses, his victory over Isonomy cannot be overrated.

Of course the result was a great, an almost overwhelming surprise. It was a bringing together of English and American form such as we had never expected to see, and gave, or ought to have given, us food for grave reflection. Parole had been a good three-year-old in America, but still had three or four times suffered defeat at that age, and had twice been beaten by a horse called Vigil, to whom must be assigned the palm. Among the American three-year-olds of 1876, Parole then was in racing parlance 'no wonder,' and though he won an All Aged Stakes at Jerome Park in some very extraordinarily short time, we fear that can hardly be taken into consideration by us as far as our present views go, for Englishmen, as a rule, refuse to regard the time test as conclusive. It is quite possible we may have to alter our opinions on this as on other questions, but at present we pay it but little heed. Some of the best horses who have won the Derby or Leger have made bad time—that of Faugh-a-ballagh and Sir Tatton Sykes in the Doncaster event contrasts unfavourably with recent performances in America. On the other hand, we believe it is on record, but on this point we are open to correction, that Merry Monarch, one of the worst horses that ever won the Derby, made very good time. Here we are met by seeming contradictions, which so far justify us in declining to put much faith in the time test. It is just possible that the conditions under which time is taken in the States, and taken here on an English racecourse, has something to do with the apparent discrepancies. In America the timetaker is as much an official as the Judge or the Starter. Every facility is afforded him for transacting his special business, telegraph wires are reserved for him, and he has a recognised place and position. Here how different. We feel quite sure that the gentlemen to whom is entrusted the 'time according to Benson' do their work zealously, but they have no facilities afforded them for doing it. They have, for the most part, to take their chance on a crowded stand, and, in many instances, are unable to see the actual start. It is scarcely to be wondered at that 'time' has rather fallen into disrepute with us, but it is quite possible that, as we have had already one severe shock administered to our insular pride, we may have to confess that we have been wrong on the 'time' question. In the case before us, his trainer having nothing wherewith to ask Parole a question, called on 'time,' and so satisfactory was his gallop against the old enemy, that a good commission was sent into the market, the horse having been previously backed for the City and Suburban at long prices.

It was a day much to be remembered in Newmarket annals, and we can only regret that Mr. Pierre Lorillard, the owner of Parole, was not there to see the victory of his horse. No doubt the cable, when it brought the news that night to New York, roused great enthusiasm, and at Delmonico's and other sporting resorts there must have been much excitement and no little liquoring. Our American cousins may be sure that we most heartily congratulate them on their success, and if we ourselves will take the lesson to hand, Parole will not have run in vain. The grandsire on the male side of

Parole, Faugh-a-Ballagh, as has been pointed out in an able article in 'The Field,' ran but once as a two-year-old, while on his dam's side Parole is either the grandson of Glencoe or Lexington, both of whom never appeared in public until they were three years old. Surely we do not require, and we trust those in authority over us will not require, to be taught the lesson these facts convey.

And now we can only but briefly refer to the other events in the racing world in the past month, important as they are. We were in Ireland, on the pastures of Kildare, deeply interested in our luncheon and the Conyngham Cup when Parole was scoring his great victory at Epsom, and proving himself a real good horse indeed. We feel we owe an apology to our racing readers for such conduct, but then Punchestown is Punchestown, unapproached and unapproachable. We are fond of Epsom in a mild way, and we should have liked to see Parole win, which he did, by all accounts, very easily. We believe he has grown a very handsome horse since the race, and that we shall not recognize, if we see him at Newmarket in the First Spring, 'the plain-headed gelding with the light appearance' that we have just spoken of. A win is a great beautifier, we know. Not even that temporary loss to society, Madame Rachel, can so rehabilitate fading looks and complexions as can Mr. Clark's favourable fiat on some previously unnoticed beauty. We are happy to say that we have nothing to alter in the remarks we have above made on the American horse. The news of his victory, which reached us at Punchestown, was what we had expected, though the news of his defeat would not, in our opinion, have detracted an iota from the significance of the beating he gave Isonomy. There is a talk, while we write, about Mr. Gretton being anxious to make a match, at even weights, with his horse against Parole, over a mile and a half, for 5000*l*. We fancy Mr. Gretton had better keep his money in his pocket, but of that he is, no doubt, the best judge.

Punchestown was Punchestown, despite the fact that the horseflesh was but moderate in quality, and that the shadow of these 'hard times,' that has cast a gloom on our own tight little island, seems to lie heavily on Ireland. There was good sport, but comparatively little fun. Even the cheeriest of companions on 'a low-backed car,' and we had one or two in our journeys from Sallins to the course, could get anything but the briefest of answers out of the drivers, and we thought that a very bad sign. A little kindly Saxon chaff, which a few years back would have elicited happy flashes in the way of repartee, now passed unheeded, and once there was a scowling allusion to Home Rule, and that from a Dublin carman, which we thought ominous. The bold peasantry, a country's pride, were not at Punchestown. The hill overlooking the famous 'double' was covered by only a sprinkling of humanity, and there was not the slightest crowd at the wall. On the other hand the stewards' and ladies' stands were better filled than ever, on the first day especially. All that was noble and all that was fair was there gathered, the viceregal Court came with all its bravery, and the army 'was well to the fore.' Mr. Lee Barber took honours in the Conyngham Cup, riding the winner Yellow Gown, and as he had won the Irish Grand National at Fairy House the previous week with his own horse Jupiter Tonans, he may fairly be said to have had a good time. The Prince of Wales's Plate was taken by a rather uncertain performer, Lottery, once the property of Sir John Lister Kaye, when he ran second to Scamp at Croydon, but now of Lord Fermoy. There were no casualties to speak of—a broken collar-bone the most important. The weather was, on the whole, good; the arrangements perfect,

as they always are at Punchestown, with Mr. Waters at the prow and Lord Drogheda at the helm.

The Essex Union had such a good day's sport on Saturday, March 29th, that it is worthy of a place in the 'Van.' The meet was at Billericay. Norsey Wood and the Billericay proved blank, but no sooner were the hounds thrown into Meep's Hole (we indulge in funny names to our coverts in this country) than a good fox was on his legs. Sinking the valley towards Wickford, he suddenly turned down wind, as if for Downham village; but, turning to the right, they ran him into Foxearth Wood, where the earths were open. The bitches, however, were too close on his track, apparently, to give him time to think of their friendly shelter, for crossing the road, they took him into the far-famed Hanningfield country. We now went over a fine line up to Stock Ship Wood, passing through Pandan and Blue Hedges *en route*, but the scent was so good that the pack drove him through these small coverts without a check. At Stock Ship Wood (always a bad scenting covert) they were carrying a splendid head, which looked like blood, as indeed it was, for our fox came away, viewed by your correspondent, just in front of them, with his back up. Two fields from here he was run fairly into the open. One hour and five minutes, as good a foxhunting run as any man could wish to see. Hounds wanted little assistance during this good run, but when they did, it was given judiciously, and at the right moment, by the master, Mr. White, who hunts his own hounds. We cannot help remarking how well the fair sex went, including Mrs. Parsons, Miss Tawke, and Miss Bryant, the latter well known in the show ring. An afternoon fox from the forest, one of the stock coverts, gave us a good hunting run, but ran us out of scent. These hounds have had very fair sport since the frost. We take this opportunity of stating that Joe Bailey, who has been first whip in the country for *thirty-four* seasons, is at length compelled to retire, in consequence of failing health. A fund has been opened at Messrs. Sparrow and Co.'s, Chelmsford, for his benefit, and it is hoped that a large sum may be subscribed for him. All who have hunted in South Essex know well what a good servant he has been in the field and kennels, and always most civil and obliging to all. We are sorry to say that his age prevented his belonging to the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, and therefore trust that should this meet the eye of any one willing to contribute to the fund, they will do so.

On Wednesday, April 2nd, the Southdown met at Horsebridge. First drew Horsebridge Wood blank, and Tilehouse with the same result, but at 12 o'clock a fox slipped away out of Bramble Grove Wood, and ran over Knockhatch Farm into the big wood generally known as Abbott's Wood (but consisting of Abbott's Wood, Wilmington, Highland, Gate, and Folkington, all joining each other), and here, round and round Abbott's, Wilmington, and Highland woods without once ever going away, they kept hunting, and when the sun went down were running just as hard as during the first hour, till 6.40, in bright moonlight, they killed this stout, but short-running, dog-fox, having hunted him for six hours and forty minutes, and this with hardly anything that could be called a check, for, save when Champion lifted them to a holloa, he never made a long cast, and the hounds almost always put themselves right, and the way they stuck to the line over the foiled ground was wonderful. Besides the huntsman, two whips, and some woodcutters just left off work, there were only six who saw the end of this long hunt, namely, Mr. H. M. Curteis (of Windmill Hill, who, with the late Mr. Freeman Thomas, started these hounds), Mr. H. Curteis, Captain

Buckle (R.A.), Mr. T. Elam (Folkington), and two young men from Hailsham. The distance travelled by the fox, hounds, and huntsman must have been very great, as at times the hounds ran hard, and great credit is due to George Champion for bringing his fox to hand. The wonderful part is that during the day we were never much above two miles from where we found.

The Chiddingfold hounds, that were for nearly a century in the hands of the Sadlers, of Chiddingfold—and, on their retirement, the country was partially and ably hunted by that fine sportsman, the Hon. Francis Scott, assisted by George Summers—has now passed into the hands of Mr. Charles C. Godman, who has hunted the country for three seasons; this season he has been ably assisted by John Hollidge and William Adcock. Considering the small means at their command, and the rough condition in which the hounds were handed over to Hollidge, too much credit cannot be placed to his account for the efficient state he has brought them to. The season here, as well as everywhere, has been the most trying one in the kennel department as in the field; and the great difficulty has been with the number of lost and idle days, to bring the hounds to the meet in working condition. This Hollidge has done; and has also been indefatigable in working his young hounds, having already had them in hand for some time. With the puppies also he has been very successful. It is with great regret we hear that, just as Hollidge has got his hounds into first-class form, and has also got to know the country—and this country requires some previous knowledge to cross it with hounds, unless well mounted—that he is about to leave, and take the horn of the York and Ainsty.

On the last day of March a handsome silver salver, subscribed for by hunting men, all of whom, with two exceptions, were of the Leighton division, was presented to that model fox preserver, Mr. William Mead, of Dunton. An inscription in the centre of it stated that it was given 'In remembrance of many good days' sport from High Havens.' The answer of the recipient was brief, but to the purpose: 'What can I say? Gentlemen, 'I always have done my best to give sport, and I always will!' and he banged the salver upon his knee as if it had been a tambourine. The piece of plate was the manufacture of the well-known firm of silversmiths, Lambert, in Coventry Street.

There have been some good runs with the New Forest hounds. On Tuesday, April 1st, they met at Picket Post; Mr. Meyrick (the Master) who was hunting the hounds, proceeded to draw below Burley Beacon, which unfortunately was blank; but in the bog, on the left hand side of the Ringwood and Romsey Road, a fox was viewed, and Mr. Meyrick soon got the hounds on the line, and they ran through Roe Plantation, up to the right through Milkham Enclosure, over Bratley Plain and Akercomb Bottom, across Ridley Plain to Backley's inclosure; the fox being here hard pressed, turned short back from Oakley, and was run into in the open on Bushey Bratley: time, one hour and ten minutes, and at times I never saw hounds run faster. Amongst those who ran well up when the fox was run into, were Mr. Meyrick and his sister, Miss Meyrick; Fred Enever, the first whip, Mrs. Fawcett, Dr. Stevens, Mr. Esdaile, Farmers Tuck and Bennett, and several other hard-riding farmers from the neighbourhood, all of the right sort, can and do go, and who don't press the hounds when at fault, or drive them over the line.

The second run on the same day was from Oakley, through Burley Old to Burley New, back to Oakley, and then out again through Burley New, across Red Rice Shade up to Wilverly Plantation at racing pace, without a check in Wilverly Plantation, out over Holmsly Bog, round

to the right towards Brockenhurst, and they ran to ground below Coles' Cottage (the keeper's house). Time, one hour and a half, and the hounds worked well.

The New Forest hounds have had very good sport indeed this season, and have killed twenty-eight brace of foxes, and several very good runs; and Alfred Orbell (the huntsman) turns the hounds out in very good condition.

The Tedworth, notwithstanding the unusual inclemency of the past hunting season, have done far from badly, and on many occasions immediately after the frosts we have enjoyed some real clipping runs, more especially from the wild outlying coverts. On the 22nd Jack Fricker handled his hundred and first fox in Clatford Oak Cuts, on which side of the country foxes are sadly scarce, but taking the country all round, we have but little to complain of. The following are about the best of the runs: 55 m. from Clinch, killing opposite Savernake Ruins; 1 h. 50 m. from Woodford, losing near Bishopstone; 28 m. from Penton Gorse, killing one field short of Conholt Park; 1 h. 15 m. from Enford, killing at Everleigh, at which place a few days before we had a most amusing finale to our run. Having hunted our fox from Everleigh Gorse up to the house, a momentary check occurred, when suddenly piercing shrieks, accompanied by fiendish, hyena-like laughter, broke on our ears. Was the house on fire, pandemonium broken loose, or a Bulgarian atrocity being committed? Advancing towards the laundry from whence the sounds issued, an astounding sight was witnessed: under the mangle a struggling mass, marvellous to behold, which when eventually extricated and sorted was found to be a couple and a half of maids, Mr. Brouncker of Boveridge, a couple and a half of hounds, and the 'dead fox.' To continue our runs: 1 h. 20 m. from Ashton Copse, killing in the Rags; 48 m. from Absell Copse, killing in Savernake Forest; 35 m. from Staggs Gorse, losing near Netheravon; 2 h. 52 m. from Everleigh Gorse, killing in Savernake Forest on the London Road near Marlborough—the run of the season; 40 m. from Ramally to ground under Savernake House; 27 m. from Penton Gorse, killing at Tangle; 30 m. from Hens Wood, killing at Littlecot. 3rd March: three excellent runs, the two first being as hard as hounds could run. From Chissenbury Gorse to ground at Chissenbury; back to the Gorse, and running into another fox in 27 m. at Wedhampton—the third run was a remarkably good hunting run of one hour from Hawk Hill Gorse through Sir Edmund Antrobus' Gorse, and losing at Durrington—24 m. from Ham Ashley to ground under Jack White's Gibbet; 1 h. 26 m. from Brickkiln Copse, killing in Brimslade; 25 m. from Privet, losing near Jack White's Gibbet; there was three inches of snow, over which the hounds flew, and having run into the vale and swung back up the hillside, horses were utterly unable to follow, there being no foothold, owing to balling. After a time we picked our way up a watercourse.

The Ivybridge week of the Dartmoor hounds, when a friendly M.F.H. brings his hunting establishment to hunt the alternate day with the Dartmoor, is an annual gathering that is looked forward to with an anticipation of enjoyment by all round the old wrekin of the Western Beacon and Ugborough Tor. It is a hunting festival not only of the locality, but one that allures men from distant shires at the end of the season, to whom the wilderness of the moor—after the stiff inclosures and wide brooks of the Midland shires—is an agreeable novelty. It is also out of the reach, as it is foreign to the taste, of those who come to the covert side in a brougham provided with a choice menu and a hamper of champagne, to make carousal homeward after having

seen hounds without the trouble of riding to them, which would be to them a work of labour and sorrow. To those who cannot brave wild weather and a wilder country the moorland of Dartmoor is not an appropriate hunting ground. In the spring, however, with a mild atmosphere and a bright day, nothing can be more enjoyable than a spin over the desert waste.

This year the hounds of Mr. George Williams of Scorrer House, Truro—the Four Barrow—hunted the alternate day. They are a clever pack, formed entirely by Mr. Williams, and bred from the first kennels,—are of 23 inches, level and scrupulously straight in their limbs without an exception—carry well on the line, press with a good head and speak handsomely to their fox, an essential quality that, as times go, is not sufficiently attended to. Space will not admit of a more detailed criticism, to which they are well entitled. On Tuesday, the Four Barrow, at Ivybridge. There were not less than two hundred at the meet, from Devon and Cornwall and from the Midland shires. Among the more prominent were—Messrs. George Williams, M.F.H., St. Aubyn, Sidney Davy, Bolitho, M.F.H., Admiral Parker, M.F.H., and the Misses Parker, the Misses Carew of Marly, Colonel and Mrs. Granville, Mr. Albemarle Cator, of Trewsbury, V.W.H., Mr. and Miss Cator, Captain and Mrs. de Burgho Hodge, Captain and Mrs. Hallifax, Messrs. Charles Trelawny, Vincent Calmady, Pryce Michell, Digby Collins, Collins Splatt, Hole, Hawker, Tanner, M.F.H., Captain Karslake, R.N., Captain Eden, R.M., the Revs. Courtenay Bulteel and T. Carew, &c. Found in Stoford Cleaves, under Lukersland, a covert—run and killed—went away immediately with another fox taking a line to Harford Moor and Hall with very indifferent scent, the hounds doing their utmost to force the pace, and every now and then with a short spin towards Yolsworthy, turning to Anns Dendells, and away again, when the scent perished, and the day ended. On Wednesday, the Dartmoor, at Moorcross. The meet was in an undulating glade of the park at Blackford, in a downpour of rain which marred the effect of the scene. Nothing daunted by the wild storm, Mr. Russell made his appearance amid a joyous greeting from his old friends, numerous as the sands of the sea or the stellar scintillations of the milky way. Yes, 'there he was—*etat. sue* 85—having hunted the day before with Lord Portsmouth, and ridden on afterwards fifty miles to Admiral Parker's at Delamore, where there was a large party, and where he arrived late with a rare good appetite, and having slept the sleep of the just, looked in the morning, as it were, "young and lusty as an eagle." On going towards the moor, the line of a fox was crossed from the Delamore coverts, going over Crown Hill, and turning back to Delamore, where he was earthed. It began to clear, and Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Sidney Davy, and other ladies who were in carriages on the road that leads to Cadoverbridge, were in hopes of seeing a moorland find and a gallant burst. A fox was quickly found near Yealm Head, and unfortunately went in a contrary direction over the deepest part of the moor, unpleasantly sprinkled with bogs. There was sharp running at times, but the weather was against sport. They raced away by Shell Top, Pen Beacon, to the deep covert of Anns and Dendells, forced him through, and when dead beaten and in view of the hounds he went to ground in the shubbery of Cornwood vicarage. Friday, Four Barrow, at Brent station. A dense fog enveloped Ugborough Beacon, Coryngdon Ball and Shipley Tor. Not until two o'clock were the hounds thrown into Brent Hall and Gingerford Wake, which were drawn blank. Found on Gisper Down, ran him slowly, with cold scent, to Skeriton Wood, when he turned short back and was lost. A fox jumped up in the open—a short spin—but hounds threw up, and

could not force the running, the scent being most indifferent, with the field pressing unfairly on the line. Mr. Williams called upon the 'Quorn men' from the shires to give his hounds room to make their cast, but all were over anxious and greedy for a gallop over this fine tract of moorland, and the voice of the charmer failed. Shipley Tor and the cavernous depths of Woodholes proved blank. The moor becoming suddenly darkened by a Cimmerian mist, Babbage and the hounds wended their way homewards, it being four o'clock. As suddenly the fog partially lifted, and Boxall, viewing a fox in a furze bush near Piles, gave a shrill scream and away and away, with every hound in view, over the moor, sinking the valley to Glazebrook, skirting Coryngdon Wood, over Coryngdon Ball, then turning again to the moor, and crossing Black Tor Brook he made his point straight for Woodholes. It was a race; the hounds gained upon him every yard, chasing him in a mass, and carrying a grand head, and with the leading hounds almost snapping at him, he managed to reach the deep rocks of Woodholes. No hounds could have chased their fox in handsomer style. Only a few saw this clipping burst, which was partly run in a fog, many of the field having departed. These were Mr. George Williams, Mr. Bolitho, M.F.H., Admiral and Miss Parker, Mr. St. Aubyn, Mr. Sydney Davy, Mr. Collins Splatt, Mr. Eden, and Boxall. After the small field had left, the terriers were sent for; he was bolted, and was rolled over after a sharp ten minutes' burst. On Saturday, April 5th, the Dartmoor met at Henner Down. The fog rendered it impossible to draw the moor, and the hounds were taken to Flete, and had a covert run in Ernington Wood, Grenton, and Collyton, but without any sport. On Tuesday following the meet was Glazebrook House, the hunting seat of Mr. George Hodge, a staunch supporter of the hunt. The Ugborough coverts were blank. Found an afternoon fox, or a brace of foxes, at Three Barrows, the pack dividing, and each racing away, one with Admiral and the Misses Parker, Mr. Eden, and Mr. Collins Splatt, and the other with Boxall, Mr. Cator, Chalcott Pearse, and others, but neither party, after sharp running, accounted for their fox.

After the fast chase in the fog on Friday, a hunt dinner took place at Mullett's Hotel, Ivybridge, with Mr. Soltaw Symons in the chair. It was fully attended by Mr. George Williams, M.F.H., and the Fourbarrow, and partially so by those of the Dartmoor Hunt. Admiral Parker, M.F.H., and a large party came from Delamore with Mr. Russell, in full force. The stereotyped toasts met the accustomed honours, that of Mr. Trelawny especially evincing, by the long and reiterated cheering, the high and affectionate estimation in which that octogenarian is held by all classes. A long life of honour and personal distinction, a career of unsullied integrity, endeared to all by a uniformity of acts of goodwill and kindly regard, should meet, and will meet ever, the reward of signal approbation at all times and in all places. Admiral Parker did the honours bravely to his Four Barrow guests. It would have been well also if others had followed his example by their presence at the hunt banquet, which, it should be said, to the credit of Mr. Mullett, of the hotel, presented an unexceptionable *menu*, one not often to be found at public dinners in the West Country. We should be culpable if we omitted to mention a remark made by one of the most influential yeomen of the South district. 'When,' he said, 'gentlemen, foxhunters ride in 'black or brown coats, and discard the scarlet, foxhunting will no longer 'be considered by us a national institution, and we shall act accordingly.' Fashion—often in bad taste, and in this case decidedly so—will have its way, but it will be accompanied and visited with its penalty.

A Jersey correspondent, writing last week, says:—

'Our Hunt Steeplechases, held on the 16th, were a brilliant success; indeed, owing to the large attendance of "ladies fair," and the very keen interest some of them displayed in the varying fortunes of the competitors, the scene on Gorey Common reminded more than one of us far more of Ashby in the "days of chivalry" than of Aintree in the 19th century. The chief event of the day, the Jersey Open Steeplechase, was considered a gift to Leotard, the mount of his owner, our genial Master, Mr. James Smyth Pigott. The "wondrous" one, however, refusing to answer to the rudder, came to grief at a bank, and left the prize to Nelly Power, a useful sort of mare belonging to and ridden by Mr. George Dalton, "tyke," and livery-stable keeper, whose energy, enterprise, and Yorkshire blood will next season enable larger fields to follow the drag. Of the other races, one went to the bonnie little Quicksilver, admirably ridden by her owner Mr. "Arthur" Jones of Portlet, our whip; another to the Master, with Leotard, none the worse for his escapade in the race won by "George's" mare; another to Mr. Lane; and the last, the Consolation Handicap, to Mr. Lane's Zulu, beating Chance, the property of Mr. Peel Yates, who comes from a rare sporting breed; but "lucky in love and unlucky at play" is a true saying, and worthy of all acceptance. We have had a capital season with the drag, which may now be considered one of the permanent institutions of the island, and we all feel the deepest gratitude to Mr. Pigott, the best of "best men." His tact, courtesy, and sailor-like *bonhomie* have infused into the breasts of the farmers a desire to promote sport and even to share in it, which will lead to the happiest results, and to an increase in the prosperity of the island, which superficial critics do not dream of. Nor can I omit to mention our whip, Mr. Jones, a warm favourite both in the hunting-field and out of it. The Drag, its Master and Whip, have even now become household words in Jersey, where it is no uncommon thing to see boys riding on the knee of a father or a father's friend, and playing at "Pigott and Jones." You asked me for news of our "Sports and Pastimes," so I have sent it you, but I must stop, or you will "think my prattle to be tedious," beside which I am trespassing on the province of the Drag's *vates sacer*, who has promised us a poem in its honour—a promise we sincerely hope he will keep, for whether he writes for praise or for "pudding" he always manages to interest and exhilarate his readers.'

We hear that Mr. Jacobson means to sell all those hunters which have distinguished themselves and their rider in so many good gallops with the Quorn and Cottesmore during the season which has just passed away, and they come up to Tattersall's on June 2nd. They have shown us a happy combination of blood and substance, and that bone and power to carry weight is not incompatible with a 'front seat,' even over the Leicestershire grass. A bold man is helpless unless his horse shares his determination, and good man as Mr. Jacobson is, we fancy that he owes much of his success across country to the fact that he never buys, or, at any rate, never rides twice, any horse that attempts to refuse, or that has not perfect mouth and manners, and long before the end of November he has drafted anything which he considers inadequate. Hence, when he often excites our admiration and envy 'tis on very handy brilliant horses, the select remains of a stud which has been well 'weeded' after cub-hunting. We hope this sale does not mean that our friend will not be hunting next season.

The Pytchley wound up the shortest, and perhaps the best season in their

annals on the 12th—their last day in the open. The master, Mr. Herbert Langham, familiarly known as 'Nat,' is just what a master should be—always with his hounds, but never fussy or 'jealous,' and never making use of his position to obtain an advantage.

Will Goodall vastly improved—*et pater Æneas et avunculus excitat Hector*—with more liberty, shows more confidence in himself—a confidence evidently shared by his pack. The hunt is in a somewhat amusing difficulty about a little matter of 750*l.*, which, to its exceeding surprise, it discovers that it has owed for upwards of four years, and which, as there is no use in crying over spilt milk, and talking of sport and consistency, &c., it has made up its mind to pay, though looking pleasant is quite another matter.

The keen air of the Sussex downs produced a sharp remark a day or two before the past unwelcome season closed its career. The meet was not very far from London-by-the-Sea, the only venator's quadruped which had not arrived being that of a well-known advocate of a popular, indeed hoarding system of trade announcement, whose name testifies to ready acquiescence. Rushing about with his notedly seedy hat held on his head, he asked of everybody—known or unknown to him—'Have you seen my horse?' 'Do you happen to know where my man is?' 'No,' replied a facetious looker-on. 'I'm sorry I can't help you, but why on earth don't you advertise for them?'

At the same maritime city there may be seen any day a provocation to pay threepence for 'the most pleasant ride in Brighton.' This was all very well, and the 'busses to the Lewes road had a full share of patronage. Lately the enterprising owner has prefixed, in bold letters, '*To the Cemetery*,' which a good deal limits the enjoyment of the journey.

The announcement that Mr. Harvey Bayly's well-known prize winners Tavistock and Rossington, with his other horses, will be offered for sale at Tattersall's on the 26th—the Monday before the Derby—has attracted already some attention, and no doubt there will be a keen competition for them. All who were at Islington and Alexandra last year will remember the splendid weight-carrier, the champion winner at both shows, who filled the eye (and the ring too) with a noble presence. We confess, and believe we have before put it on record, that we much preferred Rossington, and if we had been the Lord Chief Justice he would have been our champion. A more perfect gentleman we never saw, and we believe he is also a perfect hunter. Both he and Tavistock ought to fetch money.

The dispute in the Quorn country does not, we are sorry to say, show any signs at present of amicable arrangement; but still we trust that during the summer better counsels may prevail over the somewhat heated feelings of the hour. It is much to be regretted that the decision of Boodle's has not been abided by; and, without the slightest wish or idea of making ourselves partisans, we must express our opinion that that decision should not have been invited if there was any intention of repudiating it. We, in common with most of the leading organs of sport, have received a very temperate and well-written protest, addressed to Mr. Coupland by the subscribers to, and landowners in, the Billesdon Hunt, stating their views on the question. There is, however, one blot on the page. While the protestors say that they 'have no wish to dispute the decision (of Boodle's) or to reopen the question 'of right,' they proceed to inform Mr. Coupland that any attempt on his part to enforce that decision 'will seriously endanger the interests of fox-hunting in Leicestershire'; in other words—at least, so we read between the lines—there will be the strongest opposition to it by every means in the farmers' power. What is to be done under these circumstances? Could the

dispute be left to a referee, and would that caster of oil on troubled waters, Lord Granville, undertake the office? We have great opinion of his judgment; but, then, would the referee's decision be obeyed? This is not a question, be it remembered, of Leicestershire only, but the interests of fox-hunting throughout the kingdom are no doubt endangered by the dispute. It is, in too familiar phrase, a scandal; but it is one that should not have occurred, and may even yet be removed.

The annual Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall (for which the entries close on May 19th) will open on the 31st. The prizes will be the same in amount as last year, and instead of charging a commission on horses sold, a system which gives rise to much dissatisfaction, a fee will be charged on horses advertised for sale, and on no other; and exhibitors will in all cases be assisted in dealing direct with purchasers.

The Marden Deer Park Stud holds its second annual sale on Saturday in the week between Epsom and Ascot, and, as before, recourse has been had to the foreign market for yearlings wherewith to supplement the ranks of home-breds, though we are of opinion that, in point of appearance, the Caterham youngsters hold their own extremely well against the Frenchmen. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that neither the young Flageolets nor Mortemers are very taking during the early part of their lives, but have plenty to 'grow to' in point both of size and bone, in which characteristics so many French thoroughbreds excel. Not having seen any of the Mardenites out of their boxes, we must be understood as expressing no opinion upon legs and feet, the very first points to be passed in review out of doors. A brown colt by King o' Scots out of the dam of Roscius has good looks, fine size, and plenty of length; while the Blair Athol and Sterling fillies promise well, though both would bear reduction in the burden of the flesh. There is a sharp-looking little Vedette colt, which likes very little picking up his crumbs early in 1880; and a brace of Scottish Chief colts should not require much dwelling upon by Mr. Tattersall, when he takes up his parable under the beechen shade hard by in the early days of the leafy month. Bianca's Adventurer filly, like good wine, needs no bush, and there is a young lady by Knight of the Garter bad to beat for size and scope, and we may add that seekers after big yearlings will be well suited at Marden. The excellent running of the Carnivals give a well-merited lift to the Miss Bell filly, and one of the same sex by George Frederick out of North Star is sure to please. So will a Wild Oats colt from Cornelia; but it may be said of all that they are a trifle over-lusty in condition, a state of things which defeats its own end, making the lengthy look short, and the short ones cobby and punchy. Still, buyers will have them fat and well-looking, and it is difficult to know exactly where to draw the line.

We mentioned the Box Hill coach in our last number, but were not able to more than refer to the opening day. Very well horsed, with a team of greys out of Piccadilly that attracted, and will continue to attract, attention, even in these extravagant and hypercritical days, when the cost of one stage would have horsed forty or fifty miles of road of the olden time. Mr. Hunt has certainly done the whole thing well, from the two coaches, built upon poor Cooper's approved designs by his own builders, down to the minutest details of the road. A deviation in the old route to Epsom is a feature, and a very attractive one, in the arrangements. Novelty is desirable in everything, and the old road to Epsom was sufficiently hackneyed in all conscience. It was, a good portion of it at least, an uninteresting road, too, and as the great majority of travellers like to look upon something pleasing to the eye,

we imagine the opening out of Mitcham, with its old-fashioned houses and pretty lanes, will be a great inducement to them to travel by the Box Hill. To ourselves, as it happened, Mitcham was a *terra incognita*, and its village green also, we are ashamed to say, seeing that it may be called the cradle and home of Surrey cricket, and has now a famous bowler—Southerton, the landlord of the village inn; but we hope 'F. G.' will forgive us this lapse. To say the truth, cricket was a flaw in our education, but we nevertheless assure our friend, to whom the pages of 'Baily' are so much indebted, that we looked upon the green with a certain reverence, and were half in doubt whether it would not be correct to salute it as old racing men do 'the Ditch,' when the train is gliding into Newmarket station. You might fancy yourselves miles away from town while winding in and out among the Mitcham lanes, and the quiet village of Marden will help to keep up the illusion. A change of road, and one to be much commended, for which we are indebted to the interest Mr. A. G. Scott takes, not only from claims of kinship to the present venture, but from the memories—to him very dear ones—associated with 'Cooper's Coach.'

Mr. Shoolbred has commenced with the Guildford. He is alone this year, and the coach is as wonderfully well horsed as it has been ever since its commencement. It is needless, at this time of day, to dwell upon the attractions of the Guildford road, or on the admirable way in which the coach is horsed. Mr. Shoolbred is one of the many amateurs to whom the public is indebted for the revival of an old pleasure, as he is at the same time one of the best of our younger generation of coachmen. We seem to begin the coaching season, looking at our Siberian springs, a little too early, and the opening day of the Guildford, when the country was like a great Twelfth-cake, was especially unfortunate. All of us are not like the hardy veterans who have worked the 'Old Times' all through this trying winter, and we have a weakness for sunshine and a genial atmosphere. The first of May should be, in our opinion, 'our opening day.'

In a theatrical sense Eastertide may be said to play much the same part as Christmas does in the domestic calendar. This year metropolitan managers have sought fresh inspiration, and have been more lavish than ever in throwing out varied and attractive bait for the catching of the theatre-going classes. A complete change has come over the announcements in the list of amusements to be found at the different theatres. Long runs have given way to more appetising fare, and notably comes the conclusion of the longest run on record, 'Our Boys,' in lieu of which, Vaudeville audiences are offered a comedy from the ever-prolific pen of Mr. Byron. 'The Girls' was of course the natural selection of a title for a new piece destined to fill the gap caused by the removal of 'Our Boys,' after we know not how many thousand and odd nights, but it does not appear that the material which conveys this compliment to the fair sex was such as to satisfy the hopes and expectations of those who assembled on the first night to welcome 'The Girls.' One of the flaws which apparently mars its successful reception as a comedy is the serious tinge, amounting almost to the melodramatic, by which it is disfigured. To Mr. David James is entrusted the part of a vulgar cad with a long purse who hails from the City, and need we say he not only dresses the character, but plays it to perfection. Perfect as this impersonation undoubtedly is in many of its details, we would fain hope that a longer acquaintance with the performance will lead to a toning down of some of the more repulsive attributes of Mr. Plantagenet Potter. Mr. Thorne repeats with increased effect the picture that he some years ago created in the 'Two Roses,' with his make-up

and study of Tony Judson, in whom we have Caleb Decie over again, only this time with his eyes open. 'The Girls' are Miss Kate Bishop and Miss Illington. Had these young ladies changed places in the bill and devoted their talents to the rôles provided for them, not only they but the surroundings, we cannot help thinking, would have been more in harmony with the author's intentions.

At the Strand, where Mrs. Swanborough holds joint sway with Mr. Alexander Henderson, 'Madame Favart' has been produced with even more than the usual splendour of Strand novelties. A new-comer, Miss Florence St. John, has taken the town by storm in the title-rôle, and worthily deserves the applause bestowed upon her efforts. Her voice is so charmingly fresh, it comes with quite an unexpected pleasure to hear the delightful airs with which 'Madame Favart' abounds, given with such sweetness and *naïveté*. Mr. Ashley, no longer the playful Joskin Tubbs of 'Pink Dominos' renown, finds congenial employment in the present cast, and is as richly humorous as it is possible to conceive. M. Marius and Mr. W. H. Fisher, with Mr. H. Cox, also appear to further assist in establishing 'Madame Favart' as the reigning favourite of the season. With such brilliant accessories as ravishing dresses and pretty faces, the success of Mr. Farnie's latest adaptation is one of the pleasantest features in connection with Mrs. Swanborough's management.

'Crutch and Toothpick' at the Royalty has met with a somewhat boisterous recognition, which may be taken for what it is worth by those who have embarked in the management. That it has claims to be called a clever comedy we will not dispute, but for the good or bad taste displayed in the writing we would prefer to leave the question to the judgment of a discriminating public.

Mr. Hollingshead's change of programme at the Gaiety for Easter consisted of a new burlesque by Mr. H. J. Byron, on the favourite subject of 'Esmeralda.' Cleverly as the piece is constructed, it hardly comes up to the burlesque which Mr. Byron some years ago produced at the Strand under a similar title. There is of course a liberal allowance of smartness in the dialogue, and with the assistance of Messrs. Terry and Royce, Miss Farren and Miss Kate Vaughan the burlesque goes as sprightly and is received with as much favour as any work Mr. Hollingshead has previously mounted.

The Folly owns for its new mistress Madame 'Carmen' Dolaro, who, however, has not been so felicitous in her choice of 'The Dragoons' as could have been wished. 'The Dragoons,' we may simply state, is an adaptation from the French by Mr. Henry Hersee, but as 'La Perichole' is announced as shortly to follow, the attractions of the new piece must have failed to satisfy a Folly audience.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

